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W. I. SMITH, EDITOR.

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Fishing for Health.

When a man breaks down with that dread disease, consumption, and recognizes his condition, he starts out to fish for health. He tries this thing and that thing. He consults this doctor and that doctor. He indulges in all kinds of absurd athletic exercises. He tries first one climate and then another. He tries the rest cure and the work cure. He grows steadily worse. That is the story of most consumptives. Finally, when the consumptive dies, the doctor shrugs his shoulders and pronounces consumption incurable. A thirty years' test of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has demonstrated that it cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease, before the lungs are too far wasted. In a consumptive there is a weaker spot than even the lungs. That spot is the stomach. A consumptive never really begins to die until his stomach gives out. The "Golden Medical Discovery" not only braces up the stomach, but acts directly on the lungs, healing them and driving out all impurities. Honest medicine dealers will not urge you to take an inferior substitute. "I had a very bad cough, also night-sweats, and was almost in my grave with consumption," writes Mrs. Clara A. McIntyre, Box 171, Ashland, Middlesex Co., Mass. "A friend of mine who had died with consumption came to me in a dream and told me to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and, thank the Lord, I did so. By the time I had taken half of the first bottle I felt much better. I kept on until I had taken three bottles. That was all I needed. I got well and strong again."

Whenever constipation is one of the complicating causes of disease, the most perfect remedy is Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which are always effective, yet absolutely mild and harmless. There never was any remedy invented which can take their place. They never gripe.

A VALUABLE PROPERTY AT PRIVATE SALE.

The undersigned offers his desirable property in Mount Pleasant township, at Swift Run School House, on the Carlisle road, about 1 mile from the York & Gettysburg pike, and about 2 miles from New Oxford, at private sale. The property contains about 5 acres, improved with a good house and barn and necessary outbuildings. There is a thriving orchard on the property, and fruit of all kinds. Terms reasonable.

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AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN.

RESTAURANT ATTACHED, T. L. ABELL, PROP'R.

A JUVENILE MONSTER.

A Counterpart of Jesse Pomeroy Appears in Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Jan. 19.—The body of 5-year-old Percy Lockyer, the little boy who was murdered last Friday night by 15-year-old Samuel Henderson, was on Sunday found in the bottom of "Reddies" creek, Sixtieth and Catharine streets. Henderson is now locked up in a cell at police headquarters. The body of the child, when found, was weighted by two heavy stones, one about his neck and the other around his ankles. His skull was crushed in and there was a knife thrust just above the heart and similar wounds on his breast, side and forehead, while on one side of the face is a long cut, extending from below the eye to the chin.

From what the police have been able to learn the crime seems to have been one of the most horrible character, and if all its details are true it stamps young Henderson as a degenerate of the worst type. He does not seem to realize the enormity of his crime. On Saturday, after his arrest, he told this story of the killing:

"I found Percy Lockyer at play with several companions in front of the West End schoolhouse, and induced him to walk across the fields to the woods in search of 'piggies' to play hocky with. After coaxing him for some time he agreed to go, and we went together."

"I was standing at the foot of a hill on the side of which, half way up, Percy was at play. I was whittling a stick. The creek was just behind me. All of a sudden I got tired of whittling and stopped, holding my knife against my hip, blade outward. Just then I saw Percy running down the hill at full speed. I had been bending over, and just as I straightened up Percy struck me and ran squarely upon the knife. It pierced his heart. He fell over backward, and didn't speak again. His legs twitched once or twice. I was scared because I thought I had killed him, and picked the body up and carried it to the creek, where I tumbled it into the water and went home."

Yesterday, however, when shown the mutilated body of the child he admitted that he was responsible for those cuts as well, but he still persisted that it was an accident.

The police, however, say that it was a planned murder, in which the guilty one also purposed ending the life of another small boy, Willie Addison, aged 7 years. Henderson, it is claimed, has been reading trashy novels of the wild western stamp, and has shown a desire to emulate the "hero" of those tales. The police assert that Henderson accompanied Lockyer and Addison to the woods, as he told on Saturday, but instead of any accident happening to either Henderson tied both children to a tree. Addison broke away and ran home. It was then, it is said, that young Lockyer's death was accomplished. Young Henderson's father declares that his boy is insane.

The murder of young Lockyer recalls the crime, early in the 70's, of Jesse Pomeroy, now serving a life sentence in the Massachusetts state prison. Pomeroy, then 15 years old, lured a 4-year-old boy to the meadows back of South Boston, and there stabbed the little one to death with a jackknife. The child's body was covered with wounds, and his little hands were cruelly hacked, showing that he had held them before him in an effort to ward off the cruel stabs. Pomeroy, since his imprisonment, has made several clever attempts to escape.

YOUNG HENDERSON HELD.

The Brutal Murderer Maintains an Attitude of Indifference.

Philadelphia, Jan. 19.—Samuel Henderson, the 15-year-old boy charged with killing 5-year-old Percy Lockyer last Friday, was yesterday committed to prison to await the action of the grand jury. It was testified before Coroner Ashbridge that the cause of death was drowning, and after a number of witnesses had been heard the jury held the boy responsible for the child's death. The boy prisoner still maintained the unconcerned bearing that has characterized him since the arrest, paying not the slightest attention to his parents' grief. His father and mother were present at the inquest, and the former gave way to violent outbursts of grief. Willie Addison, the 7-year-old boy who was in the woods with young Henderson and little Percy on the night of the tragedy, stated that he saw Henderson stab Percy a number of times and then take him to the creek. He also said that Henderson had previously tied him to a tree, but that he had broken away and ran for home. From Dr. Morton's testimony it was evident that the child had been placed in the creek before he was dead.

Priest Murdered in His Church.

Corfu, Greece, Jan. 18.—At the Catholic church last evening, during vespers, a young man attacked the priests. Father Ernest Laitoux was killed, another was mortally wounded, and two others were injured.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED.

Thursday, Dec. 13.

The remains of a prehistoric village and burial ground have been discovered near Massillon, O.

A dispatch from The Hague says 300 persons were killed by the recent earthquake in Amboyna.

Mrs. McCusker, charged with killing her husband, was acquitted by the jury at Camden, N. J., yesterday.

Chairman Dingley says that this congress will do nothing to reduce the internal revenue on distilled spirits.

The postoffice department will seek to secure bonds directly from clerks handling money, instead of through postmasters.

Friday, Jan. 11.

Red Cloud, the last of the great Sioux chiefs, is dying in a shack on the Ogalala reservation.

Schmitter, the "healer," is said to have restored the sight of a blind girl at Zanesville, O.

The body of Theodore Durrant, murderer of Blanche Lamont, was cremated at Altadena, Cal.

The diamond back terrapin, for which Maryland has long been famous, is threatened with extinction.

The French government will prosecute M. Zola, the novelist, for charges of perjury against government officials.

Saturday, Jan. 15.

Forty-five persons were killed in a typhoon which struck Fort Smith, Ark., Tuesday night.

Five men are entombed in a tunnel of the upper smelting works at Anaconda, Mont. There is no hope of saving them.

The operators of the Pittsburgh coal district will appoint a commission to enforce the "true uniformity" agreement.

The senate committee on election, by a vote of 4 to 3, reported against the seating of Corbett, appointed senator from Oregon.

While Mrs. Mary Curtin, a young New York widow, was romping with her child she fell downstairs and was instantly killed.

Sunday, Jan. 17.

John K. Valentine, ex-United States district attorney of Philadelphia, died in that city yesterday.

Logan Carlisle, son of the ex-secretary and ex-chief clerk of the treasury department, died in New York, aged 37.

The mining towns of Dillonville and Long Run, O., have been looted by tramps, and the miners are on the war path.

Hon. Charles Villiers died in London, aged 96. He had served continuously in the British house of commons for 63 years.

Ex-Congressman Benjamin Butterworth, United States commissioner of patents, died yesterday at Thomasville, Ga., aged 60.

Tuesday, Jan. 18.

Ex-Congressman Benjamin S. Hooper died suddenly yesterday at Farmville, Va.

Circuit Court Judge W. S. Barton, of the Fredericksburg (Va.) circuit, is dead.

A New York policeman named Gardner has fallen heir to \$70,000, but is determined to stay on the force.

Half an ounce of steel dust was removed from near the ribs of a Chicago ironworker who had inhaled the particles.

By braving a temperature of 30 degrees below zero Georg. Graham secured a placer claim on French creek, Alaska, worth \$200,000.

A committee of Ohio's senate is at work investigating charges of alleged bribery against Senator Hanna's managers in the late senatorial contest.

Wednesday, Jan. 19.

Signor Nicolini, husband of Madame Adelini Patti-Nicolini, died yesterday at Pau, France.

Six sailing vessels raced from Honolulu to San Francisco, keeping closely together the entire distance.

The national senate yesterday confirmed H. D. Saylor, of Pennsylvania, to be consul at Matanzas, Cuba.

One man was killed and another fatally injured while fighting a fire in the Fairview tunnel at Williams, Arizona.

An ice gorge 25 feet high is stretched across the Hudson river five miles below Albany, and the city fears an inundation.

A man named Allen confessed at a revival meeting held in Preston, S. D., that he had killed a man 20 years of age. He has been arrested.

To Change Inauguration Day.

Washington, Jan. 15.—A resolution introduced by Senator Hoar in the senate yesterday changes the time for the inauguration of presidents from March until April, to take effect in 1901. It passed it will extend Mr. McKinley's term for a little more than a month.

Robbed by Employees.

New York, Jan. 19.—More than 30 unfaithful employees of the Adams Express company in this city, it is said, have recently succeeded in stealing between \$2,000 and \$3,000 in cash for goods delivered or sold to be either lost, stolen or mislaid, all of which the company has been forced to pay. A number of the suspected drivers and helpers have already been arrested, and other arrests are contemplated.

THE WORK OF CONGRESS.

The Lodge Immigration Bill Passed by the Senate.

Wednesday of last week Mr. Davis concluded his speech in the senate, strongly urging Hawaiian annexation as of paramount importance in the event of a conflict between Oriental powers or with this country. The annexationists despair of securing the solid Republican vote. The house on Wednesday passed an urgent deficiency bill carrying \$1,741,843, including \$320,000 for the soldiers' home at Danville, Ills.

In the senate Thursday bills were introduced for the construction of four coast defense monitors, and an appropriation for a gunboat for the great lakes was favorably reported. The Hawaiian treaty was considered in executive session. In the house an unsuccessful effort was made to defeat the appropriation in the agricultural bill of \$130,000 for the free seed distribution. An amendment adopted provides for inspection of horse meat intended for export.

Last Friday's executive session of the senate was spent in discussing the nomination of Attorney General McKenna for supreme court justice. Messrs. Hoar of Massachusetts and White of California bitterly assailed the American Protective association for dragging religious questions into a discussion affecting a man's fitness for office. Mr. Allen, of Nebraska, opposed the nomination until charges made by the California bar, questioning Mr. McKenna's legal status, could be investigated. The case was postponed until Friday of this week, when a vote will be taken. The house passed the consular appropriation bill.

On Saturday the house devoted two hours to general debate on the army appropriation bill and the remainder of the day to eulogies of the late Representative Seth W. Milliken, of Maine. The senate was not in session.

The senate on Monday last passed the Lodge immigration bill by a vote of 45 to 28. This measure requires an educational qualification for immigrants, and has been vigorously opposed by organizations composed of citizens of foreign birth. Senator Wolcott, chairman of the monetary commission, reported on the commission's failure to secure an international agreement, saying their efforts were undermined by reports which went abroad from this country. He vigorously denounced the financial policy of Secretary Gage, and declared that that official did not represent the views of the president.

Last Monday was District of Columbia day in the house, but only three bills of local importance were passed. The remainder of the session was devoted to further consideration of the army appropriation bill.

HE PUNCHED THE SENATOR.

A Washington Hotel Clerk Who Was Over Zealous.

Washington, Jan. 19.—United States Senator William E. Mason, of Chicago, was the victim of an unpleasant affair in the office of the Hotel Johnson yesterday afternoon, when he was assaulted by the clerk after some words over securing a room for the wife of one of Senator Mason's Chicago friends, Mrs. Alonzo Wighal, of Chicago, whose husband is a well known lawyer and formerly editor of the Chicago Journal. Senator Mason and his son spent the early afternoon in escorting Mrs. Wighal through the public buildings, and afterward dined at the Johnson. Mrs. Wighal being tired, and some hours remaining before she could secure a train, Senator Mason engaged a room for her at the Johnson for the afternoon, paid for it and registered her as "Mrs. Lou Wighal, Chicago."

Returning to the cafe where the lady was waiting with his son Mr. Mason was followed by the clerk, who asserted that he had changed his mind about furnishing the room, and tendered Mr. Mason his money. The senator repaired with the clerk to the lobby, where hot words ensued, and the clerk struck him. Before many blows passed the combatants were separated by friends. The proprietor of the Hotel Johnson afterward said that his clerk had been over zealous, and that he greatly regretted the occurrence.

French Riots Continue.

Paris, Jan. 19.—There was much agitation in the Latin quarter last night, but the police barred the bridges, and all attempted demonstrations were suppressed. Meanwhile the effervescence increases in the provinces. Shops of Jews at Nantes have been stoned. M. Clemenceau's paper, *L'Aurore*, was publicly burned in front of the Military club at Bordeaux, where serious disorders took place. The police were roughly handled, and the guards finally charged the mob. Thirty-two arrests have been made. Telegrams from most of the large towns show that the anti-Jewish crusade is assuming large proportions. The government is seriously alarmed.

Food For Starving Cubans.

Havana, Jan. 18.—United States Vice Consul General Springer arrived yesterday by the *Vigilante*, bringing for United States Consul General Lee 1,000 boxes of provisions, 200 half barrels of flour, a box of medicine and other supplies for distribution.

ITEMS OF STATE NEWS.

Wilkesbarre, Jan. 18.—Anthony Belinsky, a laborer, was instantly killed and Gottlieb Merritt, a miner, fatally injured by a premature blast in a Delaware and Hudson mine at Plymouth yesterday.

Lebanon, Pa., Jan. 19.—The prohibitionists of this city have nominated women for the office of school controller in five of the wards. This is the first time in the history of the city that women were placed in nomination for office.

Easton, Pa., Jan. 17.—Pardee Hall, which was nearly destroyed by fire a month ago, was the scene of another fire last night, and was in that part of the burned west wing in which had been the books of the Ward library. The flames were soon extinguished. It is believed that the fire was due to embers that were smoldering in the basement from the last fire. The loss is not large.

Harrisburg, Jan. 19.—A meeting of the capitol building commission was held last evening, at which it was decided to open the plans for inspection and advertise for bids next Thursday. All proposals must be accompanied with a check for \$15,000, and the successful contractor will be required to give a bond for \$150,000 to faithfully carry out the contract. Every day he fails to deliver the building after a specified time he will forfeit \$300. Proposals are to be opened Feb. 7.

Norristown, Pa., Jan. 17.—A man who gave his name as William Smith is in jail here, and he is believed to be wanted at Paterson, N. J., for the murder of Mary Sullivan, two years ago. Smith is 6 feet 2 inches in height, 35 years old, and weighs over 200 pounds. He was arrested on Dec. 30 on the charge of illegal car riding. Norman Ewing, of Neshaie, N. J., also committed as an illegal car rider, declares that he heard Smith acknowledge that he was wanted for the Paterson murder.

Lebanon, Pa., Jan. 19.—Peter J. Dahm, a private of Company H, Fourth regiment, this city, who was tried by court martial in this city on Dec. 20 last, was found guilty, and the tribunal yesterday returned a verdict dishonorably discharging him from the state service and imposing a fine of \$50 or 20 days in jail. Dahm forwarded the fine to Captain Hutchinson, of the Eighth regiment, who was president of the court. The charges against Dahm were desertion, and grew out of his refusal to accompany the company to the Hazleton coal regions during the late miners' strike.

Harrisburg, Jan. 15.—Colonel Edwin K. Meyers, former state printer and one of the best known men in central Pennsylvania, was found dead yesterday in the stable yard adjoining his home, three miles above this city. There was a large cut across his forehead and a bruise over his left eye. It is supposed that he was thrown from his carriage a short distance from the yard and was dragged to where he was found. Mr. Meyers was state printer for eight years, and was aged 39 years. He was the son of Hon. B. F. Meyers, who is proprietor of *The Star-Independent*, of this city, and leaves a widow and three children.

Harrisburg, Jan. 17.—Dr. M. E. McDonnell, special agent of the state department of agriculture, has submitted to Secretary Edge a report covering an analysis of 350 samples of milk selected in different cities. The worst milk was found in Pittsburgh, while in Philadelphia and New York the supply was found to be remarkably good. Dr. McDonnell recommends that inspections be made of the milk supplies in all the cities of Pennsylvania. Pittsburgh and Harrisburg, he says, are in especial need of dairy inspections. The milk of Scranton, Erie, York and Reading is much better than that of Pittsburgh, Altoona, Allegheny and Harrisburg.

Philadelphia, Jan. 15.—Four men who are suspected of being professional thieves of New York were arrested by detectives here yesterday while following a well known jewelry salesman who was visiting his "trade" with a satchel containing thousands of dollars' worth of diamonds. They gave their names as Charles Hoyt, 34 years old, of Little Washington, Pa.; William Devlin, 21, of New York; James Riley, 24, of St. Paul, and James Sullivan, of Reading, Pa. All were plentifully provided with money and carried loaded revolvers and a quantity of tools used by diamond and bank thieves. They resisted arrest, and were only subdued at the pistol point.

Philadelphia, Jan. 15.—The suit of Charles O. Kaiser, Jr., against the Covenant Mutual Life association of Illinois, and of Charles O. Kaiser, administrator of Emma P. Kaiser, deceased, against the Union Central Life Insurance company, of Cincinnati, were yesterday discontinued by consent of the plaintiffs. The suit was brought to recover \$5,000 insurance jointly paid on the lives of Charles O. Kaiser, Jr. and Emma P. Kaiser, who was murdered near Norristown in October. The younger Kaiser is under sentence of death for the murder of his father, and James A. Cleary and Lazzaro Kaib are awaiting trial for complicity in the crime.

Mayor Swift, of Chicago, says that if the City Council is corrupt, it is the fault of "prominent citizens."

It is a curious fact, muses the Chicago Record, that there are 635 more persons and firms engaged in the liquor business in the State of Iowa than in Kentucky, where the manufacture of whisky is considered a fine art and its consumption an accomplishment.

The use of bloodhounds by police and sheriffs for tracking criminals is increasing rapidly all over the West, and according to the New York Sun, the general testimony is that the animals are a valuable aid. Cuban bloodhounds seem to be the favorite breed, and the demand appears to be much greater than the supply.

The New York Medical Record refers to the fact that Dr. Snow, to whom Great Britain owes its first immunity from epidemic cholera for the last twenty-five years, and, of course, for all future time, is almost forgotten in that country. In commenting on this fact, Sir Richard Quain recently said: "Dr. Snow made us masters of the deadly plague of cholera. He thereby saved millions of lives. The sole reward which England has conferred upon him is midnight obscurity. If he had been a soldier," he continued, "instead of a doctor, if he had slain his thousands, instead of saving his millions, every town would have hailed him as a hero, and the Nation would have honored his memory with monuments more enduring than brass." Dr. Snow's work consisted in discovering that cholera is a water-born disease.

In a technical sense we have no National holidays, as there is nowhere a power to set apart such days and compel their observance, declares the New Orleans Picayune. A State can only establish a holiday within its own borders, and the authority of Congress in that direction is limited to the District of Columbia and the Territories. Of course a holiday practically becomes National when it is celebrated by all the people of all the States and Territories. Of these we have only two. Christmas and the Fourth of July. The days which Congress has set apart as holidays are New Year's Day, Washington's Birthday, Inauguration Day, every four years, Fourth of July, Decoration Day, Independence Day, Thanksgiving and Christmas. However, these days are not celebrated as holidays in all the States. New Year's Day is not a holiday in Massachusetts, New Hampshire or Rhode Island. Mississippi, Arkansas and Iowa do not celebrate officially the birthday of the Father of their country, Decoration Day is observed only in the North, and Labor Day is a legal holiday in only about half of the States.

In "A Glimpse of Longfellow," published in one of the magazines, Rev. Minot J. Savage calls him "the most widely read poet of the English-speaking world." This is approximately true, observes the New York World, and the cause for it is found in the poet's universal sympathy with the literature of all times and countries. He is the most widely read poet of America because of all American poets he read most widely. The extent of his studies is astonishing. In his youth he went deep into the early literature of England, and added to the usual college acquaintance with the classics a knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon language and literature which did much to insure his success. He went from Saxon to the Scandinavian languages and to old Norse; then to old High German and from that to Italian, making a translation of Dante, which if lacking in the high poetic art of the original verse will always be respectable. As a result of wide literary sympathies, he was able to appeal to the universal human nature. If he had something of natural provincialism in his youth, his maturity knew no boundary of section or country. His works have been translated into all the principal languages of Europe because by long labor he learned to understand the common humanity that underlies all differences of Nationality. The central fact of his career was his great capacity for work. It made him the greatest of New England poets and one of the most useful men of his century.

GOLD AND SILVER.

Life has two ages:

The silver and golden;
A book with two pages;
A new and an olden.

Now stands before me

A little child, passing fair;
Laughing eyes, full of glee,
Peach cheeks and golden hair.

She thinks life all it seems,
And for months, days and hours
She grasps the sunbeams.
And gathers life's fairest flowers.

Near to that golden head
Silver is shining,
With luster passing rare;
Age is refining.

There they are, youth and age,
Long hours beguiling
With stories and maxims sage
Talking and smiling.

My life book's two pages;
The new and the olden;
The beautiful ages:
The silver and golden.

UPSTAIRS AND DOWN.



SOFT light from a large hanging lamp fell upon the daintily laid dinner table. Its glow centered upon the russets and golds of the chrysanthemums in the Venetian glass jar, and more faintly illumined the faces of the elderly man and woman seated at either end, leaving in deep shadow the maid who moved round quietly. There was a suggestion of constraint in the atmosphere, the outward evidence whereof lay in the spasmodic attempts at conversation between the master and mistress in a slight uplifting of the chin on the part of the maid.

"I saw Purcell Jones to-day," said Mr. Porter during a momentary absence of the servant.

"Ha," exclaimed his wife with interest, "and 'ow is he? Where was it you seen him?"

"He says he's back at the old shop, and," impressively, "I tell you wot, Mariar, if ever I saw a man as—" here the return of the maid caused the subject to be abruptly dropped.

"Wot's this? Oh, frycassed chicken, is it? Now a thing I likes, Mariar, is duck. Duck with sage and onion stuffing. We never 'as it now."

"Cook says she don't like to cook onions, Tony. She says as 'ow she can't get the hoder off 'er 'ands."

"Umph," grunted Mr. Porter, and the meal proceeded in silence.

When the finger-bowl stage was reached and the door had closed upon the retreating figure of the servant, Mrs. Porter looked pathetically across the dessert dishes at her husband and heaved a plaintive sigh. Mr. Porter returned the glance with one of profound sympathy.

"Well," he inquired in a carefully modulated voice, "how has it been to-day? Have you got on any better?"

Care ill became the plump visages of the worthy couple. To judge from the surroundings their circumstances were affluent. True, a strictly refined taste might have taken exception to the alliance of the purple and gold brocade curtains with the maroon wall paper, or have declared both to war against the crimson satin gown that graced the lady of the house. A captious critic would perchance have pronounced the ornaments of amazing bulk in proportion to their intrinsic value, and have rebelled that the few paintings represented the "Kiss Mammy" School of Art alone. But these accessories admirably became Mr. and Mrs. Porter, whose portly presences would have struck an inharmonious note in a more aesthetically bedight dwelling.

"Oh, Tony," Mrs. Porter replied. "If you only knew what I suffers with those persons in the 'ouse!"

"Well, my girl, you know I was against it. You would 'ave 'em. I said all I could against it. You 'ad to 'ave your own way."

"Yes, but, Tony, dear, you know Mrs. Pennithorne persuaded me. She said as 'ow it would be a Christian charity to give 'em a trial as domestics; for the pore things couldn't get situations as governesses now. But I 'ave repented doing it, I must say."

"They ain't been speakin' disrespectful, Mariar, 'ave they? I'd soon put a stop to that, ladies or no ladies."

"Lor, no, Tony, they ain't. But I don't like somehow to order 'em about, and I always feels as if they looked down on me. 'Cause o' course, Tony, we ain't always been wholesale as we is now."

"Never you mind that, Mariar. You're as good a lady as anybody; and real stylish in your ways. Now, I'm a plain man, and wot I likes is to leave a quiet pipe in the dorrin'-room, and to 'ear you play the old toons on the paynforte like you used to. But there—you won't play now, because you think they're sniggering at you downstairs!"

"I wouldn't mind that, Tony, if they did their work well; but they don't. This one can't cook a plain chop. If it wasn't for shame's sake I'd take the cooking myself. She goes about with her eye-glasses dropping into the saucepans, and a fine cookery book in her 'and, and she

can't boil a cabbage. She just 'ad twelve lessons in fancy things and thinks she knows all about it."

Mrs. Porter cracked a walnut and shook her head sadly.

"An' then late dinner every night, and them finger bowls and all that—well, Mariar, I don't want to 'urt your feelin's, and I do like a bit of style when we've company, like the best of 'em. But wot I say is, give me a good comfortable supper with a snack of something tasty. Liver and bacon now, or Irish stew. Ah—"

"Martha used to make 'eavenly Irish stew," murmured Mrs. Porter regretfully, "and she could do tripe and onions beautiful. Now what do you think this Christine said when I asked if she could cook tripe and onions, thinkin' to give you a treat?"

"I gives it up, Mariar. Go on."

"Christine she says as 'ow she 'ad never 'eard of it. Wot was it? And I was castin' about in my mind for an explanation, when Maud she says, with a sort of laugh, 'Oh, it's the entrails of a ruminatin' animal,' she says, 'but I didn't know it was used for food,' and after that, Tony, I ordered white-bait, and a loin of mutton and a pheasant."

"It seems to me, Mariar, that you're losing flesh over this. You ain't the figure you was three months ago."

"The thing that worries me worst, Tony, is that the 'ouse ain't near well enough cleaned. Maud she does her best, but she ain't got the trainin'. She's afraid to do a bit of scrubbin', and she does all the dustin' with gloves on."

"Umph. Muffled cats catches no mice," sententiously remarked Mr. Porter. "Take my word for it, Mariar, we'll never feel the 'ouse our own till they're out of it."

"And I'm sure, Tony," went on Mrs. Porter, determined to fully unburden her mind, "that they employ a chair-woman surreptitious. I saw one slip-pin' out by the side door yesterday."

"Well, Mariar, there's just one thing to do, and that's to give 'em warnin' at once."

"Me, Tony? Oh, no, I couldn't. Don't ask me. Their third month's up to-morrow, too. If they was only dissatisfied now, and would leave."

"Don't you count on that, my girl. They knows when they're comfortable. They're here for life, except you summons up your courage and chucks 'em."

"Tony, dear, you're a brave man. Won't you, to please your Mariar, just tell them to go yourself?" said Mrs. Porter coaxingly.

But Mr. Porter refused decidedly. "No, Mariar, nonsense. A man 'as no business meddling with woman's affairs." Then, temporizing, "I'll tell you wot'll cheer you up, old girl. You come into town to-morrow and I'll give you lunch and a treat to follow. Wot'll it be?"

"Oh, I know, Tony. Pork pies and stout, and we'll go to the Aquarium afterwards."

Maud carried the heavy tray downstairs and dumped it down on the kitchen dresser. The apartment was decidedly untidy. Soiled plates lay heaped on the table. Two dirty saucepans and a greasy baking-pan littered the steel fender. On the stove the kettle spluttered furiously and boiled over; but the cook, seated in a chair drawn close under the gas jet, was too absorbed in a book to notice matters external. Her cap was set awry over a mass of tawny hair drawn loosely back from a pleasant, studious face. Evidently hers was the artistic temperament, full of ideals, showing an intense love for the poetic, but useless as regards mere household affairs. Her younger sister Maud was cast in a different mould. Clever, impetuous, desiring to command, she suffered keenly under the restraint of her present servitude. The knowledge that, while admirably suited to fill the part of mistress fate had apportioned her the role of servant, galled her bitterly.

Having deposited the tray on the dresser, Maud cast a disgusted glance round the kitchen, and sank disconsolately into a chair. On becoming aware of her presence and attitude, the cook with an effort withdrew her thoughts from the volume and looked inquiringly at her sister through her glasses.

"Well, what is it to-night, Maud?" she asked placidly.

"Oh, Christine, I'm sick of this," was the passionate reply. "Talk of the drudgery of governing. Governesses can keep their hands clean, and look like ladies at least."

"But we know we are ladies, dear," interposed the milder Christine, "and governesses are often much worse off than we are here."

"Governesses never need to come down to a black-beetley kitchen at 6.30 on a cold, dark morning, and kindle a fire—"

"Cleaning the flues is the greatest trial I have yet experienced," parenthetically Christine with a shudder.

"This is supposed to be a 'good place,'" continued Maud. "I wonder what a bad one is like?"

"Well, we might have had washing to do, and windows to clean, and children to look after," replied the more conciliatory Christine. "I do think, Maud, it is because the work is so new to us that we are awkward and don't get on quickly."

"But it humiliates me to find that work which quite uneducated girls would think nothing of should seem so difficult to us."

"I certainly never anticipated finding any difficulty," said Christine, thoughtfully, "though naturally what people have been working at all their lives comes easy to them."

"We are nothing but rank amateurs, and we must face the fact that a third of our salary—wages, I beg its pardon—is squandered in secretly employing a char-woman."

"I loathe and detest caps and aprons, too," went on Maud, getting up and beginning noisily to collect the dishes by way of letting off her steam. "If the postman smirks at me I feel mad, and when the green grocer's man tried to kiss me I wanted to murder somebody."

"But Mrs. Porter is really kind, dear. She was quite anxious when you had that cold last week. Only I must confess, Maud, that I cannot respect employers whose only idea of literature is represented by the penny weeklies."

"You forget the histories in the library bookcase," said Maud, bitterly.

"All uncut. Come, let us make the best of it," said her gentler sister; "you must look back and remember how glad we were to be able to come here together, where there were no other maids with whom we would have been obliged to associate."

"Yes, and look forward to nothing but this endless cleaning and washing up all our lives. But to tell you the plain truth, Christine, I don't believe they're satisfied with us."

"Oh! I never dreamt of that," exclaimed Christine, aghast. "What shall we do if they send us away?"

"I don't really care. I know it's silly when we are so dependent, but I don't feel as if I could endure this existence a day longer," and laying her head on the kitchen table, Maud, the dauntless, who had so bravely endured their reverses, worn out by three months of ceaseless, uncongenial toil, burst into an uncontrollable flood of tears.

Good Mrs. Porter's already perturbed mind was greatly exercised next morning by the receipt of an epistle from the faithful Martha, her late cook, stating that, as Martha's mother had now quite recovered, she purposed returning to town that day in quest of a situation, a niece who promised to become a clever housemaid accompanying her.

"I knows you are suited, but if you was so kind as to recommend me I will be truly grateful. Hoping as how you and Master keeps your usual health and with humble respects, I remains, Your Obedient servant, "MARTHA GOODYEAR."

"A most proper letter, my dear," commented Mrs. Porter, her ruffled vanity agreeably soothed by Martha's abundant recognition of the difference in their positions.

"And a capital cook, too," grunted Mr. Porter, pushing aside his mucky coffee and sodden toast. "Mariar, you send off them girls, and get Martha and her niece to come 'ere, and I'll—I'll take you a trip to Monte Carlo."

"Oh, Tony!"

Then, with resolution:

"I shall!"

But after her husband had departed for the city Mrs. Porter wavered and felt her courage leak away every time she looked towards the bell. Her motherly heart sympathized with the girls. She knew how hard servitude must be for them. Still she realized also that no sense of pity for others should prevail upon her to tolerate any circumstances which spoiled her home life. She delayed from moment to moment, however, finally going into her conservatory in the hope that a little quiet pottering among her plants would restore her mental balance. She had been engaged for nearly half an hour with sundry parcels of hyacinths and narcissus which she potted and tucked away under the staging in a mass of cocoanut fibre against the spring decorations of her house. It was an unusually bright morning for November, and as the sun beat warmly upon the glass roof, Mrs. Porter found the surcease she sought, and began to hum an air.

A low but imperative tapping on the conservatory door leading to the lawn made her start, and turning quickly she perceived an elderly gentleman standing outside, beckoning mysteriously to her. He was not one of those ingenious individuals who succeed by dint of inward assurance and outward respectability in worming themselves into private houses with the intention of selling tea or gas burners. That Mrs. Porter saw at a glance; while through the railing of the front garden she caught a reassuring glimpse of a well appointed brougham. So without more than a momentary hesitation she opened the door.

"Can I converse with you, madam, upon a most important matter, without danger of being overheard?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir," replied Mrs. Porter, "you can. Please step in 'ere."

"You are Mrs. Porter, I presume?" Mrs. Porter bowed. "There are two inmates of your house in whom I am much interested," went on the visitor, sitting down in the garden chair offered.

"Yes," said Mrs. Porter, interrogatively, her curiosity aroused.

"They occupy at present the positions, I understand, of—ahem!—cook and housemaid?"

"They do, sir."

A sudden hope darted through Mrs. Porter's mind. Perhaps this gentleman required servants and would take hers.

"Have you been pleased with their attentions? Have they—'given satisfaction' is, I believe, the term used?"

"Ye-es. But will you tell me your reasons for asking?" said Mrs. Porter, strictly on guard.

"I may confide in you, madam, that when my late nephew, Roger Caruthers, died—I having had no communication with him for many years, as I entirely disapproved of his improvident manner of living—appeal was made to me on behalf of his two daughters, my grandnieces, who were, as one might have anticipated, left penniless. After careful consideration of the matter, I resolved to hold out no helping hand until I saw that the girls were prepared to help themselves. Keeping myself informed, however, regarding their movements, I was gratified to find that they had taken the noble determination to occupy a menial position rather than be dependent upon the charity of others. I need not say, madam," concluded the old gentleman more confidentially, "that I admired my nieces for their declaration of independence; but, as I make a point never to do anything rashly, I decided to wait until three months had elapsed, then, if upon inquiry I found that they had ably filled a humble station, to offer them the shelter of a home which they would be fitted to adorn."

"I am rejoiced to 'ear it," said Mrs. Porter, warmly, "and I may say that in these three months there ain't ever been a cross word passed between them and me," which was true in the letter if not in the spirit.

"Then, madam, may I see my nieces, whose acquaintance I have yet to make, and at the earliest date that will suit your convenience I shall take the young ladies home."

"Madam," said Maud's voice from the door leading into the drawing-room, "a person who asked me to announce her as 'your old Martha,' has called. There is a younger woman with her."

Here was a happy ending of all Mrs. Porter's woes.

"Ask 'em to wait, and I'll speak to 'em immediate," she called. Then turning to the visitor, she exclaimed,

"Sir, I am 'appy to 'ear that your relatives 'as the prospects of so bright a future. They 'as my warmest congratulations and permission to go at once."—Black and White.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Some scientists now figure that the antediluvian people were enormously tall.

According to Galton the patterns on the finger tips are not only unchangeable through life, but the change of the finger prints of two persons being alike is less than one chance in 64,000,000,000.

In distributing telegraph wires for army purposes, preparatory to establishing communicating stations, it has been found that a great economy in time is effected by mounting the reel on a bicycle.

At a recent meeting of the Entomological Society, of London, Mr. Stevens exhibited two larvae, supposed to be those of the death-tick beetle, which had been damaging oil paintings in his possession.

It is said that many conductors of electric cars in Syracuse, N. Y., have been troubled with metallic poisoning from constant handling of the brass fixtures of the cars. Those who wear gloves are exempt from the trouble.

Electricity has been successfully employed by Dr. M. G. Jenison in checking hemorrhage from the extraction of teeth. The current caused instant coagulation of the blood, and gave relief where the usual remedies were without effect.

An electrical publication says that on December 1, 1895, the length of telegraph lines in the world was 904,701 miles, and the total miles of wire used on the same 2,682,583, or enough to go around the globe at the equator over 107 times. The miles of line in the United States January 1, 1895, was 190,303, with the miles of wire 790,792.

A new application of calcium carbide has been discovered by M. Rossel. By heating powered carbide with magnesium in a current of air he succeeded in fixing the nitrogen in the air, the products being lime and nitride of magnesium. This compound immersed in water decomposes, giving out ammonia. M. Rossel has also obtained combinations of nitrogen with aluminum and iron.

A small living South American rodent, not quite as big as a rat, has been found to be closely related to, and a surviving representative of, some of the fossil marsupials recently described by the Portuguese geologist, Ameghino, from the Santa Cruz beds of Patagonia. It is, therefore, supposed to belong to a new family, quite distinct from all marsupials hitherto known.

VENEZUELA'S FAIR WOMEN

THE ASTONISHING SUDDENNESS WITH WHICH THEY AGE.

Blooming Beauties Liable to Be Transformed Into Wrinkled, Yellow Crones Within a Year.

TO the American freshly landed in Venezuela women will seem scarce. But they are not really so. Their proportion in the population is probably less than New England boasts, but large enough. The customs of the country are against the stranger's ready realization of the fact. That is all the trouble. Nowhere there, even in Caracas, is there such a constant public beauty show as is to be seen on the fashionable thoroughfares of all American cities. Yet there is no lack of pretty women. When the student has learned the conventional places and times for prosecuting his observations he will have no reason to lament a scarcity of subjects.

Primarily there are the churches. All Venezuelan women go to church, not on Sundays only, but upon any day of the week. Indeed, some of them go every day, but they are devotees, generally past middle age. Their chosen time for church-going is early in the morning, but that is the loveliest part of the tropical day.

One is impelled to wonder at first, what has become of all the middle-aged Venezuelan women. A certain proportion in every gathering will seem to be young, some of them beautiful, and all the others will appear to be old. Can it be that those in the intermediate stages seclude themselves? Not at all. But they age with astonishing suddenness. The blooming beauty of this year is liable to be transformed into a crone, wrinkled, yellow and bent, next year. They ripen and decay with rapidity. And at an age when the women of Northern climes are at their best development these have lived their active lives as wives and mothers, and are either skinny and bony, or fat and flabby old women. It does not follow that they die soon. They seem simply to pass into a sort of grandmotherly condition and remain there a long time. One charm seems to be the common possession of Venezuelan women—beautiful eyes.

Intelligent Venezuelans say that there are few of the present generation in whom at least two distinct strains are not blended, and in most three or four are commingled. There is, however, much uniformity of color among ladies in good society, as one sees them in full street dress, either on the promenade or at special church services. They are all coldly white, not the clear light complexion that at least makes pretence of being natural, but such a dead and solid white as one sees elsewhere only on a new wall, or the face of a clown in a pantomime. There is no false pretence about that sort of face. It proclaims itself starched with perfect honesty. Women do not whitewash themselves in such a style to hide defects, but simply because it is fashionable. Many of them know they would be much prettier without it, yet would as soon think of dispensing with gown or shoes when going abroad or dressing to receive company. One good thing is that they do not apply any injurious nostrum with a lead base to produce the desired effect, or swallow arsenic to clarify their complexions, but just daub on a thick paste of clean American cornstarch and let it go at that.

Their common headdress is the mantilla of black silk lace. Drawn snugly around the shapely head, with its delicate scallops, like jetty curls dropping over the brow, flying loose at the sides of the face, and perhaps just revealing a little of the dainty ears, it is certainly the most bewitching headdress invented for women, infinitely more charming than any jumble of feathers, artificial flowers and lace ever devised by a French milliner.

There is little promenading merely for the pleasure of going abroad to see and be seen, except in the capital. No lady ever promenades unaccompanied with a gentleman not her husband. Generally the promenaders are in trios—one lady and two gentlemen, or two ladies and one gentleman—or in larger groups. In the first named combination of three, one of the gentlemen seems interested, while the other is evidently bored. Of the second trio, one lady is quite certain to be elderly, and she walks in the middle. It is all simple when understood, social custom forbids a girl or woman to hold conversation, at home or abroad, even on the open street or in a thronged public pleasure ground, with a gentleman who is not a relative, unless in the close presence of some relative or a chaperon of ample age and presumable discretion. A slight modification of this rule is admissible—rather in practice than in principle—when the question is of entertaining a declared suitor. A girl may sit in her dark parlor, at the heavily barred window, and listen to love's whispers from a young man who stands in the street and whose nose rarely comes up to the window sill. Even then a guardian relative is supposed to sit with her and supervise the proceedings, but, in practice, the father is generally sympathetic, and is not actually indulgent enough to

withdraw, during at least part of the tender interview, is likely to affect sleep.

The rattle, made of a calabash containing beans, is one of the queer crude instruments to which the Venezuelan woman dances, if a woman of the people. Another is a long cowhorn, with gashes sawn close together in it, over which the back of a knife is scraped. A third is a slender bar of steel, which, suspended by a string, given out a musical note when struck. With these go guitars and libitum. And it is surprising what an effective combination they make for dance music, in which the marking of time is more essential than melody or harmony. The accordion is rather popular among the peon, or laborer, class, and with it the calabash and the cowhorn are blessed mitigations, proportionately to the vigor with which they are operated.

Venezuelan women do not generally sing much or well, and it seems a little strange that this should be so, for most of them have sweet speaking voices. And a great many of the men do sing well.—New York Tribune.

Parrot Stories.

There was an old factotum in our family who used to sew for us, and who occasionally spent several weeks at a time at the house. She was somewhat of a character, had been married three times, and to distinguish her second dear departed was in the habit of calling him "my middle husband;" old maids she naturally did not approve of, remarking that they were the only things not prayed for in the Litany. The old woman was very deaf, and much shouting was needed to make her hear. One day many vain efforts were made to induce her to do a piece of work in a particular way, but she could not or would not see what was wanted, and at last, in despair, the lady of the house remarked to the nurse, "Oh, never mind; when she is gone, it must be altered." "Ah," remarked the parrot, in a loud, clear voice, "there's no fool like an old fool."

The parrot had on one morning been given a bath, or in other words, the garden watering can had been turned upon him, and was placed in front of the fire to dry. There were two small kittens who also liked the warmth of the fire, and who were sitting one on each side of the cage. The bird walked first to one side, and looking down out of the corner of his eye, inquired, "Are you a good boy?" Then he sidled across to the other end of his perch and said to the other kitten, "And are you a good boy?" One day two children of our family visited the house, and when alone amused themselves by mischievously pulling up some tulips, which grew in a pot in the room, by the roots, afterwards carefully replacing them. A little later Polly's master, to whom the plants belonged, came into the room, and immediately exclaimed, "Oh, look at my tulips; see how they are growing." Polly at once uttered two words, and only two; they were, "You ass!" I need hardly say that some time elapsed before the owner of the tulips was made acquainted with all the particulars of what had happened.—Chambers's Journal.

Electrical Tanning.

In the Zeitschrift fuer Elektrochemie, Herf Folsing states that he has worked out an electrical method of tanning, which he considers is suitable for both thin skins and heavy hides, and only requires three to six days. The tanning pit contains 15,000 litres. Electrodes of nickled copper are fixed to the walls of the pit, in which the hides are hung so that the current has to pass right through them. A current of twelve amperes with an e. m. f. of twelve volts is used. The color of the leather is not quite satisfactory when commercial unpurified extract is used. The author lays stress on this, and he himself uses an oak extract (with a little hemlock extract added) which is cleared and decolorized by a special electrolytic process. When this is used he finds that the color is exceedingly good and bright. Light cowhides were found to require seventy-two hours, heavy cowhides five days, and heavy ox hides six days. The latter would require a year by the old process.

Establishment of a Creamery.

A creamery for 500 cows may be built and furnished for \$2500 in an excellent manner. Any agent for any company that asks \$5000 or more for doing this work and offers to take some of the stock in it in part payment may be set down without any hesitation as a swindler—a creamery shark, as the saying goes—who goes about inducing farmers to establish creameries in this way, and offering to stay and start the business without pay. Then he collects the subscriptions and is seen no more. The creamery can never pay a profit, or even make ends meet on this cost, and it goes to the bad. This has been done so often as to have become a standing warning to all concerned. If a creamery is desired, there are several responsible establishments who will furnish the outfit and give plans of the building at the price mentioned, or even less.—New York Times.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

RECIPE FOR HOREHOUND CANDY.

A tested recipe for horehound candies consists of pound of dried horehound leaves boiled in one quart of water, cooled, and then boiled again for five minutes. After that strain off the liquid through a cloth; put it back on the fire, and let it simmer until the quantity is reduced to four or five ounces. Add an ounce of gum arabic, and when dissolved enough fine sugar to make a dough or paste, as for lozenges. Roll out, and cut in small pieces with a perfectly clean tumbler or a little cutter such as is used by confectioners.—New York Post.

BAKED RICE.

Thoroughly wash a cup of rice. Strain a cupful of rich broth, and add it to twice as much boiling water, put it on the range and cook slowly until it has absorbed all the water, and mix two raw eggs in a large cup of hot milk, two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, and a tablespoonful of butter, and pour to the rice; stir well together, add a cupful of minced meat and ham, mix it all well, add salt sufficient to season it, and then turn into a buttered mould, cover and set the dish into a dripping-pan of boiling water, and bake half an hour. When done, dip the mould in cold water, and turn upside down on a flat dish, and it will slip out of the mould easily.

NORMAN SOUP.

This is one of the best white soups that can be made, having also the merit of being economical. Put a knuckle of veal into four quarts of cold water with a quart of small button onions, and boil gently for two hours. Then cut up into it half a loaf of bread and cook for an hour and a half longer. Then take out the meat, scrape it all from the bone and cut it fine, and press the broth, bread and onions through a sieve. Then rub together a tablespoonful of butter or oleomargarine, with two tablespoonfuls of flour until quite smooth, and stir this into a quart of milk placed on the stove and brought to the boiling point, but not allowed to boil. When the flour has been cooked in this, add it to the soup, put back the pieces of meat, add salt and pepper to taste and serve. Force-meat balls are very nice with this soup.—New York World.

CLEANING FURNITURE.

One reason why people fail in cleaning furniture coverings is that they are too economical in the use of naphtha. It must be literally poured on to be effective. Standing in the breeze it will evaporate very quickly, and will destroy every vestige of moths. If the articles are to be left in the house they may be wrapped in sheets, tightly pinned around them. This keeps a certain amount of the odor in the furniture for a long time, and renders it doubly safe.

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that no light of any kind must be taken into the rooms while the naphtha-cleaned articles, recently cleaned, are there. The inflammable nature of naphtha vapor makes it exceedingly dangerous when brought near a flame.

Cushions, carpets and wool draperies may safely be cleaned in this way, and all that is necessary is to throw all draperies over a line in the yard, open the windows, remove the wrappings from the furniture, and let the breeze have full sweep through the rooms for a day or two. Then there will be no offensive smell, and the furniture may be used with perfect safety so far as danger from fire is concerned.—Carpet and Upholstery Trade Review.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Use milk puddings and stewed fruit for bilious dyspepsia.

Spirits of turpentine is the thing with which to cleanse and brighten patent leather.

The dirtiest frying pan will become clean if soaked five minutes in ammonia and water.

Tansy is a sure preventive of moths, and if the leaves are sprinkled freely about woollens and furs they will never be moth-eaten.

In cleaning japanned goods never use hot water. Wet a cloth slightly in warm water and rub the article to be cleaned. Should any smear appear, sprinkle with flour and wipe dry.

In making black lace dresses, when transparent sleeves are desired, if the sleeves are first lined with very fine white net, the arms will look much whiter. The lining does not show when the sleeves are worn.

Do not use jelly glasses with tin covers, for the jelly will be almost sure to spoil, although occasionally some one uses them with success. The old-fashioned way of placing a piece of tissue paper over the jelly, cut the size of the receptacle, then sealing with letter or wrapping paper, will prevent spoiling.

When a bed is obliged to face a window, as is sometimes necessary, a decoration and a relief in one is secured by a valance above instead of below the footboard. Two small brass uprights are fastened in it, with a rod adjoining them, on which is hung a curtain of some light silk or stuff in harmony with the general tone of the room.

A SERENADE.

Sleep, love, the world is sleeping—
Why should you wake?
Sleep, love, the stars are keeping
Watch for your sake
Dream, love; a dream's insistence
Twine round your heart!
Dream, love; in dreams no distance
Holds us apart.
Watching, I stand and tremble.
Waking, I sigh;
I but a dream resemble—
With dawn to fly.
—Exchange.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Don't stand on your dignity too much! Get off occasionally and hustle.—Puck.

Teacher—"What was Joan of Arc maid of?" Pupil—"Made of dust."—Boston Transcript.

The man who conducts his business in a slipshod manner naturally loses his standing.—Puck.

By having a place for everything and everything in its place, you can be a source of great comfort to careless people who don't remember where they leave things.—Puck.

Friend—"It must be awful to have the newspapers keep saying such things about you." Political Candidate—"Yes, but suppose they didn't say anything at all!"—Somerville Journal.

"Does the old fellow have money?" "I rather think so." "Makes a show, does he?" "Oh, no—but his daughter, who is thirty-five years' old and awfully ugly, was married last week."—Gothamite.

May—"They tell me your engagement with Charley Gumbleigh is broken. How did it happen?" Carrie—"It is no mystery. The fact is, he was too fresh to keep; that's all."—Boston Transcript.

Hicks—"Times are pretty hard, I can tell you. Why, it's all I can do to keep my family out of the almshouse." Wicks—"And is the almshouse in your town really so attractive as that?"—Boston Transcript.

Softleigh—"The Widow Passo proposed to me last night." Sappehead—"Really! What did you say?" Softleigh—"Told her I'd be a son to her. You see, her daughter got there first."—Philadelphia Record.

"Oh, dear," sighed Mrs. Cumso as she tossed about in bed, "I'm suffering dreadfully from insomnia." "Go to sleep and you'll be all right," growled Mr. Cumso as he rolled over and began to snore again.—Judge.

Hubby—"When I first got married I determined to have no large items of expense in housekeeping, but I find, after all, that it is the little things that count." Batch—"How many have you?" Hubby—"I have four."—Detroit Free Press.

The person who will construct some phrases with which a man who has fallen down on a slippery sidewalk can adequately express himself without shocking the passers-by and laying himself liable to arrest, will do much to advance the cause of civilization.—Puck.

"I might as well plead guilty, judge," owned up the penitent prisoner at the bar. "If it had been a bolt of lace or a basket of diamonds you might have called it kleptomaniac and let me go, but I don't reckon that would work in this case. I stole the bog, judge."—Chicago Tribune.

Charity is a divine attribute, but the man who sets out to practice it soon discovers that it is a one-sided affair. It is regarded by the other feller as a very slick and easy way of getting something for nothing. Be charitable, but keep a bucksaw and half a cord of wood on hand.—Detroit Free Press.

A lawyer residing in the North of England, and noted for his laconic style of expression, sent the following terse and witty note to a refractory client, who would not succumb to his reiterated demands for the payment of his bill: "Sir, if you pay the enclosed, you will oblige me. If you do not, I shall oblige you."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Kitty Saved Them All.

At a fire in Mr. Tasker's boarding house, Intervale, N. J., last October, a cat was seen coming out with a kitten in her mouth. Depositing it in a place of safety she flew back into the burning building and brought out another. Back and forth the poor mother ran until every one of the litter was saved. Who could have done more?—Our Dumb Animals.

A Simple Change.

"Professor, how does the hair-cut suit you?" "The hair is altogether too short—a little longer, please."—Fliegende Blaetter.

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or a Fashionable Hair Cut

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WM. HERSH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Collections and all legal business promptly attended to. Office on Baltimore street, opposite court house, in room lately occupied by Hon. S. Mc Swope.

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WASHINGTON HOUSE, Gettysburg,
ELIAS FISSEL, Proprietor.
The Hotel has lately been improved and refitted. Parlors on second floor. Restaurant connected with the hotel where everything in season will be furnished at gentlemen on the first floor and ladies on the second floor. Bar stocked with all new goods. First-class hostler will take best care of transient horses. Opposite W. M. Depot, one square from P. & R.

CENTRAL HOTEL, Littlestown.
JAS. W. OCKER, Proprietor.
Centrally located, being on the northwest corner of the Diamond. Large sample rooms. Heated throughout. Terms moderate.

HOTEL GETTYSBURG,
Located on Centre Square, where McClellan House formerly stood, Gettysburg, Pa.
H. & D. K. MILLER, Proprietors.
Headquarters League American Wheelmen. Headquarters of Capt. J. T. Logg, guide and delineator. Steam heat, electric light and call bells. A first-class livery attached to hotel.

CENTRAL HOTEL, Gettysburg.
Second door from Court House.
Having purchased, remodeled and refitted the above well known Central Hotel, I take pleasure in asking you to call and give me a trial. Special rates to judges and those attending court. Satisfaction guaranteed, as I am confident that you will again patronize me after giving me a trial. Table supplied with all the market affords. Respectfully,
JAMES O. McCAVITT, Proprietor.

HOTEL COLUMBUS, McSherrytown,
J. H. McMaster, Proprietor.
Newly furnished throughout. First-class in every respect. Convenient to all business places. Large sample rooms good stabling and an attentive hostler. Moderate charges.

NATIONAL HOTEL, Littlestown.
Geo. W. RIFFLE or J. PROPRIETOR.
At the railroad on Baltimore street. First-class in every respect. Convenient to all business places. Large sample rooms. Good stabling and attentive hostler. Moderate charges.

GRAIN AND PRODUCE

Z. S. CUSHMAN,
At the Brick Warehouse, HANOVER ST. NEW OXFORD, PA., will buy and sell all kinds of

Wheat, Hay, Straw, Rye, Corn, Oats, Potatoes, Bran, Middlings, Chop, &c., Also

The Best Brands of Flour,
Course and Fine Salt, etc,

Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to give him a call. Free delivery to any part of the borough.
Car leaves New Oxford every Thursday afternoon for Baltimore; Returning leaves Hillen Station every Friday at 4 o'clock p. m. All orders left with him will receive prompt attention.

GO TO---!

GEO. A. KIINGEL'S
Barber - Shop,
For a Clean Shave and a Good Hair Cut. Razors Honed and Combed at the Lowest Price.
Shop AT POST OFFICE, NEW OXFORD, PA.

Russia bought \$90,000,000 of German goods in 1897, and only \$18,000,000 of French products. The alliance is a fine thing for oratory and osculation, but it does not pan out heavily in trade.

An expert says that getting shot does not hurt any more than having a tooth pulled. The dissemination of this knowledge will not lessen the rash to get out of the way when bullets are flying around.

Georgia people and papers are pluming themselves greatly upon the fact that the new capitol of Rhode Island is being built of Georgia marble, in preference to all the granite and marble of New England. It comes from Pickens county, and is represented to be remarkably white and strong.

Some time since an Englishman in Ceylon announced his conversion to Mohammedanism and immediately claimed the privilege of polygamy, taking unto him a second wife in the person of an English girl of excellent family, who also announced her conversion. The first wife sued for a divorce. The man protested that as a Moslem he had a right to two or even four wives. The matter has come up in the courts, and it has been decided that his status in Ceylon is that of an Englishman upon whom the obligation of monogamy is binding whatever his religious belief, whether he be Christian, Jew, Buddhist, Mormon or Mohammedan.

The plague continues to spread in India, in spite of all sanitary efforts for its extirpation. Its progress is slow in comparison with most epidemics, but it is the hardest of them all to uproot entirely. It is several years since the present malady started on its course from China, and the history of previous visitations justifies the conjecture that it may have a long road to travel. Russia's plague of 1878 hovered about the countries of Western Asia for a decade before it advanced northward. In 1867 it appeared at Bagdad; in 1870-'71 Kurdistan was invaded; and in 1873 Bagdad suffered anew. In 1877 it appeared at Recht, an important city of Northern Persia, near the port of Enseli, from whence it was carried northward in Caspian ships and planted in the populous but malarious and unwholesome deltas of the Volga. Russia did not get rid of it for a number of years, and stray cases of it appeared in other European countries, to which it has been a periodical visitor since their history began. It may come again, but it is not now armed with its old terrors.

Disgraceful scenes have been witnessed more than once in American legislative chambers, recalls the New York Times. Our statesmen have occasionally resorted to the argument of fists vigorously swung, and in just a few instances the course of debate has been interrupted by the violent insertion into it of knives and revolvers. These lamentable facts are not to be denied, but the humiliation they have caused in sensitive minds is much mitigated by the thought that never, even amid the agonies of "reconstruction," did the most uncouth of our lawmakers display for more than a few minutes the reckless blackguardism by which for weeks past the members of the Austrian Reichsrath have shaken the foundations of the empire and classed themselves with savages. Democracy has its scandals, but monarchical institutions, apparently, do not develop in all who live under them unvarying reliance on courteous and legal methods as the only alternatives to out-and-out rebellion. However, we should remember that the government of the United States is an ancient one, compared with those of Austro-Hungary, Germany, Spain, Italy, France, and most of the minor Continental nations. In due time, no doubt, the residents of Europe will attain to our present high average of self-control. It would not be fair to expect as much from people to whom constitutional rule is still only an experiment as from those whose ancestors have been free for many a generation, and who have learned from long experience when to fight and when to make parliamentary motions.

MEMORIES.

Oh, for a stretch of country, dear,
A tree and a brook and a hill,
With you sitting close beside me, dear,
Singing sweet love songs still,
Just as you did in the days gone by,
The days of long ago,
When love's young dream made everything seem
A paradise here below.

Oh, for a stretch of country, dear,
With a meadow and winding lane,
Where, strolling together, I told you, dear,
Successes I hoped to attain,
Just as I did in the days gone by,
The days of long ago,
As beneath skies of blue, we pledged love anew,
Our future all aglow.

Oh, for a stretch of country, dear,
With its clover and fields of rye,
That I might retrace our footsteps, dear,
With many a sorrowing sigh,
And dream o'er again of the days gone by,
For, oh! I loved you so,
When down through the heather, we wandered together,
In days of long ago.
—James T. Sullivan, in Boston Globe.

DORA'S SACRIFICE.

She had whispered, "Yes, Jack, I love you!" in response to his question, his kisses were still warm on her lips, their hearts were beating in unison, though not so tumultuously as before; and now that the first rapture and thrill were over they were asking questions, and making their little confessions, after the manner of lovers on the threshold of an engagement.

"How many times have I been in love before? Now, Jack, do you think that is a fair question?" she asked, meeting his look with a roguish glance.

"Why, certainly it is, Dora," he replied, earnestly. "You say you love me, so it doesn't really make any difference about the others; they're done for now; but I think I ought to know. Still, if there are so many of them—"

"Please stop, Jack! I won't have you saying such dreadful things, and with that look on your face!" she interrupted, playfully placing her hand over his mouth, but quickly withdrawing it when he attempted to kiss it.

"How dare you!" she exclaimed, "after the way you've been talking!" "Well, if you don't want me to say things why don't you answer my question?"

"Must I, Jack?"

"I am afraid you must, my dear."

"And you won't hate me after I tell, will you?"

"Well—"

"That depends, you are going to say. You needn't hesitate so long; I can read your thoughts."

"Can you? That's convenient for you, I'm sure. I wish I could read yours, then I'd know the answer to my question."

"Would you really like to know?"

"Why, yes, or I shouldn't have asked it."

"Well, Jack, if it will relieve your mind any to know it, you have no predecessors."

"Are you sure, Dora?"

"Yes, Jack. You are the first and only."

"Thanks, awfully, Dora! I'm glad to hear it; and now that question is settled we will—"

"Oh, no, my boy; you don't get off quite so easily as that! I want your confession now. About how many dozen times have you been in love, pray tell?"

Jack Vernon winced. He hadn't counted on this, exactly.

"Come, young man, you are now on the witness stand, sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!" she continued, banteringly.

"Must I?" said Jack, helplessly repeating her question of a few minutes before.

"I am afraid you must, my dear," mimicked she.

"But I am afraid you will hate me after I confess."

"Is the record, then so long?"

"No; it is a very short one. I have never loved but once—before."

"And she—she refused you?"

"No, I never asked her."

"Why not? You see, I want the whole story now."

"Because of pride. She was a wealthy heiress, I a penniless lawyer, with my fame and fortune yet to make. I loved her; I am not ashamed to say it; she was a woman that one could not help loving; she was all to me then that you are now, and—"

"And more. Go on and say it, Jack; I want the whole truth."

"No, I won't say that, but she was the first, and love was a new sensation to me then, and if I had been her equal in wealth and station I might—but, pshaw! What is use of telling you all this? It is all over now. Her love was not for me. I have put it aside—and, besides, I have you. But why are you looking so sober, Dora? Have I confessed too much? You wanted the whole truth, you know."

"Yes, and I am glad you were brave enough to tell it. How long ago was it that—that this happened?" she faltered.

"Three years."

"And her name?" she asked, in low tones.

"Need I tell that?"

"Yes, please," said Dora, faintly.

"Edith Burton."

Dora's face grew suddenly pale.

"I thought, perhaps, she was the one," she said, in a voice that Jack scarcely recognized.

"Why, do you know her?" he exclaimed, in surprise.

"I used to room with her at boarding school," answered Dora. She had regained control of her voice now.

"She is a good, noble woman, far better than I am, and I don't wonder that you love her."

"You mean loved," corrected Jack.

"My love for her is in the past tense, not the present."

"True love can never die," quoted Dora, gravely. "Wasn't it the divine William who said that? But there, Jack, we have talked enough of love for one evening. Don't you think so?"

"But you haven't promised to marry me yet."

"You didn't ask me that question. You simply asked me if I loved you, and you got your answer, I believe."

"And I am to take the rest for granted, eh?"

"Well, no; nothing should be taken for granted in this world. I'll give you your answer, but not now. I think I'd better send it to you in writing."

"My! My! How formal we are getting all at once! But, after all, I think I prefer it that way; then I can carry your note next to my heart for a mascot until you are mine for good and all. Shant I run over here for it tomorrow morning? I'm anxious to get it as soon as possible."

"No; I'll mail it to your office in New York."

"All right, Dora; and now, just one before I go!" He bent down and planted a kiss on her unresisting lips.

"Thanks, dear! Now, please forget that there ever was any other girl, and don't look quite so sober the next time I call. I'll be over again Wednesday evening, if nothing happens. Good-night, Dora!"

"Good-night, Jack!"

When Jack Vernon reached his office in Temple court next morning he found Dora Stevens' note awaiting him. Tearing it open he read:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., 9.30 p. m. March 15.

Dear Jack: The love I expressed for you an hour ago I find has turned to pity, and I am going to make you happy by sending to you the only woman you have a right to marry. After hearing your confession, and knowing what I do, I could never be happy with you. I know you think you are in love with me, but the tendrils of your heart are still entwined around that early love, and—

and she needs you more than I do. I told you she was my schoolmate, years ago; I still regard her as one of my dearest friends, and, though we have never met since we graduated, we have always kept up correspondence. I enclose my latest letter from her, received two months ago. I did not know until tonight who the man was that she loves. I know now, and I wish you both all the joy that life 'in each other's society can bring you. Go to her, Jack, and make her happy—and my blessing and prayers will go with you. Not good night this time, but good-by! Ever your friend, DORA.

The inclosure ran as follows:

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 14.

My Dear Dora: No, I am not engaged yet, and never expect to be. I have had plenty of chances to confer my hand and fortune—especially the latter—upon aspiring applicants, but I have declined them all. I have never met a man I really cared for, except one, and I believe he cared for me at a time.

Perhaps he does yet; but, alas! he discovered that I was an heiress, and then pride (he was a young lawyer, with plenty of brains and ambition, but no money) held him back. He loved me; my heart told me that; but fortune-hunters were fluttering around me, like moths around a candle, and I suppose he was afraid if he spoke he would be classed with the rest—just as though the alchemy of a woman's love could not detect the gold among the dross!

"Ah, well! he is gone, and there's no use mourning for the past. I cannot help sighing, though, to think that the very money which attracted so many society moths should drive away the only man I ever loved!"

There, Dora, you have my secret, and know why I shall evermore a maiden be—but please don't tell. Wishing you a lover true, some time, dear Dora (not being burdened with wealth, you won't have so many unworthy ones as I) and hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, with oceans of love, yours sincerely, EDITH BURTON.

Late that afternoon Dora Stevens received the following brief message from Jack Vernon:

My Dear Dora: Many thanks for your kind note and the inclosure. There are at least two angels left on earth. You are one of them. May heaven ever guard and bless you! Yours gratefully, JACK.

P. S.—I start for Rochester at once, and will mail this on my way to the train.

And as Dora read these words, she smiled a little, wee ghost of a smile, and whispered:

"Better my heart than hers!"—Chicago Record.

An \$18 Nugget in the Corn.

Charles Wainwright, proprietor of a flour mill at Toms River, N. J., a few days ago received a carload of western corn. While he was grinding it he noticed that something was wrong with the heavy rollers. He stopped the machinery and found a nugget that looked just like gold. It had come through the hopper with the corn. He took the nugget to a local jeweler, who unhesitatingly pronounced it to be native gold. It weighed nineteen pennyweights and eighteen grains, and Mr. Wainwright was offered \$18 for it, but preferred to keep it as a curiosity. Where the gold came from is a mystery.—Philadelphia Record.

The law which at present governs the practice of medicine in France forbids the simultaneous practice of medicine and pharmacy even by a person who may be in possession of diplomas in both subjects.

A GREEN GREENLAND.

Striking Evidence of a Former Luxuriant Tropical Growth.

Two eminent scientists connected with the Smithsonian institution here at Washington, who accompanied the Peary expedition to the Polar regions, but who were bent on business of their own, have just returned from the wilds of West Greenland, bringing with them very valuable specimens for the National Museum. In a region of everlasting ice and snow Professor David White and Professor Schuchert have been exploring luxuriant tropical forests, beautiful specimens of which make up the chief part of their collection. Fossils of the tulip tree, the poplar, the magnolia, the willow, the eucalyptus, the palm, and the curious tropical dwarf called "cyend"—all these and many more are among the remains of an ancient age—when Greenland was in truth "a green land," that have now been discovered by these scientists and their party.

Greenland was once upon a time a tropical country. That is proved absolutely by the remains of an extensive tropical flora. Where now a sheet of solid ice over a mile thick covers mountain and valley, and mighty frozen rivers called glaciers make their way to the sea, and hatch icebergs, there was in earlier days, a verdant wilderness of luxuriant vegetation. But all this disappeared from the face of the earth several millions of years ago, and only their fossil remains are found buried in the strata of the rocks.

The finding of the oldest hardwood plant in the world was perhaps the most interesting discovery of the expedition. It was a species of poplar, and the tree grew during the epoch already described—that is to say, in all probability, not less than 5,000,000 years ago. Apparently at that time the climate of Greenland was much like that of our Gulf states today. All the evidences seem to point to the conclusion that climates all over the world in that ancient period were pretty much the same. The same plants grew contemporaneously in Greenland and in California, in Spitzbergen and in Virginia. There was a uniformity of vegetation in all parts of the earth. Nobody can say just why this was, though several theories have been advanced to account for it. One theory is that the atmosphere in those days was heavily charged with watery vapor, so that warmth was readily distributed through it, and the sun's rays did not have a chance to strike the earth directly, making differences in climate by the degree of their slant. In the course of time the atmosphere thinned gradually, and then came climatic variations marking a series of zones around the earth.—Washington Pathfinder.

Quarantined Toys.

"Did you ever hear of quarantined toys?" asked the toy dealer of a customer. "Some mother probably originated the idea. It isn't a profitable arrangement for dealers, because one set of toys can be made to serve a neighborhood. When not in use they are quarantined."

"It's like this," continued the dealer, taking up an iron house, with a mechanical postman delivering the mail, "a child is taken ill in a neighborhood with scarlet fever and the house and family are at once isolated. The neighbors have great sympathy for the child's mother and they scheme together to send something that will help to amuse the little one when it is getting better. As you see, the toys are of iron, and are passed along with the request that each time they are used they shall be put into an oven and baked before they are returned. I have known one set of toys to go through an epidemic."

"Doesn't baking them destroy their usefulness?"

"It melts off a leg sometimes, but great care is taken in getting them for the purpose. We have to look out for them as a regular part of our trade. Queer? Yes, but there are lots of queer things in our line, this is only one of them."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Memorial Bell-Tower.

A remarkable college memorial is the bell-tower to contain a chime of eleven bells which is being built on the grounds of the Iowa Agricultural college at Ames. It is in memory of Margaret McDonald Stanton, wife of the professor of political economy in the college. The tower is being built by the state in appreciation of Mrs. Stanton's services as an educator and as a founder of the college. The bells are to be the gift of Professor Stanton. Woman's title to official appreciation seems to be frankly recognized in Iowa.—Harper's Weekly.

Watch Canned Goods.

When a can is bulged, says The Public Health Journal, the contents should not be used, as the condition of the tin shows that air has reached the inside and decomposition has set in, which has caused gases to be generated. The gases thus formed have forced the tin to bulge. Cases of poisoning through eating canned fruit and meats are so common that the above method of detecting poisonous canned foods should be specially valuable to housekeepers.

Professional Cards.

DR. E. H. MARKLEY,
DENTIST.
Hanover St., near Center Square,
NEW OXFORD, PA.
Graduate of University of Maryland. Teeth extracted without pain. Artificial teeth inserted by all the latest improved methods. Filling a specialty. Opposite

Dr. H. ROSS BLACK,
DENTIST—Office in rooms formerly occupied by the late Dr. Faber Bange—No. 5 Canal street, HANOVER, PA.

Dr. Wm. HOLLINGER,
DENTIST. Office and Residence, ABBOTSTOWN, PA.
Will be at Sunday's hotel, New Oxford, every Wednesday. All the latest appliances. Opposite

S. S. NEELY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office on York street, next door to Gettysburg National Bank. 19004

WM. M'SHERRY, JR.,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Adams county, Pa. Will carefully and promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to him. Office opposite court house.

J. L. BUTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office with J. A. Kitzmiller, on second floor of Spangler building on Baltimore street. Prompt attention given to settlement of estates of decedents, minors, etc.; also to conveying, liens and collections.

JOHN B. McPHERSON, DONALD P. McPHERSON
McPHERSON & McPHERSON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, GETTYSBURG, PENNA.
Office on second floor of "Star and Sentinel" building. Will attend promptly to all legal business submitted to them.

G. J. BENNER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office on Baltimore street, in rooms formerly occupied by Dr. Brennen's Drug Store.

HOTELS.

HOTEL COLUMBUS, McSherrytown,
J. H. McMaster, Proprietor.
Newly furnished throughout. First-class in every respect. Convenient to all business places. Large sample rooms, good stabling and an attentive hostler. Moderate charges.

EAGLE HOTEL, New Oxford.
FRANK FLESHMAN, PROPRIETOR.
House thoroughly refitted and refurnished. The bar stocked with the choicest wines, liquors and cigars, while the table will be supplied with the choicest delicacies the market affords. Ample stabling.

HOTEL YANTIS,
One Sq. from Depot, Littlestown, Pa.
G. BROOK YANTIS, Prop'r.
New House, New Furniture, Old Landlord. Up-to-date and first-class throughout.

MARSHALL HOUSE, YORK, PA.
Adjoining the Court House.
John S. Baughman, Proprietor.
The bar is stocked with Choice Wines, Beer and Liquors, and fine brands of Cigars. The table is supplied with the best the market affords. Free "Bus to and from trains. Extensive stabling attached to the hotel.

GETTYSBURG, PA. . . .
CITY HOTEL.
Half square from either depot. Livery connected with the hotel. Drive of 20 miles with four or more, over battlefield, \$1.35, including dinner.
J. E. HUGHES, Proprietor.

Globe Hotel,
ELIAS FISSEL, Prop'r.
York St., First Square,
GETTYSBURG, PA.

Accommodations first-class in every particular. Bar stock of the very best.

Livery Attached.
Teams given careful attention. Telephone No. 122.

GRAIN and PRODUCE.

The undersigned, having purchased the warehouse on PITT STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA., he will buy all kinds of GRAIN, such as Wheat, Rye, Oats and Corn, Clover and Timothy Seed, Hay and Straw, etc. Will also keep on hand a full stock of Flour, Feeds, Salt, etc.

LUMBER AND COAL.—The Lumber and Coal business will be continued as heretofore, with a full stock of all kinds of Lumber and Coal, which will be sold at bottom prices. Thankful for the liberal patronage given me in the past, I will endeavor to merit a continuance of the same.

A. SHEELY.

GO TO—;
Geo. A. Klingel's
Barber - Shop,
For a Clean Shave and a Good Hair Cut. Razors Honed and Conceded at the Lowest Price.
Shop AT POST OFFICE, NEW OXFORD, PA.

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EACH MAN FOR HIMSELF.

THE OLD PROVERB IS LITERALLY FOLLOWED IN THE KLONDIKE.

A Returned Miner Declares That Men's Greed for Gold Leads Them to Become Suspicious of Each Other and Selfish to the Verge of Cruelty—A Brutal Case.

"Nobody who has spent the winter in the Klondike will ever want to try it again," said Thomas Harmer at the Denver (Col.) Mining Bureau. "That is, unless he has a certainty of making enough money to partially repay him for suffering hardships such as were never endured in any mining camp on earth before."

Mr. Harmer went into Alaska two years ago and says that he left there last August never to return. "I would not go back there and remain five years for \$250,000," he continued. "When I speak of suffering I do not mean actual bodily pain or sickness, because I think if a man goes there prepared as he should and abstains from excesses he can keep in reasonable good health, but to live during the winter season in those close cabins and see the horrible selfishness and cruelty of human beings towards each other, the result of the rush for gold, which many of them, even after they have secured it, do not hesitate to throw away, is enough to make one lose all faith in the fitness of men to live on the earth. When I was coming out I saw men refuse a nail or the use of an axe, or even the use of a tin cup to men who were in need of these trifles. Every man there seems to be afraid of his fellows—afraid that they will steal something or have better success in finding gold. I spent last winter from September to April with eight other men, we having gone together to save labor in keeping warm."

"Each of us had a claim or a part of a claim, and went out every day that the weather was not too cold to work our claims. In melting the frozen gravel we nearly always found one or more nuggets in the dirt, but during the entire eight months that we worked together I do not remember of a single occasion when one of us acknowledged that he had found any gold. Each of us had a buckskin bag, which was carried on the person, and the ingenuity of all was taxed to the utmost to devise some scheme whereby the bag could be concealed from the rest. There was no stealing in the camp. A man caught stealing would have had a rough time of it, but every man seemed to think that every other man wanted to steal from him, and I do not think that a single one of us knew where any other man carried his gold. I remember one night lying awake and seeing five men of our company at different times putting away nuggets found during the day, and in every case after putting them in the little buckskin bag they would thrust the bag under the blankets, and I could see from the fumbling that they were concealing it about their persons. We always had a man sitting up to keep the fires, and the men were afraid that he might see where they put their gold. There was no absolute cruelty, but the total indifference to the welfare of others that characterized everybody was simply horrible. I was in the cabin one day reading with two men, one of whom was sick, the rest being at work. The sick man had a terrible cold and fever and asked one of us to hand him a drink."

"The other man went over to the bucket in which we kept our melted snow, and with the remark, 'There is no more than I want myself,' drank it all. This, of course, was exceptionally brutal, but there were many instances almost as bad. Every man is for himself, and many of them are so constantly thinking of their gold that they become insane, or partially so. I came out with one man who was so excited over about \$10,000 worth of gold that by the time we got to San Francisco he was almost an idiot, and it was with difficulty that we could induce him to deposit his gold in a bank and go to a hotel. There is plenty of gold there, and I think more fields will be found, but all a man is likely to get will not pay him for the horrible experiences he is called upon to endure. I was not particularly lucky, though I brought out enough to pay me fairly well for my two years in Alaska, but if I was assured of \$50,000 a year I would not go back there."

Killed a Two-Headed Sparrow.

A very curious ornithological freak has been discovered in Columbus by Oliver P. Davies, a well-known ornithologist and the author of a book on the subject. Some time ago Mr. Davies' attention was attracted by the apparent possession of two heads by a little English sparrow. The bird seemed especially tame, and after several futile attempts to catch it, a boy in Mr. Davies' employ finally managed to kill it. One of the heads was set on as usual in the bird line, while the other seems to have a windpipe running through the neck down to the lungs, but to have no other arrangements for eating or drinking. Mr. Davies has come to the conclusion that the bird whistled with one head and ate with the other. He has mounted it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Cowbells.

One of the comparatively few things that the hand of improvement has not touched is the cowbell, which is made now just as it was fifty, a hundred and more years ago, and has now just the same peculiar clanking sound as ever. Cowbells are made of copper, and some of a composition metal; but most of them are made of iron and finished with a coating of bronze. The cowbell is not cast; it is cut from a sheet of metal which is folded into shape and riveted. The metal loop at the top, through which the strap is passed, is riveted into the bell. Cowbells are made of ten sizes, whose sounds range through an octave. Sometimes musical entertainers who play upon bells of one sort and another come to the manufacturer, and by selection among bells of the various sizes find eight bells that are accurate in scale.

There are only four factories in the United States in which cowbells are made, and in each case the cowbell is only an item of production among many other things. Cowbells are sold all over the country just the same as ever, but much the greater number are sold in the South, the Southwest and the West, where farms are larger, less likely to be under fence, and cattle are more likely to stray. There are sold in those parts of the country a hundred dozen cowbells to every ten dozen sold in the East. American cowbells are exported to the various countries of South America and to Australia.—New York Sun.

"Drinking" Oysters.

One of the biggest oyster dealers at Fulton market, New York, said that three weeks ago in one week 1,000,000 oysters passed through his scow.

"The season this year," he said, "has been very good, and the oysters we are getting are superior to any we have had for years. Most of the oysters handled in this market are what we call 'sounds.' These are grown in Princes bay from seed taken from the East river and Staten Island sound. They take about three years to mature, and are the best for general all-around use. Many of these are used in the Western trade."

"We wholesalers distinguish the varieties of oysters by the shape and color of the shells. When oysters are brought to market here first we put them through an operation known as 'drinking.' They are taken down to Port Richmond, Staten Island, and shovelled off the sloops into floats at high water. They remain in these floats for six hours, and during that time absorb or 'drink' enough water to give them the correct taste. The water in the floats is much fresher than that from which they are taken in the first place. The water of New York bay is just salty enough to flavor oysters just right. After the oysters have gone through the floats it would be difficult for the most expert connoisseur to distinguish variety by the taste, and he could only tell the name of the oyster by seeing the shell."

Remarkable Cycling Accident.

A correspondent at Montreal writes: At the annual meeting of the Montreal Bicycle club a remarkable accident occurred in the first heat of the two-mile tandem race, when, during a spurt in the last lap at the far curve on the south side of the grounds, where the track curves up against the fence surrounding the grounds, the tandem ridden by L. S. Robertson and J. Drury became unmanageable. The machine actually jumped the fence, which is over three feet high, and the pedals of the one ridden by Provencher and Eaves becoming entangled with it, their machine followed it. The four men and the two machines disappeared over the fence as if the earth had swallowed them up. Beyond a few bruises to the men and a broken chain on one of the machines no damage was done.

Provencher and Eaves were able to ride in the final heat, but Robertson had to go home in a cab. It was a remarkable accident, and it is a wonder that any of the riders escaped without broken bones.—London Lancet.

A Dream That Was Verified.

A young man, riding home to the farmstead from a harvest field near Dunoon, the other evening, was, upon the horse starting at the sudden report of firearms, dislodged from his seat, dragged a considerable distance along the roadway and so severely injured that he expired shortly after admission to Glasgow infirmary. The remarkable feature of the case is that in a letter found in the lad's pocket, received the day before the accident, his father told him of having dreamed that he saw him either killed or severely hurt by a horse and cautioned him to be very careful, at the same time asking him to write at once and let him know if anything had happened to him.—Westminster Gazette.

How It Worked.

"It works this way," said the agent. "When a burglar tries to open the window this bell begins ringing and wakes you up."

"Bell rings and wakes me up?" said Popper. "And it will wake the baby, too. I don't want it. Take it away. I guess you don't know that kid of mine."—The Yellow Book.

FORTUNE HID IN A COIN.

Check for a Million Dollars Hidden in a Five-Franc Silver Piece.

If you happen to have in your possession the particular French coin known as five-franc piece, you may, unwittingly, be a millionaire. Such, at least, is the belief shared by hundreds upon hundreds of credulous Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, many of whom spend most of their spare time destroying quantities of five-franc pieces in the hope of realizing a fortune.

Dr. Marco Leonardo Nardoz, the well-known numismatist, and one of the recognized authorities on coin lore, speaking of this curious condition of affairs, said: "It is quite true that half of France still believes in the existence of great wealth hidden in five-franc pieces, although many numismatists hold that the fortune in question was long ago discovered and appropriated by one of the Rothschild family."

"The story of the strange five-franc fortune legend may be briefly told. A five-franc piece, to begin with, is a silver coin, and is worth about \$1. Napoleon I. was very anxious to make the coin a popular one, and with this end in view he caused it to be circulated everywhere throughout France that he had inserted in one of the silver pieces before it left the mint a bank note or order for 1,000,000 of these same five-francs—i. e., for \$1,000,000. Whether he really did this or not I cannot say for certain, but the weight of evidence would seem to show that it was done. In the manuscript memoirs of the Duc de Felice, Napoleon's minister of war, it is expressly stated that the Emperor enclosed a note on the Bank of France, duly signed by the governors of that institution, in a split five-franc piece; that the halves were then welded together, partially reminted and thrown in a heap of similar coins, which the emperor mixed with his own hands. These coins Napoleon took with him in a bag when he went to Boulogne, and distributed lavishly en route, even dropping some of them out of his carriage windows. In this way it was impossible to keep track of the lucky coin."

"The news of this odd lottery spread far and wide, and the five-franc piece leaped into immediate favor. From that day to this mutilation of the coin has been common in France, Switzerland, Belgium and elsewhere. Every year the Bank of France is requested to make good scores of pieces split in a vain search for the five-million-franc bank note."

"There are many stories dealing with reputed finds of the fortune. Indeed, when a man becomes suddenly rich in France, it is common to hear people whisper: 'Tiens! * * * He must have found Napoleon's famous coin!' Some assert that the Emperor kept the coin himself, but this hardly agrees with Napoleon's character. Still it is a current theory that some of the money which enabled Napoleon III to reach the imperial throne was found in the lucky silver piece, which his mother, Queen Hortense, had wheedled out of her brother-in-law."

"The most likely explanation as to why the five-franc piece fails to turn up is that Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, a French member of the great Jewish banking house, secured it. This account states that Baron de Rothschild, having investigated the tradition and found sufficient proof of its truth, deliberately set to work to locate the \$1,000,000 note. He quietly bought in and collected every five-franc piece he could get, and his agents were notified to preserve and forward to Paris every five-franc piece which reached them in Europe, Asia, Africa or America. In his office the Baron kept three trusty men hard at work bisecting the coins. Some say that he had invented a plan for welding them together again, so as to defy detection; others maintain that he melted down the silver and sold it to the government. The work was colossal; but in the end the baron's system is said to have conquered. He found the note for 5,000,000 francs, having spent nearly a million to obtain it. The order was duly presented at the Bank of France, and, says the tradition, cashed by that institution."

"Plausible as the narration may seem, the great mass of Frenchmen refuse to credit it, and go on, year after year, splitting open their five-franc pieces to look for Napoleon's note. It is certainly a tantalizing thought that somewhere in the world a check for \$1,000,000 is knocking about, hidden in an ordinary silver coin worth barely \$1. By possessing and opening that coin the man worth just five francs may in a moment become a millionaire."—Washington Star.

Quarantine Against Elopement.

The six daughters of a man in Kansas eloped, one after another, at the ages of twenty-one, eighteen, seventeen, fifteen, fourteen and thirteen. The unhappy father has two left, aged nine and seven, and he has bought him two bear dogs and a repeating rifle, and keeps guard day and night around the premises to prevent their premature escape from the parental roof.—Atlanta Journal.

The colored people of the United States maintain seven colleges, seventeen academies and fifty high schools.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

An aeronaut has declared that a woman's voice carries three times as far as a man's.

Among the natives of Mexico there are, according to Humboldt, about 150,000 survivors of the Aztec race.

Two New York men have invented an electric dental mallet for use in hardening tooth filling, the tool having a central bar, which slides back and forth as the current is made and broken.

Notwithstanding all the efforts of inventors, no one has been able to discover a substitute for leather. For shoes, belting, harness and a thousand other uses, "there's nothing like leather."

The combination of a lamp, bell and brake for cyclists' use has been patented, the bell being set in the back of the lamp in position to be struck by a clapper attached to the brake plunger.

Writers' cramp is prevented by a new device which consists of a frame which, with the pen or pencil, forms a tripod to slide over the paper, the body of the tripod being hollow to hold hot water.

Fruit can be displayed in a barrel without loss from stealing by a new display cover which is formed of a housing to cover the barrel, with a rotatable front made of glass, which can be pushed around to the rear to remove the goods from within.

For years the St. Gothard tunnel has been famous as the longest in the world, extending nearly nine and a half miles. The glory of this tunnel is about to depart, as the longest tunnel is about to be constructed in England. It is to be on the line of the London and Northeastern Railway company, which has decided to bore through the steep incline known as Shapfall, with which travelers to Scotland are more or less familiar.

In a little more than half a year the value of the exports of electrical apparatus from the United States has amounted to more than \$2,000,000, which represents an increase of about \$500,000 over the figures for the corresponding period of last year. This increase is likely to be small in comparison with the increase which will be seen before another year has elapsed, as the foreign demand for American electrical supplies is apparently growing stronger.

Barrels Made of Paper.

John Vandeveld of Cleveland is the inventor of two articles which will have a tendency to decrease the price of several commodities. His inventions are paper barrels and paper bottles for beer or other beverages. For a long time the price of many liquid commodities sold in bulk has been gauged by the price of the barrels in which they are transported. The barrels are constructed for the greater part of paper cardboard, which is impervious to water. They are slightly shorter in height than the ordinary barrel, but will hold as much, as they are without the usual bilge of the wooden barrel. The paper in the walls of the barrel is three-fourths of an inch in thickness, of many plies, between which are thick coatings of a specially prepared glue.

About the middle of the barrel is a single hoop of steel, three inches wide and three-eighths of an inch thick. This, therefore, extends from the barrel to such a distance as to permit of the barrel being readily swung about on its centre. Pressed over the ends of the walls of the barrel are rims of pressed steel three-fourths of an inch thick and extending downward three inches. It is on an indented surface in the inner portion of this rim that the head of the barrel rests. The heads are also made of paper, slightly thicker than that in the walls of the barrel. They are held in place by three bolts passing through the barrel from end to end. Nuts on each end hold them in place and permit of the heads being easily removed or placed in short order.—Toledo Commercial.

Badly Frightened by an Echo.

Engineer Frank Haring, who brought the Big Four train from North Vernon to Louisville, had the most frightful experience of his life. It was his first run on the road, and he was not informed as to the mysteries of "Echo Cut," a spot feared by trainmen, located near McNab's Station, Ind. As the train entered Echo Cut Haring blew his whistle several times, and in a second the sound of prolonged whistling, evidently from a train ahead of him in the cut, came back. He quickly reversed his engine, and with his whistle throttle wide open, brought the train to a standstill. He was completely prostrated by the strain he had undergone. Having brought his train on to the city, he was somewhat crestfallen when told that the supposed warning whistle was simply an echo.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Trip Postponed.

"Silas, we can't take your umbrella to Europe with us," said old Mrs. Stiggins. "The advertisement says that no cotton will be carried on the passenger-steamers."

"Then we'll stay home," said Silas. "I ain't a-goin' across anything so wet as the Atlantic ocean without my umbrella."—Harper's Bazar.

A WINTER NIGHT.

Pile on the logs! the bright flames start
And up the roaring chimney race
If we grate but should we be, swart
For, just this little fireplace!

I said today that I was poor,
And poor in some things I may be,
But here's a shelter—who needs more?
And your bright eyes to shine for me.

Draw near, and sum our blessings, sweet,
While we are housed and clothed and fed
The bleak winds hound from street to street
Souls that share not life's daily bread.

While we, safe-harbored from the storm,
Have all our happy hearts desire,
There's many a weak and wounded form
Bends o'er a hearth without a fire.

Thank God for Home! and if a knave
Sound at the door this icy night,
O let us hasten to unlock
And bring a brother to the light!

It was for this God's gifts were lent—
To light the way for those that roam
It was for this the Christ was sent
To shelter those that had no home.

HUMOROUS.

"Miss Highstepper is not a very courteous young woman." "No, but aren't her society manners exquisite?"

He—After studying your moods and tenses for months, I have concluded that you love me. Am I right? She—No, sir; you are left.

Mrs. Slimdiet (to new boarder): That is pound cake, Mr. Starver. New Boarder (carefully lifting a piece): What did you pound it with?

"Shall we shake your chaperon?" he whispered. The beautiful girl shivered as in terror. "No! no! no!" she exclaimed. "Let her sleep."

Mrs. Earlywed—I didn't accept Algy the first time he proposed. Friend—I know you didn't. Mrs. Earlywed—How do you know? Friend—You weren't there.

Mother—That makes the fourth time I've had to tell you that! What makes you forget everything I say? Boy—Perhaps, it's because you tell me things that I don't take any interest in.

"There are a great many claims on your time, aren't there?" said the genially inquisitive friend. "Yes," replied the weary-eyed man. "I bought that clock on the installment plan."

Dudway—Smudgekins told me that he gets forty dollars a week as a salesman in a drygoods store. Duebill—Is that so? I wonder what he does with the difference between what he gets and what he says he gets?

"You don't seem to be annoyed by those two elderly ladies quarreling?" "No; they are my husband's first wife's mother and second wife's mother. They are always in a wrangle about which one he loved best."

Father—In asking for the hand of my daughter, young man, I trust that you fully realize the exact value of the prize you seek? Prospective Son-in-Law—Well—er—I had not figured it quite so close as that, but I guessed it at about a half million.

Clerk—I wouldn't like to cut this piece of lace just for one yard, madam; and, besides, that isn't enough to trim anything. Shopper—Oh, I didn't want it for trimming; but it's so nice have a piece of lace around the house as an heirloom, you know.

"Well, boys, you've got me all right; and now that's one favor I want to ask of you. Don't take me back to my home county to be tried."

"What's the reason, old man?" "Well, you see, they've gone and elected my old woman prosecuting attorney."

"Hurry, and clean up before dinner, Henry!" urged Mrs. Wheeler. Now, twenty years ago a husband so addressed would have washed his face and brushed his hair, but Henry Wheeler didn't. He rushed out into the twilight and cleaned his wheel.

Enamored Youth—I beg you, sir, for the hand of your daughter. I can not live without her. Old Grumps—Glad to hear it. I can't live with her. Name the day, young man, and have it soon. Enamored Youth (backing off)—Um—er—please give me time to reflect.

Editor—Mr. Paragraph, I wish you wouldn't write so many jokes about men who can't pay their bills; they are funny enough in a way; but so many of them are a little monotonous. Can't you get your mind on some other subject? Mr. Paragraph (thoughtfully)—Perhaps I could—if I had a little larger salary.

"It is the evident purpose of the enemy," the chief of staff was saying. "to keep us shut up in our intrenchments." The eye of the king of Dahomey glittered. "Bring up the Twenty-third Hatpins," exclaimed his majesty with emotion. "Anybody that keeps us shut up is a beaut. Shut up? Why, the idea."

In the Fullness of Time.

"Mabel, how long has young Spoonamore been coming to see you?"

"Four years, papa."

"You can tell him I think that's long enough."

"He knows it is. He's coming to see you next time."—Chicago Tribune.

Schools of mines have been established at Coronandel and Waihi, New Zealand, and schools are proposed for five other places.

THE ITEM, NEW OXFORD, PA.

FRIDAY EVENING, JAN. 21, 1898.

A Pension Bureau Order.

Pension Commissioner Evans has issued the following order;

"Hereafter claims for increase of pensions will not be considered within twelve months from the last action—allowance or rejection."

"The necessity for the new order grows largely out of the calls made upon the office for a statement of the status of pending cases by members of Congress. The calls have to be answered to the exclusion of the other claims pending, which have to be taken up in their order. It is not only fair to those cases which have not had any consideration that they should be taken up as promptly as possible.

The office does not think that any injustice or hardship will result to claimants by refusing to reconsider their case after it has once been acted on, for a period of twelve months. If a pension is allowed, a new disability of such a character as to bring about serious results is not likely to develop in that period; while if the claim is rejected because of lack of disability, the claimant in all probability will not become so disabled within the twelve months as to make a postponement of a case a hardship. The order is absolutely necessary for the prompt prosecution of the work of the bureau and its enforcement will aid materially in bringing this about."

A Queer Fight.

The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy has been compelled to take a hand in a queer fight between some of its passengers and the merchants in the towns along its line. It has become the practice of a number of traveling grocers to sell to the people at wholesale rates. The peddlers pass through the towns, take orders and set a certain date on which the buyers must go to the depot and get their orders from a car standing on a side track or from a stock piled on a platform. As was to be expected, the local grocersmen set up a vigorous howl all along the line, and the railroad officials have notified their agents that they must not allow such peddlers to make such use of platform buildings or sidetracks. The sellers, having no rent to pay, can afford to undersell the town merchants and trouble began brewing and assumed such proportions that the company was forced to act.

The Law is Inoperative.

While the first section of the new road law, approved June 23 '97, provides for the election of three supervisors in each township of the State, one to serve one year, one two and one three the 21st. section of the said law provides that the provisions of the act shall not go into effect until the sum of \$1,000,000 is appropriated by act of assembly, or shall have been received into the State treasury from taxes for road purposes. No such appropriation having been made by the legislature and no such taxes having been paid into the State treasury the law is therefore inoperative at the present time, and supervisors this spring must be elected under the old law.

A German critic has been adding up the grand total of the Continental armies, and after noting that we can only form a vague idea of what is meant by tens of millions, he tries to bring home to his readers in another way the colossal growth of modern armaments. If, he says, we could have all the armies of the Continent on a war footing drawn up in one long procession, with their guns and ammunition and baggage wagons, the column would be rather more than 24,000 miles long, and marching day and night it would take nearly a year to pass a given point.

John Kelly, an aged beggar who was committed to the workhouse at New York, is a living example of the adaptability of the human frame to unnatural conditions of life. Kelly who is 65 years old, has become so accustomed to sleeping while standing on his feet that he can no longer rest in a recumbent position. Leaning against a wall, a fence or a lamp post he passes the night in comfort. He was arrested while making his bed against a fence.

Wesley Ketterer, a prominent resident of Stouchburg, aged 38 years, died of malignant diphtheria. He was a taxidermist, and last Friday mounted a raccoon. Next day he became ill. The three attending physicians examined the animal and found that it had died from the same cause.

She "Licked" the Tramp.

Mr. and Mrs. Abram Foreman live on the farm of Robert Johnson, about two miles south of Greencastle. A few days ago while Mr. Foreman was away, a tramp called at the house and asked for something to eat. Mrs. Foreman provided him with a meal and after he had eaten he asked her for something to drink. She refused him. The tramp told her he was determined to get the husband's bottle. Mrs. Foreman went into an adjoining room and the tramp began his search. Mrs. Foreman soon returned with a piece of brass. She pummelled the tramp unmercifully. After she had subdued him and left him bleeding in the kitchen, she procured a revolver and returned. The tramp begged for mercy and the woman ordered him to move. Bleeding from a dozen bruises he made his way to the pike and lost no time in getting out of the angry woman's reach.

Stricken at a 13 Club.

At Bridgeport, Conn., Thaddeus Beecher succeeded in getting 13 clubs and the organization met for the first dinner January 13th, at 13 minutes past 8 o'clock at Smith's cafe, 13 State Street. The table was decorated with 13 kinds of flowers. Before each plate were candlesticks with 13 candles. The punch was made of 13 different kinds of liquor. In the centre was a large coffin made of ices. This was eaten during the meal. The first candle to burn out was the sign from fate that the member sitting before it would be the first to die.

The first candle to burn out was in front of Edward Howe. Before the dinner was finished at midnight he began to turn black in the face and left the table and was taken to his home on North Avenue. He was taken violently ill and died at six o'clock Friday morning. This terrible warning has terrified the 12 surviving members.

A Farmer Found Dead.

Adam Frazer, living about three miles from Green Ridge, York Co., was found dead in his wagon on the roadside. It is supposed that he was on his way home from the mill where he had taken grain to be ground. His team was found standing on the road and a party who passed by looked into the wagon and found Frazer dead and his face all blue. The deceased was aged about 65 years and leaves three daughters to mourn his loss.—Daily.

Dr. W. W. F. Teeter, of Chambersburg, State Game Commissioner for Franklin county, has succeeded in obtaining the first conviction in the State under the new law for killing deer out of season. The offenders were John and Jesse Forrester, of Metal, Franklin county, who killed a deer on December 22. Justice Haulman fined them each \$100. Dr. Teeter refused to accept one-half of the fine, which the law gives the informer, as his idea was simply to protect game. The men claimed that the deer had first been wounded by other hunters.

About 1,100 post offices have last week been assigned to the money order class, thus extending this business accommodation to a large number of people and new territory. There are now about 35,000 postoffices at which may now be obtained and cashed. It is a great public convenience.

The latest proclamation from President Maso, in Cuba, contains this passage: "We hold ourselves an independent nation, unrecognized though we may be by the civilized world. Autonomy is not for one moment considered by us." Spain is bound to admit that the insurgents have always expressed themselves on this point with entire candor.

The beautiful grounds of the Newton Hamilton Camp Meeting Association, at Newton Hamilton, Mifflin County, have been laid waste, fire having destroyed the greater portion of the property Tuesday. Tramps, who had secretly made a rendezvous of the place, are supposed to have set it on fire. This was the leading place of religious assembly for the Methodists of Central Pennsylvania.

The largest mule in the world is at the Chicago stock yards for a short time. The animal is bound for London, where it is to become the star attraction in a menagerie, and it will doubtless be placarded as "An average American mule." The mule is 19 hands 2 1/4 inches high; and weighs 1,830 pounds. It is nine years old. The animal was bred in south western Missouri.

For many years science has studied liquors. Result, the whole world uses whiskey. It has proven the best stimulant and does not injure nerves and tissues like coco wines and other drugged compounds. And HARPER Whiskey is the ideal whiskey. Sold by F. L. Fleschman, New Oxford, Pa.

Hodnett's Gem Soothing Syrup is the best thing for the baby! It is sold under a positive guarantee, at Wehler's drug store.

King Humbert of Italy carries life insurance to the amount of \$7,500,000.

Dr. Miner Raymond, who died lately in Chicago, was said to be the oldest theological student in this country. He began life as a shoemaker and ended as the head of the Garret Biblical institute of the Northwestern university.

WANTED.—Ladies and gentlemen suffering from throat and lung difficulties to call at E. C. Livingston's and get a free sample bottle of Ot-o's Cure. Large bottles 25 and 50 cents.

A Boston girl wants \$50,000 because a New Yorker refuses to marry her after promising to do so. The defendant's sole excuse is that his prospective mother-in-law always insisted on kissing him goodly whenever he called.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. (3)

William Shirely has returned to Sharon from the Klondike after a six months' absence, a wealthy man. When he left he was poor, but he has placed in trust for his aged mother, Mrs. Maria Poits, and his sister, \$75,000. He will return to the gold fields March 1.

ONE OF TWO WAYS.

The bladder was created for one purpose, namely, a receptacle for the urine, and as such it is not liable to any form of disease except by one of two ways. The first way is from imperfect action of the kidneys. The second way is from careless local treatment of other diseases.

CHIEF CAUSE

Unhealthy urine from unhealthy kidneys is the chief cause of bladder troubles. So the womb, like the bladder, was created for one purpose, and if not doctored too much is not liable to weakness or disease, except in rare cases. It is situated back of and very close to the bladder, therefore any pain, disease or inconvenience manifested in the kidneys, back, bladder or urinary passage is often, by mistake, attributed to female weakness or womb trouble of some sort. The error is easily made and may be as easily avoided. To find out correctly, set your urine aside for twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates kidney or bladder trouble. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, the great kidney and bladder remedy is soon realized. If you need a medicine you should have the best. At druggists fifty cents and one dollar. You may have a sample bottle and pamphlet, both sent free by mail. Mention THE ITEM and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

FOR RENT.

The large and commodious building, with grounds and stable, occupying the SOUTH WEST CORNER of the PUBLIC SQUARE IN NEW OXFORD, PA. The location is unsurpassed for business purposes, as well as residence. The property will be rented as a whole, or in parts. For further information address, CHARLES F. HIMES, Carlisle, Pa.

An Amendment to Ordinance No. 54,

RELATING TO THE BETTER PRESERVATION OF THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

Be it enacted and ordained by the Burgess and Town Council of the Borough of McSherrystown, and it is hereby enacted and ordained by authority of the same, that for the better preservation of the public health, and to prevent the spread of communicable diseases, all persons are forbidden to go into, or out of any premises in said Borough where any contagious or infectious disease exists, or to carry into or out of said premises any material whereby any contagious disease may be conveyed, except by permission of the Board of Health under a penalty of not less than five (5) dollars, or more than twenty-five dollars, for any violation of this ordinance, said penalty or fine to be recovered before the Burgess or any Justice of the Peace, of the Borough, as all such fines are now by law recoverable. JNO. A. BLINE, President. Approved the 8th day December, 1897. Attest: JOS. BURKE, Sec'y. JUN. M. LAWRENCE, Burgess.

TO J. I. WEIKERT

FOR YOUR PATENT MEDICINES AND JEWELRY!

REPAIRING OF Watches, Clocks and Jewelry will receive special attention.

CALL TO SEE ME IN THE LIVINGSTON'S BUILDING, CENTRE SQUARE, NEW OXFORD, PENNA.

—AN ENTIRE STOCK OF— New FURNITURE!

The undersigned, having completely closed out his stock of furniture last fall, wishes to inform the citizens of New Oxford and the public in general that he has again started in the Furniture business, and has just received an entirely new, full and complete line of

Homemade and City Furniture.

The stock is strictly up-to-date in every particular, and embraces the latest things and designs in PARLOR and BEDROOM SUITS, TABLES, EXTENSION TABLES, CHAIRS, MATTRESSES, &c.,

and everything kept in a first-class furniture establishment. All goods will be sold at the lowest possible price. Call to see us whether you want to buy or not. No trouble to show goods.

UNDERTAKING

in all its branches continued as heretofore. Calls attended promptly day or night. Charges reasonable. GEORGE F. WITTELT, New Chester, Pa.

The wise person subscribes for The Item

PILES PERMANENTLY CURED

IN FROM 3 TO 5 DAYS' TIME

by the use of Lo-Mo. One bottle guaranteed to cure any case of Piles, regardless of how long standing, what you have tried, or what your physician may claim. Money refunded if permanent cure is not obtained in the most severe cases in less than 5 days. After all others fail get Lo-Mo and be cured. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all first class druggists, or sent prepaid to any address, on receipt of price. Address Harry Logue, Williamsport, Pa.

Adminis r aor's Notice.

SARAH J. EMMERT'S ESTATE.—Letters of Administration on the estate of SARAH J. EMMERT, late of the Borough of New Oxford, Adams county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, he hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them properly authenticated for settlement to the undersigned at York Springs, Adams county, Pa. GEORGE W. EMMERT, Administrator.

Go to the NEW OXFORD

Monumental Works

FOR YOUR CEMETERY WORK.

I sell my work according to the times; guarantee good work and lower than anywhere else for good work. I deliver my work free of charge anywhere in the county. Come see me. I have some of the latest designs to pick from.

E. C. LOUGH, Proprietor

MRS. D. I. SEASELY,

—FASHIONABLE—

MILLINER AND DRESS-MAKER, NEW OXFORD, PA.

has opened a millinery store in the house lately vacated by Mrs. Frank Miller, on Philadelphia street, to which the public is invited to inspect goods and learn prices.

GEO. F. RABINE,
Practical Barber and Hairdresser
EAGLE HOTEL BUILDING,
Centre Square, New Oxford, Pa.

Having opened a first-class Barber shop in the above-named place, I respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage. Give me a call!

AUCTIONEERING

GEORGE L. COLESTOCK, offers his service to the public as Auctioneer. Charges moderate and satisfaction guaranteed. Postoffice address, New Chester, Adams county, Pa.

Established, 1871.

Rinehart, Childs & Briggs,
Howard and Franklin Streets,
BALTIMORE, MD.,

FLOUR AND PRODUCE COMMISSION HOUSE.

Solicit consignments of Pork, Lard, Butter, Eggs, Poultry, &c. Guarantee full market prices and immediate returns with the Cash. Refer to Z. H. CASHMAN, New Oxford, Pa.

REMNANTS!

Cambric, in all colors, 2c. per yard.

Ginghams, 3c. per yard.

The best calicos, 4c. per yard.

Double-width Dress Goods, 5c. yard.

All colors of cambric by the pound at 6c. per pound.

50c. and 75c. Ladies' shirt waists will be closed out at 25 cents each.

EMMERT & BRO.

G. W. WEAVER & SON, GETTYSBURG, PA.

1898! 1898!

DONE WITH THE OLD!

—ON WITH THE NEW!

We open the New Year with:

2000 yds. Bleached Muslin, 6 1/4c., value 8c.

2000 yds. of Muslin, 5c., value 7c.

1000 yds. Standard Prints, 4c. and 5c.

Also Special Sale:

Cambric Embroideries.

Muslin Underwear.

Winter Stock Reduction.

—THE LEADERS—

G. W. WEAVER & SON,
GETTYSBURG, PA

Big Cut in Prices!

on Ladies' Coats and Capes—must be sold. Gingham Remnants 3c. per yard.

Do you know that Muffs are quite stylish? We have them at very low figures.

SHEELY & BRO.

THE ITEM

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
BY H. I. SMITH.

TERMS—\$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE—
\$1.50 if not paid within the year. No sub-
scription discontinued unless at the option
of the publisher, until all arrearages are
paid. A failure to order a discontinu-
ance at the expiration of the time paid
for will be considered a new engagement.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at usual rates
—liberal reduction to those who adver-
tise by the year.

JOB PRINTING of every description—from
the smallest label or card to the largest
handbill or poster.

FRIDAY EVENING, JAN. 21, 1898.

Public Sales.

If you intend making public sale of
your stock and farming implements next
spring now is the time to select your day
and have a notice inserted in THE ITEM.
The notice costs you nothing in case you
get the bills printed at this office. Call
to see samples and learn prices.

MARCH.

4th.—Friday, Solomon Brown, Oxford twp.,
stock and farm implements.
12th.—Saturday, John S. Weaver, Oxford
twp., farm stock and implements.
15th.—Tuesday, Mrs. Mary A. Smith, Oxford
township, farm stock and implements, house-
hold goods, etc.
18th.—Friday, J. U. Ruff, New Oxford, stock
and implements.
22nd.—Tuesday, Hanson Hersh, Oxford twp.,
farm stock and implements.
26th.—Saturday, Wm. Winand, Oxford twp.,
stock and implements.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Don't forget the excursion to Balti-
more on next Thursday, Jan. 27.

Peter Shends, a passenger conductor
of the Western Maryland Railroad, is ill
at his home in Gettysburg.

The diphtheria cases of McSherrys-
town have been declared cured, thus free-
ing that town from this disease.

A mule belonging to Andrew Wherley,
of Two Taverns, was so badly kicked by
another animal that it had to be killed.

Hodnett's Yellow Pine Cough Syrup
cures when all others fail; or dealers re-
fund the money. For sale at Wehler's
drug store.

Constable Chas. Wilson, has been ap-
pointed truant officer by the Directors
of the School Board for the Borough of
Gettysburg.

The real estate of John Miller, decess-
ed, in Hamilton township, was sold to
Henry Haer, last Thursday, for the sum
of \$1,210.25.

Sunday morning, David Herr, of Mid-
way, found one of his best cows dead in
the stable; the animal had died Saturday
night of colic.

Joseph and William Jenkins, of Edge
Grove, left on Tuesday morning for Lan-
caster's wharf, where they will spend ten
days in duck shooting.

Amos Newman has purchased the
Washington House in Gettysburg from
Wm. T. Ziegler for \$10,250. Mr. New-
man intends to make extensive improve-
ments.

On last Thursday afternoon while play-
ing, George Weikert, the eleven-year-old
son of Daniel Weikert, of Cumberland
township, fell and broke his right arm
near the wrist.

Rev. E. J. Metzler, of Altoona, former-
ly of Littlestown, has been chosen finan-
cial agent of the synodical committee
on theological seminary debt of the Lu-
theran church.

Mr. Chas. M. McCurdy, of Gettysburg,
went to Bellefonte on last Wednesday to
assume the duties of Cashier of the First
National Bank of that place, to which po-
sition he was recently elected.

On Thursday, Jan. 6th, a little son, aged
4 years, of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mortz,
of Biglerville, died, and on Thursday,
Jan. 13th, the mother died, death in both
cases resulting from diphtheria.

Last Wednesday, while John Taylor,
of Wrensville, was splitting a frozen
piece of wood, the axe glanced, striking
him in the face, cutting his upper lip
through, and a gash on his nose.

Capt. A. W. Eichelberger has been
elected President of the Baltimore and
Cumberland Valley railroad; D. J. Foley,
of Baltimore, Treasurer, and Thad. M.
Mahon, Chambersburg, Secretary.

One morning recently, when Chas.
Kindig, of Sell's Station, went to the
barn to feed his stock, he found that his
driving horse had one of his hind legs
broken. He had to kill the animal.

Some of the people caught in the "Bi-
ographical Cyclopaedia of the 19th Con-
gressional District" scheme at Carlisle
have determined to strike back, and have
brought suit against Cordelia A. Ruoff,
the publisher.

The rumor going the rounds that Mr.
and Mrs. Rudolph Schreiber, of Hamp-
ton, this county, had fallen heir to \$80,-
000 by the death of a relative in Germany
is incorrect, no such persons are to be
found in the neighborhood of Hampton.

Miss Bertha Mehling, a member of St.
Luke's Lutheran church, of Littlestown,
was consecrated as a deaconess of the
Lutheran church, of the General Synod,
Tuesday evening of last week, in Grace
Lutheran church, Baltimore.

Hilary Ford, of this place, a freight
conductor on the W. M. railroad, was
united in marriage Thursday evening at
the parsonage of St. Matthew's Lutheran
church, Hanover, by Rev. Dr. J. C. Kol-
ler, to Miss Kate Rebling, of Hanover.

John Culp, of Brushtown, was arrested
last Wednesday evening by Constable
Keffler, of McSherrystown, on oath of Mrs.
John Gephart, of McSherrystown, charg-
ing him with soliciting her affections.
The case was settled on Thursday even-
ing before Squire Lilly.

One reason why 1898 is going to be a
better business year than 1897 was, is
that everybody thinks it will be. The
immediate outlook is much brighter now
than it was twelve months ago, and the
general opinion is that it will be still
brighter six months hence.

Geo. Kauffman, of Reading township,
is suffering with a very sore hand. One
day last week he ran a splinter into the
palm of his hand which seemed to poison
it so much that in a short time it became
very much swollen and so painful that
Dr. Fackler, of East Berlin, was sent for
to relieve his sufferings. His hand is still
very sore but no serious results are ap-
prehended.

Mr. Oscar Riley will remove the knit-
ting factory owned and operated by him
in Gettysburg, to Mont Alto in March.
The citizens of that place have offered to
furnish a building at a low rent, which
will become his at the end of five years.
Mr. Riley is running the factory on full
time, employing twenty-five hands, and
paid out wages amounting to more than
\$2,500 last year.

The members of St. Francis Xavier
church have purchased three properties
west of the church on High street for
\$2770 and will erect a two-story brick
building. The first floor will contain five
rooms and will be used for school pur-
poses. On the second floor will be a hall
with seating capacity for 1000 persons.
Work on the new building will be com-
menced on the first day of April.—Star.

Three Bargain Tables of Suits, 400
Overcoats, at a big sacrifice. J. H. Myers,
Gettysburg, Pa.

Wm. Anthony, residing on Hon. C. H.
Duttra's farm near Littlestown, met with
an accident while hauling ice one day re-
cently. As he attempted to turn in the
alley leading to the ice house the tongue
of the wagon broke in three pieces, caus-
ing the wagon to run against the fence.
He was riding on the brake-board and
when the wagon hit the fence was thrown
heavily to the ground, breaking the sixth
rib at the back part of the chest below
the shoulder.

Col. Edwin K. Myers, former State
printer was found dead with a large cut
across his forehead and a bruise over his
left eye last Friday morning in a stable
yard at his home, three miles from Har-
risburg. It is supposed that he was ac-
cidentally thrown from his carriage a short
distance from home and was dragged to
the place where the body was found. Mr.
Myers was 39 years old and was for
eight years State printer.

FOR SALE.—100,000 hedge fence plants,
at JACOB L. HARTMAN'S, near Pine Run
school house, Hamilton township.

Mrs. John Simmer, of near York
Springs, while on a visit to her sister,
Mrs. John Spahr, about one mile from
this place, dislocated her left shoulder on
Tuesday morning, by a fall down the
stairs. It seems Mrs. Simmer made a
misstep at the head of the stairs through
not being acquainted with the house, and
the dislocated shoulder and some bruises
on the face was the result. Dr. Sheetz,
of this place, attended the injured wo-
man, and she is getting along as well as
can be expected.

At the annual meeting of the directors
of the Penn Grove United Brethren Camp
held at Harrisburg, the final details for
the erection of fifty two-story cottages on
the new camp grounds near Hanover were
considered. The intention is to erect
them during the winter, so as to be ready
for next summer's camp, which will begin
on Friday July 29th and continue eleven
days. Three additional acres of land have
been purchased, extending the camp
grounds to fifteen acres on which are al-
ready erected 123 cottages and a hotel.
Other extensive improvements were out-
lined at the meeting. The present indi-
cations are that the number of cottages
will have to be increased to seventy-five
before the work is completed. In spite
of the fact that the old camp was destroy-
ed and the new one established at consid-
erable expense, in less than two years,
the association is practically out of debt.
The only change in officers to be chosen
was the election of B. F. Frey, Baltimore,
as one of the directors. The officers are:
President, Rev. O. T. Stearn, of York;
secretary, Rev. J. R. Hutchison, of York;
general manager and superintendent,
Rev. A. H. Rice, of Baltimore.

PERSONAL.

Eugene Myers, of Brooklyn, N. Y. was
a guest of his mother, Mrs. Mary Myers,
over Sunday.

Mrs. Kendig and daughter Helena, of
Lancaster, left for their home Tuesday
morning, after a few days visit with her
sister, Mrs. John N. Hersh.

Information Wanted.

Mr John A. Foose, of Sugartown, in-
forms us that on Sunday morning about
3 o'clock he heard a commotion among
his fowls in his chicken house, and went
out to investigate, taking with him his
double barreled shot gun. When passing
through a gate between the house and
the chicken house, his arm caught slight-
ly at the gate post, which caused the gun
to go off accidentally, and just when the
gun was pointed in the direction from
whence came the sounds in his chicken
house. Much to his surprise a man sud-
denly sprung from the place where the
commotion among his fowls was the
greatest, and ran at a rapid gait through
his potato patch. Mr. Foose greatly re-
grets that everything seemed to be
against the man, and as it was purely ac-
cidental that the gun was discharged
while it was pointed in the direction of
the man, he, Mr. Foose, will cheerfully
pay the doctor's bill, or any damage that
the man may have sustained from the ac-
cident, if he only reports what the dam-
ages are and the nature of them.

A Bad Accident.

Jesse Sell, a W. M. R. R. freight con-
ductor, fell from a moving train over a
20-foot trestle, near Alesia, Carroll coun-
ty, Friday night, and received a broken
leg and other injuries.

Conductor Sell, with his train, which
left Hanover at 5.45, reached Alesia about
9 o'clock. He had some shifting to do
at Alesia and while standing between two
cars, on the bumper of one, in the act of
pulling a coupling pin, he lost his bal-
ance and fell from the car. The car was
then on the big trestle, which is about 20
feet high. Mr. Sell landed in the drive
way at the foot of the trestle. He struck
the ground first with his feet and then
his left side. He was picked up by the
trainmen and placed on his train. Word
was telegraphed to Hanover. A special
train with Dr. Bittinger, the railroad phy-
sician was sent to Alesia, which brought
Mr. Sell to his home in Hanover. Dr.
Bittinger found that Sell had his leg
broken between the thigh and knee. Be-
sides there are several cuts on the chin,
which Sell thinks, were sustained by glass
from his broken lantern.

Lost Her Teeth

Some time since, we read of a man
swallowing his teeth, and after great dif-
ficulty and pain, he got them out of his
throat and down into his stomach, where
they are at present. But Spring Grove
furnishes a case that goes one better.
Last Monday night Mrs. Tennie Smith,
of Water Street, retired for the night, as
usual, but forgot to divest herself of her
store teeth. On rising next morning she
looked around for her molars, but they
were not to be found. She accused her
husband, father, mother and everybody
within hearing of knowing of the where-
abouts of those teeth, but none knew any-
thing about them. They had vanished,
and up to time of going to press they
were still among the missing.—Ripplet.

A Distressing Case.

Wm. Brandstaedter, Jr., is ill with lock-
jaw at the home of his parents on East
Middle street, Hanover, and what the out-
come will be is difficult to predict.

It seems that about four weeks ago,
while on a visit in Baltimore, Willie
tramped on a nail. The nail penetrated
the foot and only made a slight wound,
which healed nicely. No further atten-
tion was paid to the accident until the
forepart of last week, when the boy be-
gan to have trouble in eating, his jaws
being moved with difficulty. On Tuesday
he had pain in his kidneys, and upon be-
ing questioned informed his parents of
the Baltimore accident. Dr. Charles
Wagner was summoned and is now do-
ing all he can for the boy.

On Thursday afternoon the boy, while
reading, experienced some trouble in
keeping his teeth from pressing hard
against each other. He placed a knife
handle in his mouth and while in that
condition his jaws "set," and have re-
mained so ever since. The boy is about
16 years old.—Record.

HOUSEHOLD GODS.—The ancient Greeks
believed that the Penates were the gods
who attended to the welfare and prosper-
ity of the family. They were worshipped
as household gods in every home. The
household god of to-day is Dr. King's New
Discovery. For consumption, coughs, colds
and for all affections of throat, chest and
lungs it is invaluable. It has been tried
for a quarter of a century and is guaran-
teed to cure, or money returned. No house-
hold should be without this good angel. It
is pleasant to take and a safe and sure re-
medy for old and young. Free trial bottles
at Wehler's drug store. Regular size 50c.
and \$1.

Death of a Well Known Salesman.

Edward Johnson, a well known trav-
eling salesman, of Baltimore, died sud-
denly, at his home, No. 325 West Biddle
Street. Deceased was born in Adams
County, and is well known in Hanover
and McSherrystown. He was known by
hundreds of salesmen throughout the
country, with whom he was extremely
popular. He was a member of the Cath-
olic Benevolent Legion, Royal Arcanum
and Young Catholic Friends Society, and
was at one time president of the last
named organization. He was at one time
president of the Cigarmakers' Internation-
al Union.

Besides his wife, Mrs. Carlina Johnson
and two daughters, Maggie and Mary,
he is survived by a step-brother, Dr. G.
L. Rice, of McSherrystown.

Robbed by a Tramp

An unknown tramp on Friday grasped
Mrs. Charles Speilman, of Hanover, by
the throat, and took two silver dollars
from her pocket in her kitchen, which is
in the rear of the dwelling. Mrs. Speil-
man had been on the street in front of
the house purchasing country produce.
Upon her return to her kitchen she was
met just inside the door by a big burly
tramp who grabbed her throat and took
the dish-pan she was carrying and set it
on the table. While holding her throat
to prevent her from screaming, he took
from her pocket a purse which contained
two silver dollars. Taking the money, he
threw the pocket book on the floor and
made his escape.

\$1 Excursion to Baltimore.

The New Oxford Crescent Band will
run a \$1 excursion to Baltimore on next
Thursday, January 27th. Train will leave
Gettysburg at 7.10; Granite, 7.21; Guld-
en's, 7.24; Brush Run, 7.30; New Oxford,
7.36; Berlin Junction, 7.40; Hendrix, 7.45;
Hanover, 7.51. Returning, leave Hillen
Station, Baltimore, at 7.40. Fare from
all points \$1.

Died in Delaware County.

Brush B. Jameson, of Norwood, Dela-
ware county, died on last Thursday night,
aged about 44 years. He was formerly
of New Oxford, having been born here,
a son of the late James B. Jameson, who
died in Florida a few years ago. He is
survived by his mother and a wife. Mr.
Jameson was a telegraph operator for
the Associated Press in Philadelphia for
a number of years. His remains were
brought to this place Monday afternoon
and interred in the New Oxford Ceme-
tery.

Original pensions have been granted
Theodore M'Allister, of Barlow, \$12 per
month; George Ford, Hunterstown, \$10.
Increase—Levi Heiges, Cashtown, \$4
to \$17.

Original Widows—Mary A. Young,
Gettysburg, \$8; Minors of Andrew Hel-
ler, Bendersville, \$12.

John Dellone, aged about 62 years, died
Sunday evening at 4.15 o'clock at the
home of his brother, Andrew Dellone, in
Hanover. The deceased suffered from
congestion of the lungs about three
months ago, from which he never fully
recovered. This was followed by a severe
attack of the grippe, to which he suc-
cumbed. He had been living by himself
in his home at Midway until about ten
days ago, when he was taken to the re-
sidence of his brother. He was never mar-
ried. He was a son of John Dellone, Sr.,
and was born in East Berlin.

New Federal Court.

A bill for the creation of a new judi-
cial District in Pennsylvania, to be called
the Middle District, was introduced in
the house last week by Congressman Connell,
of Scranton. It provides for the holding
terms of the United States circuit and dis-
trict courts in the district, the appoint-
ment of a United States marshal and dis-
trict attorney, whose salaries shall be the
same as those paid similar officers in the
western district of Pennsylvania, and
makes other needed provisions for the es-
tablishment of a new district, which is
constituted a part of the third judicial
court.

The counties of Lackawanna, Wyo-
ming, Bradford, Tioga, Potter, Cameron,
Clinton, Lycoming, Centre, Union, Snyder,
Mifflin, Juniata, Northumberland,
Montour, Columbia, Sullivan, Luzerne,
Dauphin, Perry, Huntingdon, Fulton,
Franklin, Adams, York, Cumberland,
Lebanon and Clearfield are named in the
bill as those which shall constitute the
Middle district. Terms of court shall be
held at Scranton, Williamsport and Har-
risburg.

The Republicans of the Borough will
hold their primary election at the Nation-
al Hotel, between the hours of 7 and 8
o'clock on Saturday evening. The Dem-
ocrats of the borough will hold their pri-
mary election on the same evening be-
tween 8 and 9 o'clock, at the Eagle Hotel.

Adams Countians at Shippensburg.

The following students are Adams
county's representatives at the Shippens-
burg State Normal School: Miss Eva
Stock, Elmira Ruff, J. Irwin Ruff, of New
Oxford; Amanda E. Bonner, Seven Stars;
J. M. Plank, Walter K. Rhodes, Fairplay;
Margaret McAllister, Gettysburg; Denton
Brown, W. A. Delap, Hampton; Nettie
E. Jacobs, Mary D. Hartman, East Ber-
lin; E. N. Walter, Fairfield; G. M. Hare,
Abbotstown; F. R. Bushey, Menallen;
Flora M. Beard, Orrtanna; Owen L. Un-
derwood, Uriah; Jennie M. Groupe, Me-
ville.

CHURCH NOTICES.

There will be a memorial service in
honor of Rev. David A. Day, D. D., lat-
ern missionary of Africa, in St. Paul's Lu-
theran church, Sunday afternoon at 2 o'-
clock; Preaching at 7 o'clock p.m.; Y. P.
S. C. E. at 6 p.m.; Sunday school at 9 a.
m.; catechetical class on Saturday after-
noon at 2 o'clock.

REV. FERDINAND HESSE, Pastor.
Divine Services in St. Paul's Reformed
church Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock;
Sunday school at 9 a.m.; C. E. Society at
6 p.m.; catechetical class Saturday at 2
p.m.; Sunday school lesson discussion
Saturday at 7 p.m.

REV. P. E. HEIMER, Pastor.
Preaching in the M. E. church Sunday
morning at 10 o'clock; Sunday school at
9 a.m.; Epworth League at 6 p.m.

REV. GEORGE M. GLENN, Pastor.
There will be only one Mass in the
Catholic church Sunday morning—Low
Mass at 8 o'clock.

REV. P. P. HEMLER, Pastor.
Mr. Jacob M. Austin, the well-known
hotel register man, is in town, getting up
a register for the Eagle Hotel. Our bus-
iness men can expect him to call upon
them shortly, and should prepare them-
selves to either give him an ad. or be
talked to death.

SOMETHING TO KNOW.—It may be worth
while something to know that the very best
medicine for restoring the tired out nerv-
ous system to a healthy vigor is Electric
Bitters. This medicine is purely vegeta-
ble, acts by giving tone to the nerve cen-
ters in the stomach, gently stimulates the
liver and kidneys, and aids these organs
in throwing off impurities in the blood.
Electric Bitters improve the appetite, ap-
petite, aids digestion and is pronounced
by those who have tried it as the very best
blood purifier and nerve tonic. Try it.
Sold for 50c. or \$1.00 per bottle at Wehler's
drug store.

THE MARKETS.

NEW OXFORD.—By Z. H. Cashman
Choice Wheat..... 50 00
No. 2 "..... 48 00
Raked "..... 45 00
Rye..... 43 @ 45
Corn..... 25 @ 28
Oats..... 18 @ 22
Clover seed, per lb..... 5 @
Timothy seed..... 1.00 @ 1.25
Timothy hay..... 5 80 @ 6 00
Rye straw..... 5 00 @ 5 00

MARRIED.

Jan. 13, in this place, by Rev. Father
Heimler, Mr. John W. Frommyer, of
Gettysburg, to Miss Ida L. Bushey, of
East Berlin.

Jan. 17, in the Reformed church at
New Chester, by Rev. P. E. Heimer,
Clinton E. Sadler to Miss J. Grace Spang-
ler, both of New Chester.

Jan. 12, by Rev. E. E. Blint, Abraham
Flickinger, of Hanover, to Miss Anna M.
Hufford, of Littlestown.

Jan. 3, by Rev. T. J. Crotty, Samuel G.
Smith to Miss Laura A. Eckenrode, both
of Mountjoy township.

Jan. 11, by the same, Harry V. Ecken-
rode to Miss Rosie E. Anthony, both of
Germany township.

Jan. 13, by Rev. D. T. Koser, C. M.
Harbaugh, of Hamilton township, to
Miss Alice Sowers, of McKnightstown.

DIED.

Deaths free—tributes, voices, &c., secure a fir

Jan. 12, at Littlestown, Mrs. Aurelia
Robert, widow of the late John Robert,
aged 60 years, 6 months and 4 days.

Jan. 8, near Kingsdale, Mrs. Sophia
Arendts, aged about 70 years.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, Dec'd.
Letters of Administration on the estate of
J. D. Satter, late of the Borough of New
Oxford, Adams county, Pa., having been grant-
ed to the undersigned, he hereby gives notice to
all persons indebted to said estate to make im-
mediate payment, and those having claims to
present them properly authenticated for settle-
ment to the undersigned residing in New Ox-
ford, Adams county, Pa.

GEORGE W. SMITH,
Administrator.

Jan. 21-08

At a funeral in the central part of
Missouri, the other day, after the ser-
vices were over and as the undertaker
was closing the coffin, an old gentle-
man rushed forward. "You must not
close that coffin," he said, excitedly.
The undertaker looked at him a mo-
ment in speechless astonishment. Fin-
ally, however, he managed to gasp out
the one word, "Why?" "Because,"
replied the man, "my teeth are in
there." In leaning over the coffin to
take a last look at his friend his false
teeth had become loosened and had
fallen into the coffin.

Advertising in THE ITEM is a sure
means of drawing trade. Rates low.

A SONG OF HER LOVE

There's a song of a bird in a blossoming tree,
And songs in wind-trebles above;
But the song that is ever the sweetest to me
Is a dear little song of her love!

Like fairy bells ringing
Where roses are springing,
Is the song of her love that my glad heart is singing!

O the bird in the blossoms with melody charms
And the winds sing the blue fields above;
But of rosy-red lips and two little white arms

Is the dear little song of my love.
Of red lips that kiss me
And tenderly bless me,
And arms like a necklace that clasp and caress me.

Sing ever, ye birds, to the blossoming tree
And, winds, pipe your music above;
Her brown curls are brighter than blossoms to me,
And I'm singing a song of her love;

Like fairy bells ringing
Where roses are springing,
Is the song of her love that my glad heart is singing!

—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

Creed and Crocuses.

The Rev. Wetherby Smiles was rector of St. James' and occupied a rose-embowered cottage not far from the church. The cottage, with its attendant garden, was a dainty, pretty spot, which looked as though a woman's hand had planned and cared for it. But no woman had anything to do with the rectory. The Rev. Mr. Smiles' only servant was a doddering old man; the rector prepared his own meals, except when he was invited to tea by some old lady who pitied his lonely, indigestion-breeding existence.

Not that the Rev. Mr. Smiles was a woman hater, but Mr. Smiles was very high church indeed. Unfortunately, St. James' and the parish and the people were very poor. The good people liked the Rev. Mr. Smiles and tried to follow his suggestions upon high church usages. But there are people, you know, whom you couldn't make high church with a jack-screw. The communicants of St. James' were mostly farmers and small tradesmen. The rector felt that the clergy, to be able to give their whole time and thought to their work, should live lives of celibacy. He had felt at times a strong drawing toward some ecclesiastical order in which such vows would be necessary. Then he would wear some outward sign of his vows, and the young women of his parish would not fall in love with him. The rector was young and good looking; he had been in his present pastorate six months, and he had already had an experience.

The young rector lived with his books, occasionally taking a little recreation in the garden. The roses disappeared, the leaves fell and left the clinging vines bare, and the snow covered the prim little beds in the rectory garden. Thus a year of his pastorate closed, and the spring drew near. The Rev. Wetherby Smiles, from his study window, could look across his garden plot and see the brown earth warming in the spring sunshine and the trees and bushes slowly bursting into leaf. Nature is always most attractive in the spring, and nature in a thousand ways, with bud and leaf and warming earth and white-flecked sky and sweet air, wooed him from his books.

He looked across his garden, I say. And across the garden, beyond the low hedge, was another garden, which in summer was full of color. He had noticed the brilliant-hued beds the year before, but now the only bit of color was a pale-blue morning robe that flitted about the inclosure.

To tell the truth, the rector had seldom noticed that morning gown or the little woman inside it before. But it pleased his fancy now to look across the hedge and watch his neighbor. He recalled that his old major-domo had told him the cottage next the parsonage was occupied by a widowed lady—a lonely creature who had taken up her abode there but shortly before the Rev. Mr. Smiles was settled over St. James'. He remembered the little figure in black in one of the sidepews, pointed out to him by the clerk as "Mrs. Scorrith," and probably had not given her a thought or a glance afterward.

However, he saw so much of the pale-blue gown that first warm week in spring that he looked for the little widow in her pew the next Sabbath. She had laid aside her weeds and was dressed in some soft, clinging, fawn-colored material that made her look like a very demure little moth. And she had the sweetest face in the world—as least, the sweetest face in the Rev. Wetherby Smiles' world.

On Monday morning the clerical black appeared in the rectory garden almost as soon as the pretty morning robe appeared over the hedge. The demure little face dimpled and smiled under its garden hat at the rector's approach, and the widow nodded brightly.

"You are early at your gardening this spring, Mrs. Scorrith," he said. "Yes; but it is so warm," she replied, in defense. "I am expecting my crocuses to appear any day now." "I'm afraid we shall see some frost yet, Mrs. Scorrith," said the rector. "Now, don't talk that way, I beg!" cried the little woman, clasping her hands, inclosed in long-wristed and particularly well-fitting gauntlets. "Just suppose my crocuses should come up and be frost-bitten! Oh, the thought is too awful."

"I sincerely hope you will not be disappointed, but this climate is uncertain."

After that the young rector often found it quite necessary for his

health to work in his garden while the blue gown (fitting like a butterfly from rose tree to vine and from vine to hedgerow) was in evidence in the neighboring yard. Really, after poring over musty theological tomes all winter a man must get some freshness in his soul and new blood in his heart.

The gardening went on apace, and the treacherous warm weather continued. Many were the conferences held across the hedge regarding the proper pruning of rose trees, the planting of hardy seeds and the preparation of the beds of earth. The rector had never suspected there was so much detail to the business of gardening.

One morning, just after a warm night rain, the Rev. Mr. Smiles was called to the hedge by a little cry from his neighbor.

"They are coming!" she cried, in delight. "See! here is the dearest little blade of green pushing up through the mold—and there is another—and another! Just look at them!"

The rector found it necessary to leap the hedge (he had been something of an athlete at the university, and certainly this spring weather was sending the blood coursing through his veins quite like old times) and look at the crocus bed near to.

"They are such lovely ones," she said, earnestly. "I don't believe you noticed them at all last spring" (the pronounced maledictions upon himself for having been so blind as to miss so much beauty the previous season), "but they will be even better this year—if we don't have that horrid frost you have been prophesying."

She looked at him roguishly, and it suddenly crossed the young rector's mind that several yellowish-green points of crocus blade, breaking the damp soil, made a far prettier picture than the finest rose bush in full bloom which he had ever seen. It was a strange fact and one he had never discovered before.

But when he had returned to his own lonely domain and entered his study, he stopped and thought seriously for a minute. Then he cast his flat-crowned ministerial hat upon the floor with great emphasis and exclaimed:

"It's my creed, I tell you, that a man in orders should not marry."

Now, there was no one visible to argue the question, and yet there seemed to be argument in his own mind, for the Rev. Wetherby Smiles smote his palm with his clenched fist angrily and kicked the flat-crowned hat to the other end of the room.

For two days the rector of St. James' rigidly stifled his interest in crocuses; his interest in creeds, however, was not entirely satisfying. On Sunday, after vespers, he overtook on his way home a little figure in a fawn-colored gown.

"You must see my crocuses, Mr. Smiles," she said. "The buds will be open before Sunday."

The rector glanced gloomily at the darkening sky and thought that probably there would be a frost that night. But he could not long think of frost and other unpleasant possibilities under the skillful manipulation of his charming little neighbor. He hesitated at her gate, and again crocuses triumphed over creed. The crocuses were flourishing finely; the creeds took a back seat—indeed, a very unobtrusive seat—in the rector's memory.

His interest in the crocus continued that evening to so late an hour that his old servant really thought he was not coming to supper and cleared away the repast.

"Never mind," said the rector, kindly. "I am not hungry," and when the old man had doddered off to bed he sat down before the open window of his chamber and stared out into the still night.

He sat there for an hour. A light burned behind the curtain of one of his neighbor's windows. That was her light he knew. Finally it disappeared, but he sat on, his arms folded upon the sill, his eyes glaring fixedly into the darkness. Creed was making a strong fight for life.

It grew rapidly colder, and suddenly the Rev. Wetherby Smiles awoke to the discomforts of the outer man. He shivered and drew away from the window. There was no breeze and no clouds, but an increasing chill made him close the casement.

Then he slipped on a smoking jacket and went to the door. There was a light haze upon the river and a shimmer of frost in the air.

"A bad night for the farmers and fruit growers," he thought. Then

his mind reverted to those crocuses. "They will be black by morning," he said. "Too bad! and the little woman thinks so much of them."

He hesitated a moment and then went in again, reappearing shortly with an old mackintosh.

"Just the thing to spread over the bed to defend them from the frost," he muttered and with long strides crossed the rectory garden and leaped the hedge. Feeling a good deal like a night prowler who had no business in the place, he crept through his little neighbor's garden and approached the crocus bed near the porch. He started at the slightest sound and glanced about fearfully. Suppose anybody should see him—one of his parishioners—even his major-domo! He forgot the night was dark; it seemed to his excited imagination that anybody passing along the road could see him—the rector of St. James'—prowling about beneath a lady's window!

Suddenly, just as he spread the covering over the crocus bed and was turning hastily to flee, he heard a sound on the porch. He started, and his eyes became fixed upon the vision before him. A figure, all in white, and motionless, stood upon the lower step.

The Rev. Wetherby Smiles was startled, but he was not superstitious. For some seconds, however, he stared at the apparition before he recognized it. Then he stepped quickly forward and began to make excuses in a low voice.

"Mrs. Scorrith—Lydia—I beg your pardon, but I thought—"

He got no further in his faltering remarks. With a shuddering little cry the figure tottered and would have fallen to the ground had he not sprung forward and caught her in his arms.

"Good gracious!" muttered the Rev. Mr. Smiles, the perspiration starting on his brow. "What a situation. Suppose anybody should see me now. To think of me—a clergyman—in a woman's garden at night, holding that woman in my arms!"

He was tempted to lay her down upon the porch and run. But he looked down into the little white face, revealed by the faint starlight. The pale lids were drawn over the great eyes, which he thought so glorious. The pouting lips had not entirely lost their redness, but the cheeks were without color.

He looked upon her, and then did not lay her down and flee. Instead he stooped lower and—lifted her more closely against his breast and carried his burden into the house. There was a couch in the reception room. He laid her down and lighted the gas. She opened her eyes languidly and saw him.

"I have frightened you, Lydia," he said, stooping above her. "Really, I had no intention, you know. I only remembered the crocuses—"

"I—I thought you were a burglar," she admitted. "And when I heard your voice—"

"Didn't you recognize it?" he asked.

"You—you had never spoken to me in just that way before, and—"

He bent lower and took her hand. "I was only thinking of the crocuses, Lydia," he said, which was very true. He had quite forgotten the "creed."

—Chicago Record.

The "Whistling Language."

Some years ago, while roaming through the mountain ranges of Tenerife, it fell to the writer's lot to hear the shepherds conversing in the whistling language which is used by the people of Tenerife and Gomera. Three parties of shepherds were exchanging their hopes and fears regarding the weather by this means. On another occasion he heard an invitation to a dance sent in the "whistling language" across a stretch of country exceeding four miles in length. The young boys, and even the girls, are adepts at the "language," and the very sheep appear to understand whistled commands at a considerable distance. By placing two or three fingers in the month, the whistlers contrive to make the whistle carry to a distance of three miles or thereabouts. A French savant has conclusively proved that the whistling is in Spanish. Easy words are taken, and the sounds imitated by the whistlers. The language dates from 1455. Long practice and heredity have naturally given the shepherds extraordinary skill, and their vocabulary is now a long one, while in addition they have a regular code of graduated notes, which convey telegraphically what they cannot satisfactorily reproduce in the ordinary manner. —Waverley Magazine.

The Richest Town.

The richest town in the United States is Brookline, near Boston. Its population is 17,000 and valuation \$60,000,000, yet it is governed through the typical New England town meeting. It has a public library containing 45,000 volumes, a \$300,000 high school, a \$40,000 free bathing establishment, and spends \$100,000 a year on its parks and well shaded streets. Boston would gladly annex it, but Brookline prefers to go on as it is.

Among the 55,000,000 inhabitants of Germany, there are only seventy-eight who have passed their one-hundredth birthday.

THE TOOTH OF A WHALE.

IT IS A SCARCE AND THEREFORE AN UNUSUALLY VALUABLE ARTICLE.

From *The Whalebone of Commerce Is Made—Protecting the Bone From Fire and Rats—Interesting Information About an Industry But Little Known.*

"Whalebone was hard to get last year," said a New York dealer in the commodity, "but this season's supply will be a good deal smaller than that of 1896. A short time ago there were advices that eight whaling vessels stuck in the ice away up north, and according to the latest news from that region there is danger that they will not be able to get out at all this season. Ruling quotations now range from \$4.25 to \$4.50 a pound, but the five dollar mark will be reached soon, whether the imprisoned ships succeed in getting free or not.

"Nearly all the bone used in the United States is brought from the Arctic by Yankee whalers, although a little comes from the south seas and some from Japan. The supply from all quarters is much less than formerly. The demand, too, is nothing like it used to be, despite the great increase of population; for all sorts of celluloid, 'feather favor,' cork, rubber, steel and other substitutes have been very generally adopted.

"The high grade—the 'shell' bone—goes into first-class corsets and is used for stays in costly gowns, the demand for these purposes being so great that this quality is put into nothing else except certain surgical instruments. The 'grain' bone goes into the cheaper corsets, whips, etc. The two qualities differ greatly; the 'shell' being without grain and easily worked. While it is not one whit less elastic than the other it can be pierced or bored without danger of splitting, but this is not true of the 'grain' bone, which, as its trade name indicates, is made up of fibres which are prone to split apart.

"Most of the 'cutting' of whalebone, as those in the business term its preparation, is done in Paris and Bremen. A little is done, too, in London, and there are seven cutting establishments in the United States—four in New York, two in Boston and one in San Francisco.

"Five years ago the supply of whalebone was as phenomenally large as the present supply is small. There had been an unusually heavy take after several lean years, and at least 250,000 pounds, worth \$4 a pound, or a cool \$2,000,000 altogether, was stored in a little brick and stone structure on the Potrero shore of San Francisco bay.

This unprecedented and never since approached supply was as carefully guarded as if it had been made up of golden eagles. Not that there was much danger of its being stolen—for whalebone is stored in such masses that it cannot easily be taken away—but it is a decidedly inflammable substance, and there was great fear of fire. The storehouse is a perfect vault, with walls of brick and stone and iron roof and doors. A perforated pipe, from which the whole place could be readily flooded in case of fire, runs all around the top, and when the store of bone is large, trust-watchmen guard the place night and day.

There is always great danger to whalebone from rats—pests which are extremely numerous on the San Francisco water front, especially in the fall, when the whalers make their appearance. In order to make sure that these sharp-toothed destroyers shall be kept out small iron doors, grated in small meshes, have been put in. When the big doors are opened for ventilation—and whalebone must be treated to plenty of fresh air—these grated screens are shut. As rats' teeth, though potent, are not quite hard enough to negotiate cold iron, this precaution has always served its purpose admirably.

Because of the possibility of fire, the men who receive the bone from the ships are always in a hurry to get through with it. As soon as a bone-laden craft docks, a big force of men is employed, and they pitch in and transfer the cargo with all possible haste, working night and day until the task is done. And as soon thereafter as it is feasible the whole batch is put aboard ships and railroad trains for the east, there to be distributed to the American and European "cutting" establishments.

From 1000 to 3000 pounds of bone are furnished by each whale, the latter amount, however, being decidedly exceptional. Before leaving San Francisco the bone is split, sorted according to color, and tied up in bundles. After collecting, the pieces are termed "stalks" and "slabs." They are from three to eight feet in length when ready for shipment, and weigh from three pounds up to six or seven.

When received by the manufacturer each slab is fringed with strong, glossy black hair. This has a separate value of its own, and is used in certain furniture manufactures; also mixed with horsehair in brushes. After it has been shaved off the slabs are scrubbed vigorously and then put to soak in water for a week. When sufficiently softened they are subjected to the action of hot steam in

strong receptacles of special design. They are then ready to be split into "shell" and "grain" bone. After that they are cut into stays, whipstocks, etc.

The utmost pains have to be taken with the bone from the time it is moved from the head of the whale until it is safely through the manufacturing process in order to prevent "nicking." Although it has to be thoroughly softened before being regularly "cut" in the factories, it is exceptionally tender at all times and the least carelessness will sometimes greatly reduce the value of a slab even when the resulting "nick" is so slight as hardly to be noticed on inspection. It is considered a great breach of commercial honor for a dealer in bone to offer a nicked bundle without making known the defect, and all such lots are carefully marked "cut" in San Francisco.

Whalebone is often spoken of as the jaw, but really this is a misnomer—the bone of commerce being really cut from the teeth, of which there are 473 in the jaws of every whale. A fair-sized front tooth is worth quite \$50 at present prices, and the entire head of a big whale represents a good deal of money.

EASILY DONE.

How a Bicycle Girl Got Rid of an Annoying and Persistent Wheelman.

She was young and pretty and alone. Her bicycle costume was neat, trim and becoming, and mounted upon a wheel she floated along over the smooth paths and roads, the cynosure of many admiring masculine eyes and perhaps the envy of many feminine. She was enjoying the pleasures of an afternoon spin on Belle Isle. The exercise had tinted her cheeks with a pink glow of the kind that never saw the inside of a drug store, and that always will baffle the art of the chemist, and her eyes were glistening with the exhilaration of health.

She was riding up Central avenue, and had reached a point about midway between the Casino and the Zoo, when she met with an annoyance that ladies riding alone are frequently subjected to, but which this young woman disposed of in a most refreshing and novel manner. The annoyance manifested itself in the form of a dudish young man of the masher species. He rode a bicycle, wore golf hose, a pink shirt, had his hair parted accurately in the middle, and was possessed of assurance largely in excess of his stock of common sense.

"Beg pardon," said he, riding alongside, and lifting his cap with a smile that was intended to be perfectly irresistible, "but haven't we met before?"

She answered him by throwing him a look that would have withered anything less fresh, and moved over to the further side of the avenue. Nothing abashed he followed suit, and with another bow and smile that was as Chesterfieldian as a mounted bicycle will permit, said:

"I hope I am not intruding, but—"

"You are intruding, sir. I do not know you and do not wish to talk to you."

"Well, if you don't know me, let us get acquainted. You know—"

"Slackening her speed, she had suddenly dismounted, and, leaning over her wheel, began to carefully examine one of the pedals. He was off his machine in an instant.

"Allow me to assist you," said he, quickly seizing the opportunity presented.

She said nothing, but releasing her wheel to him took his to hold, while he went down on his knees to the offending pedal. He was no sooner on his marrows, with his face to the ground, than she deftly extracted a hairpin from her Fedora and quickly inserted the point into the rear tire of his wheel. By the time he had discovered there was absolutely nothing wrong with the pedal, and that it was working as smoothly as mechanical skill and bicycle oil could make it, the hairpin was resting inoffensively in its proper place.

As she whirled merrily out the avenue a would-be masher stood by his bicycle with a tire as flat as the proverbial pancake. What his emotions were as she faded from view among the trees will never be known, but it was with crestfallen countenance that he slowly wheeled his machine over to the bicycle tent for repairs.—Detroit Tribune.

Seven Feet of Hair on Mr. Larow's Chin.

Mr. Legrand Larow of Lamar, Mo., has a beard which perhaps is the longest worn by any man in the world. His beard is seven feet in length, and has measured seven and one-half feet. Mr. Larow was born in Tompkins county, N. Y., in 1852, and his relatives are noted for heavy beards, but not of extraordinary length. He is 6 feet in height, and weighs 175 pounds. When standing with his beard down it extends two feet upon the floor. He has not shaved for over 20 years. He wears his beard braided and wound around his body, or else wrapped and lodged inside his vest.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

As far as calculations can decide, the temperature of comets is believed to be 2000 times fiercer than that of red-hot iron.

Rheumatism
Is permanently cured
By Hood's Sarsaparilla
Which neutralizes the
Lactic acid in the blood.
Thousands who were
Sufferers write that they
Have felt no symptoms
Of Rheumatism since
Taking Hood's Sarsaparilla

Deafness Cannot Be Cured
by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a running ear or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.
We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

It Keeps the Feet Dry and Warm.
And is the only cure for Chills, Frostbites, Damp, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Powder, a Powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

I have found Piso's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine. — F. R. Lutz, 1306 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1894.

Postage Stamps.
The design of the stamp is engraved on steel, and, in printing, plates are used on which 200 stamps have been engraved. Two men are kept busy at work covering these with colored inks, and passing them to a man and a girl who are equally busy printing them with large rolling hand presses. Three of these little squads are employed all the time. After the small sheets of paper containing 200 printed stamps, have dried enough they are sent into another room and gummed. The gum made for this purpose is a peculiar composition, made of the powder of dried potatoes and other vegetables, mixed with water. After having been again dried—this time on little racks fanned by steam power—for about an hour, they are very carefully put between sheets of pasteboard and pressed in hydraulic presses capable of applying a weight of 2,000 tons. The next thing is to cut the sheets in two, each sheet, of course, when cut, containing 100 stamps. This is done by a girl with a large pair of shears, cutting by hand being preferred to that by machinery, which would destroy too many stamps. They are then passed to another squad of workers, who perforate the paper between the stamps. Next they are pressed once more and then packed and labeled and stowed away, to be sent out to the various offices when ordered. If a single stamp is torn or in any way mutilated, the whole sheet of 100 stamps is burned. Not less than 50,000 are said to be burned every week from this cause. The greatest care is taken in counting the sheets of stamps, to guard against pilfering by the employees.—Ashton Recorder.

People who are too fresh are apt to get in a pickle.



A JOYFUL MOTHER OF CHILDREN.

Mrs. Pinkham Declares that in the Light of Modern Science no Woman Need Despair.

There are many curable causes for sterility in women. One of the most common is general debility, accompanied by a peculiar condition of the blood.

Care and tonic treatment of the female organs relieve more cases of supposed incurable barrenness than any other known method. This is why Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has effected so many cures; its tonic properties are directed especially to the nerves which supply the uterine system. Among other causes for sterility or barrenness are displacements of the womb. These displacements are caused by lack of strength in the ligaments supporting the womb and the ovaries; restore these, and the difficulty ceases. Here, again, the Vegetable Compound works wonders. See Mrs. Lytle's letter, which follows in this column. Go to the root of the matter, restore the strength of the nerves and the tone of the parts, and nature will do the rest. Nature has no better ally than this Compound, made of her own healing and restoring herbs.

Write freely and fully to Mrs. Pinkham. Her address is Lynn, Mass. She will tell you, free of charge, the cause of your trouble and what course to take. Believe me, under right conditions, you have a fair chance to become the joyful mother of children. The woman whose letter is here published certainly thinks so:

"I am more than proud of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and cannot find words to express the good it has done me. I was troubled very badly with the leucorrhoea and severe womb pains. From the time I was married, in 1882, until last year, I was under the doctor's care. We had no children. I have had nearly every doctor in Jersey City, and have been to Belvin Hospital, but all to no avail. I saw Mrs. Pinkham's advertisement in the paper, and have used five bottles of her medicine. It has done more for me than all the doctors I ever had. It has stopped my pains and has brought me a fine little girl. I have been well ever since my baby was born. I heartily recommend Mrs. Pinkham's medicine to all women suffering from sterility."—Mrs. Lucy Lytle, 255 Henderson St., Jersey City, N. J.

"A Fair Face Cannot Atone for an Untidy House."

Use

SAPOLIO

Mines Abandoned 8,000 Years Ago.
The most ancient copper mines in the world are those of the Sinai peninsula, near the gulf of Suez. They were abandoned 8,000 years ago, after having been worked for some hundreds of years. The process used in the reduction of the ore is said to be similar in principle to that used at the present time.

The Caretaker.
Caretaker is a word adopted into modern use and means one who takes care of, and is very generally applied to those employed to take care of things committed to their keeping. The way some people have of taking care of themselves is very suggestive of the need of a caretaker. The human body to such is a mansion filled with precious things unsecured for, where thieves may break in and rust doth corrupt. Pains and aches are thieves, and the body left uncared for to their spoilage will be robbed of all its comforts and despoiled of its peace of mind and happiness. It is a happy thought to look upon St. Jacobs Oil as a caretaker, to employ it as a watchman against such intruders. There is hardly an ache, from a toothache to a toeache, that it can't take care of and effect a cure, and pains the most violent are conquered by its use. Its office as a caretaker is to prevent the spread of aches and pains into a chronic stage. Keep a bottle of it in the handiest place and be assured of good care and comfort.

Lacemaking Machine.
The problem of making by machinery lace which cannot possibly be distinguished from that made by hand seems to be solved by a machine invented by a Spaniard and now in use in a great Nottingham lace factory. It claims to reproduce any pattern that can be made by hand on the cushion, and one-third finer than the average quantity of lace. The mechanism has a speed of 130 motions per minute, which can be raised to 200, so that a machine 80 inches wide, making 2-inch breadths, would perform the work of forty women. The design is picked out on a cushion ruled in squares, and lace pins stuck at the corners of the squares, where they remain until the lace is finished. The real lace is then decomposed by the woman who made it. She has at her side an assistant who takes down the figures as they are called out to her. The rows of pins or motions are worked down the left side of the cushion draught; the number of threads is marked from left to right along the top, and the maker reads the number to her assistant while decomposing, the exact motion of each thread being recorded. The paper on which the motions are marked is then taken to the puncher, who prepares the cards accordingly, and the cards being placed on the machine reproduce exactly the same design. The machine is small, entirely automatic and is only stopped to fill the bobbins. The bands of lace are not attached to each other, each being woven separate. The threads do not become dirty or discolored and the lace comes from the machine ready for the wearer.

Fill Teeth with Glass.
The latest use for glass is instead of gold as a material for stopping decaying teeth. It answers splendidly, and is far less conspicuous than the yellow metal. Of course, it is not ordinary glass, but is prepared by some new patented process which renders it soft and malleable.

HUNTING SNAKES IN INDIA.

How They Are Made Helpless After Being Captured.

Menageries are always in need of snakes, and as India abounds in these reptiles, perhaps to a greater extent than any other country in the world, to India go the managers when their stock begins to run low. Snake hunting in India, unless one understands the trade, is a perilous business, for a larger percentage of the Indian serpents are more poisonous than in any other part of the globe, and even a Hindoo has no desire to die of snake bite, nor within the crushing folds of a constrictor. Besides, however, the demands from the menageries, the Indian government pays a bounty on snakes heads, so there is a double incentive to Indian snake hunters, and when there are sufficient orders on hand from the menageries a hunt is organized.

Preparations are made by ascertaining from the natives a promising snake district, which is usually a tract of jungle with a thick bamboo or grass undergrowth. In such lands snakes are found by thousands, and, after a promising patch is discovered, a beginning is made by clearing or burning the undergrowth from a strip entirely encircling the snake farm; then a broad expanse of perhaps an acre is cleared on one side, and there is located the snake trap, a netting extended for 200 or 300 yards on each side of the cleared tract, its wings gradually contracting to lead the reptiles into a cul de sac, from which there is no escape. Several hundred natives are assembled, and on a day when the wind is from the right quarter they surround the district selected, and, at a given signal, set fire to the jungle. After the fire has fairly started the natives are called behind the netting, as there is no need of their services on the other sides, for every snake tenant of the brush flees in the same direction toward the fatal netting.

Behind it stand rows of men, armed with clubs and sticks, ready to give their snakeships a lively reception. As the fire approaches the netting, the snakes come in crowds, by hundreds, sometimes by thousands. At the wings the men are concentrated, with their clubs, ready to kill those attempting to escape, and as the main body of the reptiles approaches the netting the wings are pushed forward toward each other, the stakes supporting the netting are driven firmly into the ground, and the snakes are inclosed. But snakes can climb almost as well as monkeys, and so the men at the wings are kept busy killing those that endeavor to escape over the ropes. At the cul de sac the netting extends above as well as on the sides, and the larger portion of the reptiles are finally concentrated within this inclosure. There the scene is one of lively animation, for the snakes are all sizes, some of the venomous reptiles of India not being more than six or eight inches in length, and, as their movements are very quick, the bare-footed beaters are kept dodging about in a manner at once grotesque and amusing, their anxiety to escape the small serpents that go through netting like a flash, being even greater than their eagerness to kill as many snakes as possible, and thus receive a larger share of the government bounty. No snake is permitted to escape, and after all the smaller reptiles which can work their way through the meshes of the net have been killed, attention is turned to the larger which remain.

In various parts of the netting there are loops which can be untied and then refastened, and, after the slaughter of the little snakes has been finished, the work of capturing the most promising specimens begins. The superintendent points at an anaconda that will bring a good price, and, as the animal thrusts its head against the netting in fruitless efforts to escape, a stick with a wire loop at the end is introduced, the snake is lassooed immediately back of the head, the wire is tightened, and the future occupant of a menagerie cage, hissing and writhing, is dragged through and seized by a dozen natives at once. Bundles of bamboo, cut into proper lengths, have already been prepared, three or four men straighten the snake and lay him on a bamboo, sometimes placing three or four smaller splints around him, and then lashing him securely down with bamboo withers every inch of his length. Generally the lashing is found to be sufficient, and only when the serpent is very large and powerful are the extra bamboos tied around him for fear he might break the stick to which he is fastened. This operation is not carried on without an immense amount of protest from the snake, which hisses in the most terrifying manner and wriggles wildly in an effort to escape. But hissing and wriggling are all in vain; the Hindoos lash him down, finishing the operation by forcing his upper jaw upon the lower, and tying the two together to the stick in such a way that he cannot even hiss. After all the best specimens have been selected and tied, the remainder are killed, beheaded, and the heads sent to the nearest government station for the bounty, and the captives are loaded into carts for transportation to Bombay, where they are disposed of to the European agents.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



No. 203.
This quarter-sawn oak writing desk is polished like a piano. It has a 9-inch beveled plate glass in top and a deep drawer below. Artistic French legs; also finished in mahogany.
\$3.95
is our special price for this \$10 desk.
(Mail orders filled promptly.)
We will mail anyone, free of all charges, our new 112 page Special Catalogue, containing Furniture, Draperies, Lamps, Stoves, Crockery, Mirrors, Pictures, Bedding, Refrigerators, Baby Carriages, etc. This is the most complete book ever published, and we pay all postage. Our Lithographed Carpet Catalogue, showing carpets in colors, is also yours for the asking. If carpet samples are wanted, mail us 8c. in stamps. There is no reason why you should pay your local dealer 60 per cent. profit when you can buy the mill. Drop a line now to the money-savers.
JULIUS HINES & SON,
Baltimore, Md.
Please mention this paper.

Mining for Heat.

A man in Pennsylvania is trying to make the deepest hole in the world. He has now bored to a depth of 6,000 feet, and the machine continues to delve deeper every day. Before fall the bottom of the drill will have reached a depth of over 10,000 feet, or nearly two miles. The work is under the supervision of Prof. William Hallock of Columbia College, and it is being done for a very strange purpose. Deep holes are usually bored for water or for gas or oil, and sometimes to prospect for minerals of various kinds, but Prof. Hallock is mining for heat. As every one knows, the interior of the earth is a burning, fiery furnace, and it is Prof. Hallock's theory that if he can make a hole deep enough he can obtain a constant flow of steam, which can be utilized for operating machinery. Already Prof. Hallock's hole, which is being bored near the city of Pittsburgh, is the deepest in the world. The next deepest is a salt well near Leipsic, in Germany, which measures 5,740 feet in depth. It will be interesting to watch this wonderful experiment. If it is successful the time may come when manufacturers will get all their power from the boundless furnaces at the center of the earth, when our cities will be lighted from the same source, our houses heated, and our railroads, street cars and steamships operated from the same source.

Trying to Be Perfect.

"No man," said Uncle Eben, "kin be perfect. But it's only by tryin' ter be so dat most ob us kin manage ter keep middlin' respectable."—Washington Star.

Increase in Train Hauls.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad is now reaping the benefits of the improvements that have been made to the property since John K. Cowen and Oscar G. Murray were appointed Receivers. It was stated by a noted critic of railway operations a few months ago that if the Receivers succeeded in increasing the train haul per ton per mile to 300 that they could be commended for having spent so much money in buying new locomotives, straightening curves, lowering grades and laying new rail. Since June 30th a careful record has been kept and the results have been more than gratifying to the management. Before new locomotives were purchased, before track improvements were made and before the tonnage system of loading trains was adopted, the average train haul per ton per mile on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was less than 225 tons and some old employees think it did not exceed 200 tons. There are no figures for comparison but in July the average was 334.76, in August 356.41 and in September 361.4, a very large and satisfactory increase. The average would have been still larger but for the fact that on several divisions, depending on coal for tonnage, but little or none was moved owing to the strike. The main stem figures are considered very satisfactory as that part of the road crosses the Alleghenies, some grades being 125 feet to the mile. The averages on the several divisions range from 32.21 on the Wooster branch to 534.19 on the Pittsburgh division. The figures in detail are as follows:

	July	Aug.	Sept.
Branches	374.22	398.31	380.2
Philadelphia division	270.35	289.03	330.1
Parkersburg Branch	212.75	201.31	218.0
Pittsburg division	465.13	553.93	514.5
Wheeling and Pittsburgh division	161.55	173.28	185.1
Central Ohio division	283.74	332.71	262.6
Lake Erie division	232.27	220.82	319.4
Straitsville division	133.36	68.59	186.9
Chicago division	331.71	305.44	356.6
Midland division	390.41	410.80	214.1
Akron division	305.05	321.90	382.1
Wooster division	18.35	33.29	44.0
Averages	334.76	356.41	361.4

HALL'S
Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER
It has made miles and miles
of hair grow on millions
and millions of heads.
Not a single gray hair.
No dandruff.

Will Locate a Capital.

Government proposes to found a new city in Alaska known as "Weare" on the Yukon River between the boundary line of British Columbia and St. Michaels. It is intended to make it the capital of the contemplated new territory and locate the land office there.

Do You Dance To-night?

Shake into your Shoes Allen's Foot-Powder. A powder for the feet. It comes tight or new shoes feel easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Chills and Sweating feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Flts permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 301 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

The city of Copon, Honduras, is the oldest American city.

Chew Star Tobacco—The Best. Smoke Sledge Cigarettes.

The Department of Labor of the United States Government is about to undertake an investigation into the financial status of the gas works, water works and electric light and power plants throughout the country.

To Cure A Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Washington's commission as Commander-in-chief of the United States Army was approved by Congress June 17, 1775, and on June 21 of that year set out on horseback to take command of the forces encamped about Boston.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

"A Perfect Type of the Highest Order of Excellence in Manufacture."

Walter Baker & Co's

Breakfast
Cocoa
Absolutely Pure,
Delicious,
Nutritious.

..Costs Less Than ONE CENT A Cup..

Be sure that you get the Genuine Article, made at DORCHESTER, MASS. by

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.

ESTABLISHED 1780.

CANCER AND TUMOR
PERMANENTLY
cured
without knife, plaster or pain.
All forms of BLOOD DISEASES
thoroughly eradicated from the system. Six
weeks Home Treatment for \$10. Book of
Information free.

NATURAL REMEDY CO., Westfield, Mass.

CONSUMPTION AND CATARRH
Are cured by C. W. H. and N. S. H. (Ings) Catarrh
Cure. Send for NASAL INSPIRATOR or stamp
for pamphlet to G. B. FARMER, Perth, Ont., Canada.

If afflicted with
sore eyes, use
Thompson's Eye Water

P. N. U. 1 98.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CUTS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use
in time. Sent by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

THE ITEM

NEW OXFORD, PA.
FRIDAY EVENING, JAN. 21, 1898.

Stabbed by a Convict.
Baltimore, Jan. 19.—Ferdinand A. Diessenbach, chief deputy warden of the Maryland penitentiary, was yesterday afternoon probably fatally stabbed by Levi Poindexter, a negro convict. A table knife was the weapon used. The convict, who was going to dinner, suddenly jumped from the lock step line and stabbed the deputy warden twice before the latter could draw his revolver. One cut is in the abdomen and may cause the officer's death, the intestines being badly lacerated. The negro is now in double irons in a dark cell. The attempted murder is believed to have been the outcome of a long cherished hatred for Diessenbach on the part of the negro, who is serving a six year sentence for receiving stolen goods.

MARYLAND'S DEADLOCK.

No Immediate Prospect of Electing Gorman's Successor.

Annapolis, Md., Jan. 19.—The first ballot in the Maryland legislature for a successor to Arthur P. Gorman in the United States senate was taken yesterday, each branch balloting separately, with the following result: McComas, 34; Shaw, 11; Shryock, 3; Findlay, 2; Parran, 6; Mulliken, 1; Barber, 6; Urner, 1; Gorman, 43; Lowndes, 1; Page, 1. Absent—Republicans, 2; Democrats, 6. Necessary to a choice, 65.

The preliminary skirmishing has been attended with great bitterness and dissension in the ranks of the Republicans, who have a considerable majority in both houses. These dissensions have rendered it impossible to bring about a Republican caucus, and at this writing there seems to be little probability that this method of settling the dispute will be resorted to in the near future. A long deadlock now seems inevitable.

Our Consul at Colon Drowned.
Colon, Colombia, Jan. 18.—A boating party consisting of the United States consul, Mr. W. W. Ashby; Dr. Hafemann, the German consul; Master Mechanic Mott, and four others, were drowned in the harbor here Sunday night. Only the boatman escaped. He says the boat was swamped by the heavy sea. Consul Ashby was appointed only a few months ago.

Norristown, Pa., Jan. 17.—James A. Clemmer, who is charged with the murder of Mrs. Emma P. Kaiser, denies that he ever made a confession. His counsel showed him a statement sent out from New York city by the man who is supposed to be W. H. King. Clemmer said: "There is no truth in that statement. I never associated with a man by the name of W. H. King. When I was in Newark, N. J., a man by the name of W. H. Killenbeck worked with me for several months as a canvasser for the Singer Sewing Machine company. One day Killenbeck embezzled some money belonging to the company. He left Newark, and I never saw him again. The man is not W. H. King, as he alleges, but W. H. Killenbeck."

Italy's Bread Riots.
Ancona, Italy, Jan. 19.—The bread riots were renewed here yesterday. The participants in the demonstration, having been expelled from the town, assembled outside the town gates, but the cavalry dispersed them. A band of rioters wrecked and tried to burn the country house of a grain dealer. The troops quenched the flames and dispersed the mob. Fifty persons have been arrested. The military bakers are distributing bread to persons without food.

THE PRODUCE MARKETS

As Reflected by Dealings in Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Philadelphia, Jan. 18.—Flour inactive and weak; winter superfine, \$2.90@3.10; do. extra, \$3.15@3.30; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$4.40; do. straight, \$4.20@4.40; western winter, clear, \$4.10@4.25; do. straight, \$4.10@4.60; city mills, extra, \$3.20@3.40. Rye flour sold in a small way at \$2.00@2.80 per barrel. Wheat firm; No. 2 red, 97c; No. 2 Pennsylvania and No. 2 Delaware red, spot, 98c. Corn dull; No. 2 yellow, for local trade, 33½c; No. 2 mixed, in export elevator, 33½c. Oats slow; No. 2 white, 30c; No. 2 white, clipped, 30½c; No. 1 white, clipped, 31c. Hay dull; choice timothy, \$12 for large bales. Beef steady; short clear, \$9.40; beef hams, \$23@23.50. Pork firm; mess, \$9.25@9.50; short clear, \$9.70@11.75; family, \$12@12.50. Lard steady; western, steam, 35c. Butter steady; western creamery, 14½@20c; do. factory, 11@15c; Elgin, 20c; imitation creamery, 13@17c; New York dairy, 13@18c; do. creamery, 14@18c; fancy Pennsylvania prints jobbing at 22½c; do. wholesale, 21c. Cheese quiet; large, white and colored, September, 8½c; small do., September, 9½@9½c; light skims, 6½@7½c; part skims, 4½@5½c; full skims, 2½@3c. Eggs firmer; New York and Pennsylvania, 22@24c; western, fresh, 22@24c.

Baltimore, Jan. 18.—Flour inactive and unchanged. Wheat dull; spot, month and February, 97½@97½c; May, 93½@93½c; steamer No. 2 red, 92½@92½c; southern wheat, by sample, 93½@93½c; do. on grade, 93½@93½c. Corn dull; spot, month and February, 32½@32½c; steamer mixed, 30½@30½c; southern white corn, 29½@30c; do. yellow, 28½@30c. Oats quiet, but firm; No. 2 white, 29½@30c; No. 2 mixed, 28c. Rye steady; No. 2 nearby, 52½c; No. 2 western, 53½@53½c. Hay steady; choice timothy, \$13. Grain freights very quiet and easier; steam to Liverpool, per bushel, 3½d., January; Cork, for orders, per quarter, 3s. 6d., January; 3s. 6d., February. Sugar strong and unchanged. Butter and eggs quiet and unchanged. Cheese steady and unchanged. Whisky unchanged.

East Liberty, Pa., Jan. 13.—Cattle steady; prime, \$4.75@4.85; common, \$3.25@3.50; bulls, stags and cows, \$2.75. Hogs steady; prime, medium, \$3.80@3.85; best Yorkers, \$3.75@3.80; pigs, \$3.70@3.75; heavy, \$3.70@3.75; good roughs, \$3.40@3.50; common to fair roughs, \$2.15@2.25. Sheep a shade higher; choice, \$1.70@1.80; common, \$1.25@1.35; choice lambs, \$5.50@5.60; common to good, \$4.50@5.70. Veal calves, \$6.50@7.25.

Hart's Sentence Affirmed.
Philadelphia, Jan. 19.—In the United States circuit court of appeals yesterday, in the case of the appeal of John D. Hart from the sentence of the United States district court, Judge Dallas filed an opinion affirming the sentence. Hart was convicted about a year ago of having aided in a filibustering expedition to Cuba on the steamer Laurada and was sentenced to two years' imprisonment and a fine of \$500 and costs of prosecution. The appeal followed. Pending a decision Captain Hart has been at liberty. Hall having been entered in the sum of \$7,000. Judge Acheson filed a dissenting opinion. Hart has five days in which to surrender himself.

President Dole Starts for Washington.
San Francisco, Jan. 19.—President Sanford B. Dole, of the Hawaiian republic, resumed his journey to Washington this afternoon. The party had intended to remain in San Francisco for some time, but dispatches received by him from Minister Hatch, at Washington, advising him to reach the capital as soon as possible, changed his plans. The Hawaiian president and his wife and attendant go by way of Chicago and New York.

Philadelphia, Jan. 19.—"John Riley," one of the four men arrested several days ago while following a jewelry salesman for the supposed purpose of robbery, was yesterday identified as a man wanted in Boston for nearly killing an old man living in Roxbury, whom he robbed of \$1,200. "Riley" was identified by means of a picture sent out by the police authorities of this city. He is known in Boston as John T. Richards, alias "the mouse." Information was also received that he is wanted in Newark, N. J., where an indictment for robbery is said to be hanging over him.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.—The Best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction of money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by I. R. Wehler.

WM. McCLEAN, WM. ARCH. McCLEAN, Late Pres. Judge.
WM. & WM. ARCH. McCLEAN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Penna. (Office west side of Baltimore street, 3rd door from Centre Square.)

SPRING FURNITURE!

We are receiving and unpacking daily a new and complete line of Spring Furniture. Our trade this spring has been so good as to compel us to get in an entire new stock, so that everything in our store now is new and of the very latest style and design. We have a very good line of LOUNGES

—AND—
COUCHES.
It would be worth your while to see them even if you don't want to buy.

Our SIDEBORDS, PARLOR TABLES, CHAMBER SUITS, DINING ROOM EQUIPMENTS, &c.,

combine the artistic with the useful. There are a large number of new designs in furniture now in our store that you ought to see. THE PRICES? You know that our prices are always right. Can we expect you in?

A. S. FEISER,
PHILADELPHIA STREET,
New Oxford, Pa.

TRY NAYLOR'S IMPERIAL FLOUR!

or have your wheat exchanged for it. Take your chopping to NEW OXFORD FLOURING MILLS and when you want FEED of any kind, at low prices come to us; a full supply always on hand. We buy WHEAT, RYE, OATS OR CORN, and always pay the highest cash prices. Give us a trial.

H. A. NAYLOR,
PROPRIETOR.

Clement Lingg,
SURVEYOR,
NEW CHESTER PENN
Charges moderate.

NEW OXFORD BAKERY,
O. J. HOFFMAN, Proprietor.
HANOVER ST., NEW OXFORD, PA.

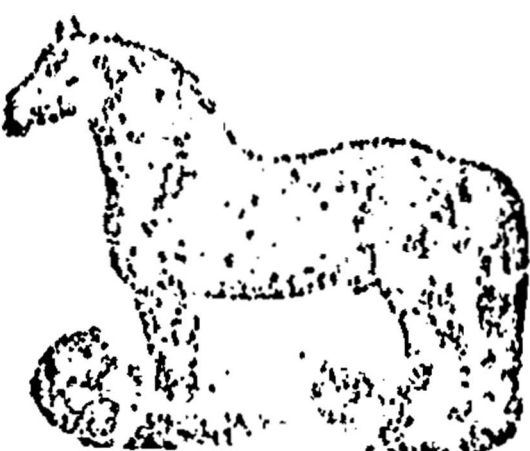
Fresh Bread, Rolls, Cakes, of all kinds, &c., constantly on hand.
Parties, Festivals, and Gatherings of all kinds, furnished on short notice at bottom prices.

DRUNKENNESS CAN BE CURED
without the knowledge of the patient. The greatest discovery of the nineteenth century. It is safe, sure and reliable. Ten thousand testimonials. Full particulars, in plain envelope, for two-cent stamp. SPARK CHEMICAL CO. 101 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Now is the time to subscribe for THE ITEM. Only \$1

FINE HORSES

—AT—
Private Sale.



FRIDAY, DEC. 3, 1897,
I will receive 2 car loads of VIRGINIA HORSES at my stables in Abbottstown, workers and drivers, among them some good saddlers. Will be sold or exchanged at reasonable prices. Call and see them.
F. K. HAFFER.

Women's and Children's Jackets and Capes!

This cool weather ought to make you think of a Jacket or Cape. We have many choice styles. Grace and beauty are combined in every garment this season, and at very moderate prices. We cordially invite you to examine them.

CARVER & LITTLE,
No. 8 Baltimore Street,
HANOVER PA

Western Maryland Railroad
—CONNECTING WITH—
P. & R. R. at Shippensburg and Gettysburg; Norfolk & Western R. R. at Hagerstown; B. & O. R. R. at Hagerstown and Cherry Run; P. & R. R. at Brucetown and Hanover, and P. & B. & N. C. and B. & P. Railroads at Union Station, Baltimore, Md.
BALTIMORE & HARRISBURG DIVISION.

Schedule in effect Oct. 3, 1897.

READ DOWNWARD		STATIONS.		READ UPWARD	
P. M.	A. M.			P. M.	A. M.
2 07	7 02	Le Williamsport Ar	12 15	8 00	
2 38	7 32	—Hagerstown—	11 45	7 31	
		Ar Edgmont Le			
1 25	6 00	Le Shipnesh Ar		8 55	
1 50	6 31	—Chambersburg—	12 36	8 28	
2 19	6 01	—Porters—	12 05	7 51	
2 36	7 30	Ar Edgmont Le	11 45	7 35	
2 41	7 36	Le Edgmont Ar	11 42	7 31	
2 56	7 50	Ar Highfield Le	11 28	7 19	
2 56	7 50	Le Highfield Ar	11 25	7 16	
3 21	8 16	—York—	10 50	6 48	
3 33	8 24	—Porters—	10 45	6 37	
3 38	8 28	McKnightstown	10 40	6 32	
3 42	8 32	—Seven Stars—	10 37	6 29	
3 53	8 43	—Gettysburg—	10 28	6 12	
4 16	9 06	—New Oxford—	10 03	5 55	
4 20	9 10	Berlin Junction	9 59	5 52	
4 35	9 23	—Porters—	9 32	5 37	
4 49	9 37	—Hanover—	9 22	5 27	
4 59	9 43	—Shippensburg—	9 23	5 20	
5 01	9 51	—Green Ridge—	9 13	5 13	
5 03	9 56	—Glenville—	9 13	5 08	
5 12	10 01	—Limeburg—	9 05	5 02	
5 20	10 11	—Alesia—	8 58	4 53	
5 31	10 21	—Green Mount—	8 47	4 41	
5 39	10 25	—Hampstead—	8 37	4 34	
5 42	10 31	—Aronia—	8 36	4 32	
5 51	10 41	—Woodensburg—	8 25	4 19	
6 05	10 45	Ar Emory Gro Le	8 22	4 15	
6 00	10 46	Le Emory Gro Ar	8 20	4 15	
6 07	11 29	Ar Baltimore Le	7 22	10 17	3 32
P. M.	A. M.			A. M.	P. M.

BERLIN BRANCH R. R.—DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.—Leave Hanover 5 15 p. m., Berlin Jc. 5 40 p. m., and arrive at Abbottstown 6 07 p. m., and East Berlin at 6 22 p. m.
Leave East Berlin at 8 00 a. m., Abbottstown at 8 15 a. m., and arrive at Berlin Junction at 8 30 a. m., and Hanover at 8 50 a. m.
HANOVER JUNCTION BRANCH.—Leave Porters 12 29 p. m. for Hanover Junction and intermediate stations. Leave Hanover Junction returning, at 1 25 p. m. daily, except Sunday.
EASTERN EXTENSION B. & H. DIVISION.—Leave Porters for York and 1 intermediate stations at 7 30 and 9 35 a. m., and 12 20 and 5 27 p. m. Leave York for Porters and intermediate stations at 9 00 and 11 55 a. m., and 4 10 and 6 15 p. m.
ON SUNDAYS ONLY.—Leave Hanover for Baltimore and intermediate stations at 6 50 a. m. Leave Baltimore for Hanover and intermediate stations at 9 30 a. m.
POTOMAC VALLEY RAIL ROAD.—Leave Hagerstown for Charlton, Clear Spring, Big Pool and Cherry Run at 8 05 a. m., and 1 25 and 8 05 p. m. Leave Cherry Run for Hagerstown and intermediate stations at 5 37 and 10 10 a. m., and 5 05 p. m.

J. M. HOOD, General Manager.
H. D. SCOTT, Supt. B. & H. Div.
B. H. GRISWOLD, Gen'l Passenger Agt.
JOSEPH LEIB, Div. Passenger Agt.

Emlet's Drug Store.

We have a nice line of Perfumery and Perfume Atomizers for the Toilet, and all kinds of Soaps. Our Pure Skin Soap is steadily gaining favor because it is good and not so high in price.

Whisk Brooms, Cloth, Nail, Hair, Flesh, Complexion and Tooth Brushes in Great variety.

Hot Water Bottles, Throat Vaporizers, Fountain Syringes and Rubber Tubing, all sizes.

A well selected stock of DRUGS. All the popular Patent Medicines, and all articles usually found in a first-class, drug store, at

EMLET'S DRUG STORE
HANOVER, PA.
Telephone call, 173.—

LIVINGSTON'S BARGAIN STORE.

SPECIAL BARGAIN!

Cattle and Poultry Powder 3 cts. lb.
Just received a nice lot of Cod Fish at a low price.

Yours With Respect,
F. G. LIVINGSTON.

Go to **Plymire's Store,** CENTRE SQ., NEW OXFORD, PA.

FOR
RAISINS, 5c. per lb.
PRUNES, 5c. per lb.
PEACHES, 3 lbs for 25c.
APRICOTS, 2 "
CANNED GOODS, &c.
OYSTERS AND ICE CREAM
always on hand.

M. G. Colestock, Butcher,

MILLER'S BUILDING,
CARLISLE STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA.

has constantly on hand in season the best of
Beef, Pork, Lamb, Veal, Bologna, Sausage, Puddings, Smoked Meats, &c., &c.

His prices are the lowest. Give him a call.

Furniture!

We wish to state to the citizens of New Oxford and the public in general that we have opened a Furniture Store

AT 113 BALTIMORE ST., HANOVER,

where you will find at all times a very large and complete line of all the various styles of PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS, TABLES

of all descriptions, CHAIRS, of every kind, LOUNGES, BUREAUS, WASHSTANDS, MATRESSES, BED

STEADS, SPRINGS, and every article of furniture you may want.

We deal in no inferior goods, but give to every customer the full worth of his money. We challenge competition with the world, both for quality of goods and lowness of prices.

M. A. BAUGHMAN,
113 Baltimore St., HANOVER, PA.

FRESH COWS WANTED!

I will pay the highest market price for FRESH COWS, Springers, Bolognas, Stock Bulls, Sheep, and Fat Stock of all kinds.—Drop a postal to me at Littlestown, Pa., or leave word with Frank L. Flehman, at the Eagle Hotel, New Oxford, as I will be there on Tuesday of each week. Will be glad to see stock at any time.
HOWARD J. SPALDING, Littlestown, Pa.

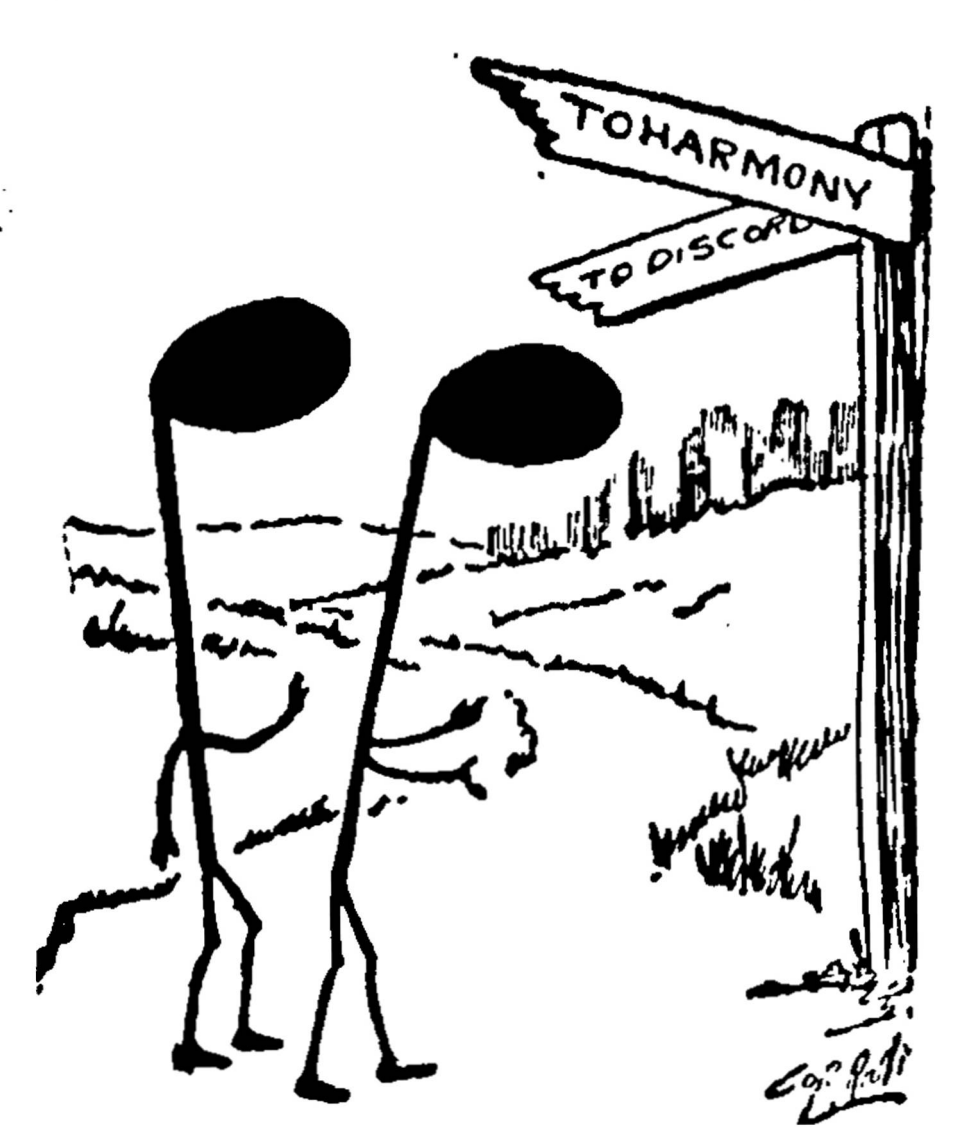
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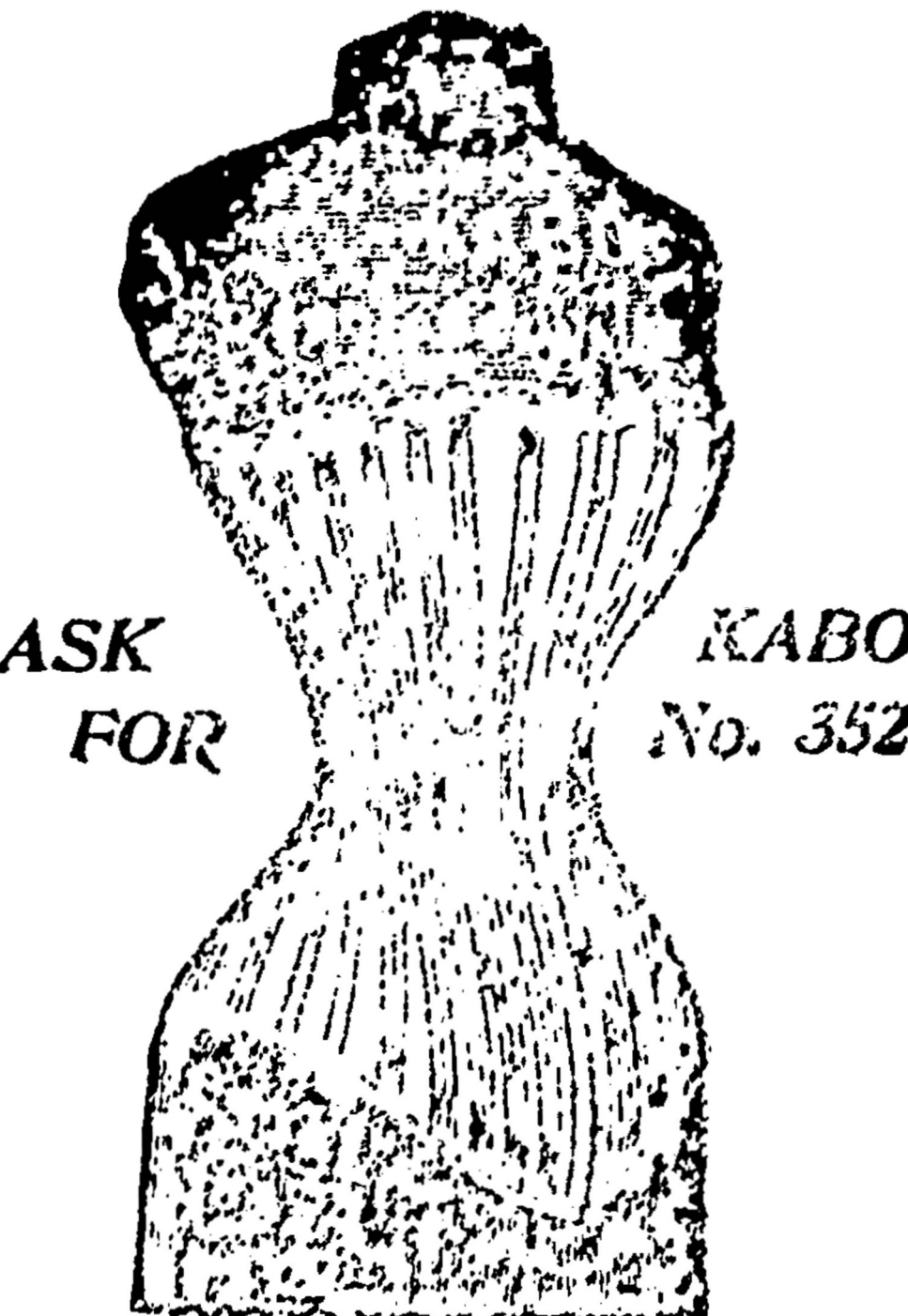


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are not found in our pianos and organs. Every chord can be struck with certainty that it will produce the desired sound—clear, beautiful and melodious. There are no false, no tuneless notes.

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We recommend them, as they fit like a glove.
Price \$1.00
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BALL'S PEERLESS.
All lengths; all colors.
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New Oxford Item.

H. I. SMITH, EDITOR.

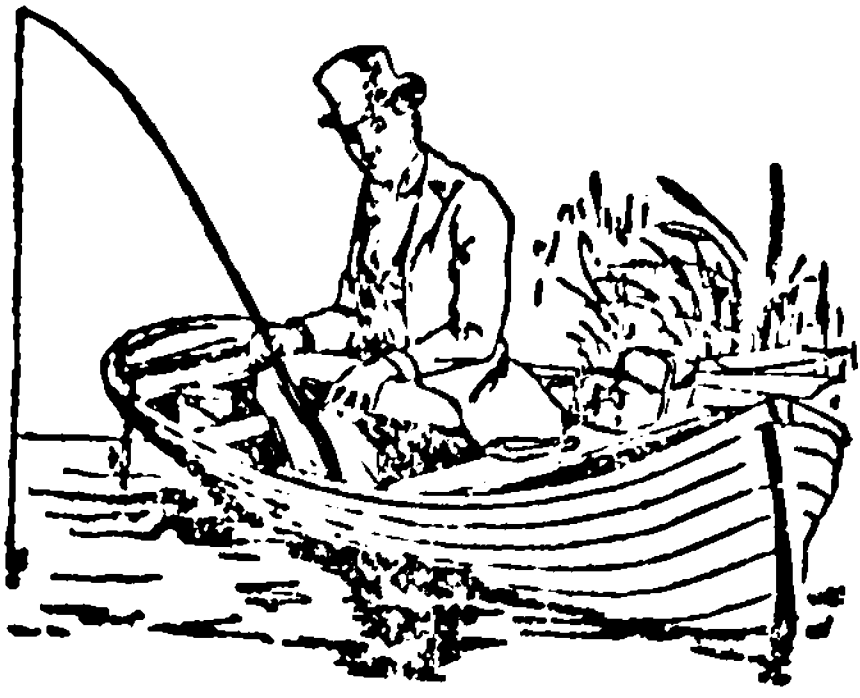
AN INDEPENDENT LOCAL JOURNAL.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

Volume XI.

New Oxford, Pa. Friday, Jan. 21, 1898.

Number 37



Fishing for Health.

When a man breaks down with that dread disease, consumption, and recognizes his condition, he starts out to fish for health. He tries this thing and that thing. He consults this doctor and that doctor. He indulges in all kinds of absurd athletic exercises. He tries first one climate and then another. He tries the rest cure and the work cure. He grows steadily worse. "That is the story of most consumptives. Finally, when the consumptive dies, the doctor shrugs his shoulders and pronounces consumption incurable. A thirty years' test of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has demonstrated that it cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease, before the lungs are too far wasted. In a consumptive there is a weaker spot than even the lungs. That spot is the stomach. A consumptive never really begins to die until his stomach gives out. The "Golden Medical Discovery" not only braces up the stomach, but acts directly on the lungs, healing them and driving out all impurities. Honest medicine dealers will not urge you to take an inferior substitute.

"I had a very bad cough, also night-sweats, and was almost in my grave with consumption," writes Mrs. Clara A. McIntyre, Box 171, Ashland, Middlesex Co., Mass. "A friend of mine who had died with consumption came to me in a dream and told me to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and, thank the Lord, I did so. By the time I had taken half of the first bottle I felt much better. I kept on until I had taken three bottles. That was all I needed. I got well and strong again."

Whenever constipation is one of the complicating causes of disease, the most perfect remedy is Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which are always effective, yet absolutely mild and harmless. There never was any remedy invented which can take their place. They never gripe.

A VALUABLE PROPERTY AT PRIVATE SALE.

The undersigned offers his desirable property in Mount Pleasant township, at Swift Run School House, on the Carlisle road, about 1 mile from the York & Gettysburg pike, and about 2 miles from New Oxford, at private sale. The property contains about 5 acres, improved with a good house and barn and necessary outbuildings. There is a thriving orchard on the property, and fruit of all kinds. Terms reasonable.

JOHN BROWN.

THE ITEM does neat Job Printing.

FINE HORSES

on hand at all times

FOR

Sale or Exchange

AT

C. J. SMITH'S
Sale and Exchange
Stables, HANOVER.



I would respectfully call the attention of the general public to the fact that I have at all times a choice selection of horses for sale or exchange. Every horse that I sell or exchange carries with him the guarantee that he must be as represented. When you are in need of a horse give me a call.

C. J. SMITH,
Chestnut St., opposite Brodbeck's warehouse,
HANOVER, PA.

Mrs. Wm. B. GITT. E. J. CONYAD.
GITT & CONRAD,
Central Hotel Block, Fountain Sq., Hanover.

Create, Larger and Better THAN EVER.

is the stock in this great Boot and Shoe Store.

The right goods at the right prices is bringing us greater success than ever this season.

Thanking you kindly for your past favors, and soliciting your patronage for this season, we remain,

Yours respectfully,

GITT & CONRAD,
Central Hotel Block, Fountain Square,
HANOVER, PA.

The S-C. PAINT

is the proper paint to put on your house.

It will cover as good as any, will cost you less and is guaranteed for three years.

Lois are using it.

Moul Bros.,
CENTRE SQUARE, HANOVER, PA.

When in HANOVER and in need of a HOTEL, drop in the

Hotel Abell.

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN. RESTAURANT ATTACHED.

T. L. ABELL, PROP'R.

A JUVENILE MONSTER.

A Counterpart of Jesse Pomeroy Appears in Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Jan. 19.—The body of 5-year-old Percy Lockyer, the little boy who was murdered last Friday night by 15-year-old Samuel Henderson, was on Sunday found in the bottom of "Red-dies" creek, Sixth and Catharine streets. Henderson is now locked up in a cell at police headquarters. The body of the child, when found, was veiled by two heavy stones, one about his neck and the other around his ankles. His skull was crushed in and there was a knife thrust just above the heart and similar wounds on his breast, side and forehead, while on one side of the face is a long cut, extending from below the eye to the chin.

From what the police have been able to learn the crime seems to have been one of the most horrible character, and if all its details are true it stamps young Henderson as a degenerate of the worst type. He does not seem to realize the enormity of his crime. On Saturday, after his arrest, he told this story of the killing:

"I found Percy Lockyer at play with several companions in front of the West End schoolhouse, and induced him to walk across the fields to the woods in search of 'piggies' to play hocky with. After coaxing him for some time he agreed to go, and we went together."

"I was standing at the foot of a hill on the side of which, half way up, Percy was at play. I was whittling a stick. The creek was just behind me. All of a sudden I got tired of whittling and stopped, holding my knife against my hip, blade outward. Just then I saw Percy running down the hill at full speed. I had been bending over, and just as I straightened up Percy struck me and ran squarely upon the knife. It pierced his heart. He fell over backward, and didn't speak again. His legs twitched once or twice. I was scared because I thought I had killed him, and picked the body up and carried it to the creek, where I tumbled it into the water and went home."

Yesterday, however, when shown the mutilated body of the child he admitted that he was responsible for those cuts as well, but he still persisted that it was an accident.

The police, however, say that it was a planned murder, in which the guilty one also purposed ending the life of another small boy, Willie Addison, aged 7 years. Henderson, it is claimed, has been reading trashy novels of the wild western stamp, and has shown a desire to emulate the "hero" of those tales. The police assert that Henderson accompanied Lockyer and Addison to the woods, as he told on Saturday, but instead of any accident happening to either Henderson tied both children to a tree. Addison broke away and ran home. It was then, it is said, that young Lockyer's death was accomplished. Young Henderson's father declares that his boy is insane.

The murder of young Lockyer recalls the crime, early in the '70's, of Jesse Pomeroy, now serving a life sentence in the Massachusetts state prison. Pomeroy, then 15 years old, lured a 4-year-old boy to the meadows back of South Boston, and there stabbed the little one to death with a jackknife. The child's body was covered with wounds, and his little hands were cruelly hacked, showing that he had held them before him in an effort to ward off the cruel stabs. Pomeroy, since his imprisonment, has made several clever attempts to escape.

YOUNG HENDERSON HELD.

The Brutal Murderer Maintains an Attitude of Indifference.

Philadelphia, Jan. 19.—Samuel Henderson, the 15-year-old boy charged with killing 5-year-old Percy Lockyer last Friday, was yesterday committed to prison to await the action of the grand jury. It was testified before Coroner Ashbridge that the cause of death was drowning, and after a number of witnesses had been heard the jury held the boy responsible for the child's death. The boy prisoner still maintained the unconcerned bearing that has characterized him since the arrest, paying not the slightest attention to his parents' grief. His father and mother were present at the inquest, and the former gave way to violent outbursts of grief. Willie Addison, the 7-year-old boy who was in the woods with young Henderson and little Percy on the night of the tragedy, stated that he saw Henderson stab Percy a number of times and then take him to the creek. He also said that Henderson had previously tied him to a tree, but that he had broken away and ran for home. From Dr. Morton's testimony it was evident that the child had been placed in the creek before he was dead.

Priest Murdered in His Church. Corfu, Greece, Jan. 18.—At the Catholic church last evening, during vespers, a young man attacked the priests. Father Ernest Laitoux was killed, another was mortally wounded, and two others were injured.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED.

Thursday, Dec. 13.

The remains of a prehistoric village and burial ground have been discovered near Massillon, O.

A dispatch from The Hague says 300 persons were killed by the recent earthquake in Amboyna.

Mrs. McCusker, charged with killing her husband, was acquitted by the jury at Camden, N. J., yesterday.

Chairman Dingley says that this congress will do nothing to reduce the internal revenue on distilled spirits.

The postoffice department will seek to secure bonds directly from clerks handling money, instead of through postmasters.

Friday, Jan. 15.

Red Cloud, the last of the great Sioux chiefs, is dying in a shack on the Ogallala reservation.

Schatter, the "healer," is said to have restored the sight of a blind girl at Zanesville, O.

The body of Theodore Durrant, murderer of Blanche Lamont, was cremated at Altadena, Cal.

The diamond back terrapin, for which Maryland has long been famous, is threatened with extinction.

The French government will prosecute M. Zola, the novelist, for charges of perjury against government officials.

Saturday, Jan. 16.

Forty-five persons were killed in a typhoon which struck Fort Smith, Ark., Tuesday night.

Five men are entombed in a tunnel of the upper smelting works at Anaconda, Mont. There is no hope of saving them.

The operators of the Pittsburgh coal district will appoint a commission to enforce the "true uniformity" agreement.

The senate committee on election, by a vote of 4 to 3, reported against the seating of Corbett, appointed senator from Oregon.

While Mrs. Mary Curtin, a young New York widow, was romping with her child she fell downstairs and was instantly killed.

Sunday, Jan. 17.

John K. Valentine, ex-United States district attorney of Philadelphia, died in that city yesterday.

Logan Carlisle, son of the ex-secretary and ex-chief clerk of the treasury department, died in New York, aged 37.

The mining towns of Dillonville and Long Run, O., have been looted by tramps, and the miners are on the war path.

Hon. Charles Villiers died in London, aged 96. He had served continuously in the British house of commons for 63 years.

Ex-Congressman Benjamin Butterworth, United States commissioner of patents, died yesterday at Thomasville, Ga., aged 60.

Tuesday, Jan. 18.

Ex-Congressman Benjamin S. Hooper died suddenly yesterday at Farmville, Va.

Circuit Court Judge W. S. Barton, of the Fredericksburg (Va.) circuit, is dead.

A New York policeman named Gardner has fallen heir to \$70,000, but is determined to stay on the force.

Half an ounce of steel dust was removed from near the ribs of a Chicago ironworker who had inhaled the particles.

By braving a temperature of 30 degrees below zero Georg. Graham secured a placer claim on French creek, Alaska, worth \$200,000.

A committee of Ohio's senate is at work investigating charges of alleged bribery against Senator Hanna's managers in the late senatorial contest.

Wednesday, Jan. 19.

Signor Nicolini, husband of Madame Adelini Patti-Nicolini, died yesterday at Pau, France.

Six sailing vessels raced from Honolulu to San Francisco, keeping closely together the entire distance.

The national senate yesterday confirmed H. D. Saylor, of Pennsylvania, to be consul at Matanzas, Cuba.

One man was killed and another fatally injured while fighting a fire in the Fairview tunnel at Williams, Arizona.

An ice gorge 25 feet high is stretched across the Hudson river five miles below Albany, and the city fears an inundation.

A man named Allen confessed at a revival meeting held in Preston, S. D., that he had killed a man 20 years of age. He has been arrested.

To Change Inauguration Day. Washington, Jan. 15.—A resolution introduced by Senator Hoar in the senate yesterday changes the time for the inauguration of presidents from March until April, to take effect in 1901. It passed it will extend Mr. McKinley's term for a little more than a month.

Robbed by Employees. New York, Jan. 19.—More than 30 unfaithful employees of the Adams Express company in this city, it is said, have recently succeeded in stealing between \$2,000 and \$5,000 in cash for goods delivered or said to be either lost, stolen or mislaid, all of which the company has been forced to pay. A number of the suspected drivers and helpers have already been arrested, and other arrests are contemplated.

THE WORK OF CONGRESS.

The Lodge Immigration Bill Passed by the Senate.

Wednesday of last week Mr. Davis concluded his speech in the senate, strongly urging Hawaiian annexation as of paramount importance in the event of a conflict between Oriental powers and with this country. The annexationists despair of securing the solid Republican vote. The house on Wednesday passed an urgent deficiency bill carrying \$1,741,843, including \$320,000 for the soldiers' home at Danville, Ills.

In the senate Thursday bills were introduced for the construction of four coast defense monitors, and an appropriation for a gunboat for the great lakes was favorably reported. The Hawaiian treaty was considered in executive session. In the house an unsuccessful effort was made to defeat the appropriation in the agricultural bill of \$130,000 for the free seed distribution. An amendment adopted provides for inspection of horse meat intended for export.

Last Friday's executive session of the senate was spent in discussing the nomination of Attorney General McKenna for supreme court justice. Messrs. Hoar of Massachusetts and White of California bitterly assailed the American Protective association for dragging religious questions into a discussion affecting a man's fitness for office. Mr. Allen, of Nebraska, opposed the nomination until charges made by the California bar, questioning Mr. McKenna's legal status, could be investigated. The case was postponed until Friday of this week, when a vote will be taken. The house passed the consular appropriation bill.

On Saturday the house devoted two hours to general debate on the army appropriation bill and the remainder of the day to eulogies of the late Representative Seth W. Milliken, of Maine. The senate was not in session.

The senate on Monday last passed the Lodge immigration bill by a vote of 45 to 28. This measure requires an educational qualification for immigrants, and has been vigorously opposed by organizations composed of citizens of foreign birth. Senator Wolcott, chairman of the monetary commission, reported on the commission's failure to secure an international agreement, saying their efforts were undermined by reports which went abroad from this country. He vigorously denounced the financial policy of Secretary Gage, and declared that that official did not represent the views of the president.

Last Monday was District of Columbia day in the house, but only three bills of local importance were passed. The remainder of the session was devoted to further consideration of the army appropriation bill.

HE PUNCHED THE SENATOR.

A Washington Hotel Clerk Who Was Over Zealous.

Washington, Jan. 19.—United States Senator William E. Mason, of Chicago, was the victim of an unpleasant affair in the office of the Hotel Johnson yesterday afternoon, when he was assaulted by the clerk after some words over securing a room for the wife of one of Senator Mason's Chicago friends, Mrs. Alonzo Wighal, of Chicago, whose husband is a well known lawyer and formerly editor of the Chicago Journal. Senator Mason and his son spent the early afternoon in escorting Mrs. Wighal through the public buildings, and afterward dined at the Johnson. Mrs. Wighal being tired, and some hours remaining before she could secure a train, Senator Mason engaged a room for her at the Johnson for the afternoon, paid for it and registered her as "Mrs. Lou Wighal, Chicago."

Returning to the cafe where the lady was waiting with his son Mr. Mason was followed by the clerk, who asserted that he had changed his mind about furnishing the room, and tendered Mr. Mason his money. The senator repaired with the clerk to the lobby, where hot words ensued, and the clerk struck him. Before many blows passed the combatants were separated by friends. The proprietor of the Hotel Johnson afterward said that his clerk had been over zealous, and that he greatly regretted the occurrence.

French Riots Continue.

Paris, Jan. 19.—There was much agitation in the Latin quarter last night, but the police barred the bridges, and all attempted demonstrations were suppressed. Meanwhile the effervescence increases in the provinces. Shops of Jews at Nantes have been stoned. M. Clemenceau's paper, *L'Aurere*, was publicly burned in front of the Military club at Bordeaux, where serious disorders took place. The police were roughly handled, and the guards finally charged the mob. Thirty-two arrests have been made. Telegrams from most of the large towns show that the anti-Jewish crusade is assuming large proportions. The government is seriously alarmed.

Food For Starving Cubans.

Havana, Jan. 18.—United States Vice Consul General Sprigge arrived yesterday by the *Virginia*, bringing for United States Consul General Lee 1,000 boxes of provisions, 200 half barrels of flour, a box of coffee and other supplies for distribution.

ITEMS OF STATE NEWS.

Wilkesbarre, Jan. 18.—Anthony Belinsky, a laborer, was instantly killed and Gottlieb Merritt, a miner, fatally injured by a premature blast in a Delaware and Hudson mine at Plymouth yesterday.

Lebanon, Pa., Jan. 19.—The prohibitionists of this city have nominated women for the office of school controller in five of the wards. This is the first time in the history of the city that women were placed in nomination for office.

Easton, Pa., Jan. 17.—Pardee Hall, which was nearly destroyed by fire a month ago was the scene of another fire last night, and was in that part of the burned west wing in which had been the books of the Ward Library. The flames were soon extinguished. It is believed that the fire was due to embers that were smoldering in the basement from the last fire. The loss is not large.

Harrisburg, Jan. 19.—A meeting of the capitol building commission was held last evening, at which it was decided to open the plans for inspection and advertise for bids next Thursday. All proposals must be accompanied with a check for \$15,000, and the successful contractor will be required to give a bond for \$150,000 to faithfully carry out the contract. Every day he fails to deliver the building after a specified time he will forfeit \$300. Proposals are to be opened Feb. 7.

Norristown, Pa., Jan. 17.—A man who gave his name as William Smith is in jail here, and he is believed to be wanted at Paterson, N. J., for the murder of Mary Sullivan, two years ago. Smith is 4 feet 2 inches in height, 35 years old, and weighs over 200 pounds. He was arrested on Dec. 30 on the charge of illegal car riding. Norman Ewing, of Neshaun, N. J., also committed as an illegal car rider, declared that he heard Smith acknowledge that he was wanted for the Paterson murder.

Lebanon, Pa., Jan. 19.—Peter J. Dahm, a private of Company H, Fourth regiment, this city, who was tried by court martial in this city on Dec. 20 last, was found guilty, and the tribunal yesterday returned a verdict dishonorably discharging him from the state service and imposing a fine of \$50 or 20 days in jail. Dahm forwarded the fine to Captain Hutchinson, of the Eighth regiment, who was president of the court. The charges against Dahm were desertion, and grew out of his refusal to accompany the company to the Hazleton coal regions during the late miners' strike.

Harrisburg, Jan. 15.—Colonel Edwin K. Meyers, former state printer and one of the best known men in central Pennsylvania, was found dead yesterday in the stable yard adjoining his home, three miles above this city. There was a large cut across his forehead and a bruise over his left eye. It is supposed that he was thrown from his carriage a short distance from the yard and was dragged to where he was found. Mr. Meyers was state printer for eight years, and was aged 39 years. He was the son of Hon. B. F. Meyers, who is proprietor of *The Star-Independent*, of this city, and leaves a widow and three children.

Harrisburg, Jan. 17.—Dr. M. E. McDonnell, special agent of the state department of agriculture, has submitted to Secretary Bage a report covering an analysis of 800 samples of milk selected in different cities. The worst milk was found in Pittsburg, while in Philadelphia and New York the supply was found to be remarkably good. Dr. McDonnell recommends that inspections be made of the milk supplies in all the cities of Pennsylvania. Pittsburg and Harrisburg, he says, are in especial need of dairy inspections. The milk of Scranton, Erie, York and Reading is much better than that of Pittsburg, Altoona, Allegheny and Harrisburg.

Philadelphia, Jan. 15.—Four men who are suspected of being professional thieves of New York were arrested by detectives here yesterday while following a well known jewelry salesman who was visiting his "trade" with a satchel containing thousands of dollars' worth of diamonds. They gave their names as Charles Hoyt, 34 years old, of New York; James Riley, 24, of St. Paul, and James Sullivan, of Reading, Pa. All were plentifully provided with money and carried loaded revolvers and a quantity of tools used by diamond and bank thieves. They resisted arrest, and were only subdued at the pistol point.

Philadelphia, Jan. 15.—The suit of Charles O. Kaiser, Jr., against the Covenant Mutual Life association of Illinois, and of Charles O. Kaiser, administrator of Emma P. Kaiser, deceased, against the Union Central Life Insurance company, of Cincinnati, were yesterday discontinued by counts for the plaintiff. The suit was brought to recover \$5,000 insurance jointly paid on the lives of Charles O. Kaiser, Jr. and Emma P. Kaiser, who was murdered near Norristown in October. The younger Kaiser is under sentence of death for the murder of his father, and James A. Cleaver and Lizzie Kaib are awaiting trial for complicity in the crime.

Russia bought \$90,000,000 of German goods in 1897, and only \$18,000,000 of French products. The alliance is a fine thing for oratory and osculation, but it does not pan out heavily in trade.

An expert says that getting shot does not hurt any more than having a tooth pulled. The dissemination of this knowledge will not lessen the rash to get out of the way when bullets are flying around.

Georgia people and papers are pluming themselves greatly upon the fact that the new capitol of Rhode Island is being built of Georgia marble, in preference to all the granite and marble of New England. It comes from Pickens county, and is represented to be remarkably white and strong.

Some time since an Englishman in Ceylon announced his conversion to Mohammedanism and immediately claimed the privilege of polygamy, taking unto him a second wife in the person of an English girl of excellent family, who also announced her conversion. The first wife sued for a divorce. The man protested that as a Moslem he had a right to two or even four wives. The matter has come up in the courts, and it has been decided that his status in Ceylon is that of an Englishman upon whom the obligation of monogamy is binding whatever his religious belief, whether he be Christian, Jew, Buddhist, Mormon or Mohammedan.

The plague continues to spread in India, in spite of all sanitary efforts for its extirpation. Its progress is slow in comparison with most epidemics, but it is the hardest of them all to uproot entirely. It is several years since the present malady started on its course from China, and the history of previous visitations justifies the conjecture that it may have a long road to travel. Russia's plague of 1878 hovered about the countries of Western Asia for a decade before it advanced northward. In 1867 it appeared at Bagdad; in 1870-'71 Kurdistan was invaded; and in 1873 Bagdad suffered anew. In 1877 it appeared at Reicht, an important city of Northern Persia, near the port of Enseli, from whence it was carried northward in Caspian ships and planted in the populous but malarious and unwholesome deltas of the Volga. Russia did not get rid of it for a number of years, and stray cases of it appeared in other European countries, to which it has been a periodical visitor since their history began. It may come again, but it is not now armed with its old terrors.

Disgraceful scenes have been witnessed more than once in American legislative chambers, recalls the New York Times. Our statesmen have occasionally resorted to the argument of fists vigorously swung, and in just a few instances the course of debate has been interrupted by the violent insertion into it of knives and revolvers. These lamentable facts are not to be denied, but the humiliation they have caused in sensitive minds is much mitigated by the thought that never, even amid the agonies of "reconstruction," did the most uncouth of our lawmakers display for more than a few minutes the reckless blackguardism by which for weeks past the members of the Austrian Reichsrath have shaken the foundations of the empire and classed themselves with savages. Democracy has its scandals, but monarchical institutions, apparently, do not develop in all who live under them unvarying reliance on courteous and legal methods as the only alternatives to out-and-out rebellion. However, we should remember that the government of the United States is an ancient one, compared with those of Austro-Hungary, Germany, Spain, Italy, France, and most of the minor Continental nations. In due time, no doubt, the residents of Europe will attain to our present high average of self-control. It would not be fair to expect as much from people to whom constitutional rule is still only an experiment as from those whose ancestors have been free for many a generation, and who have learned from long experience when to fight and when to make parliamentary motions.

MEMORIES.

Oh, for a stretch of country, dear,
A tree and a brook and a hill,
With you sitting close beside me, dear,
Singing sweet love songs still.
Just as you did in the days gone by,
The days of long ago,
When love's young dream made everything seem
A paradise here below.

Oh, for a stretch of country, dear,
With a meadow and winding lane,
Where, strolling together, I told you, dear,
Successes I hoped to attain.
Just as I did in the days gone by,
The days of long ago,
As beneath skies of blue, we pledged love anew,
Our future all aglow.

Oh, for a stretch of country, dear,
With its clover and fields of rye,
That I might retrace our footsteps, dear,
With many a sorrowing sigh,
And dream o'er again of the days gone by,
For, oh! I loved you so,
When down through the heather, we wandered together,
In days of long ago.
—James T. Sullivan, in Boston Globe.

DORA'S SACRIFICE.

She had whispered, "Yes, Jack, I love you!" in response to his question, his kisses were still warm on her lips, their hearts were beating in unison, though not so tumultuously as before; and now that the first rapture and thrill were over they were asking questions, and making their little confessions, and the manner of lovers on the threshold of an engagement.

"How many times have I been in love before? Now, Jack, do you think that is a fair question?" she asked, meeting his look with a roguish glance.

"Why, certainly it is, Dora," he replied, earnestly. "You say you love me, so it doesn't really make any difference about the others; they're done for now; but I think I ought to know. Still, if there are so many of them—"

"Please stop, Jack! I won't have you saying such dreadful things, and with that look on your face!" she interrupted, playfully placing her hand over his mouth, but quickly withdrawing it when he attempted to kiss it.

"How dare you!" she exclaimed, "after the way you've been talking!"

"Well, if you don't want me to say things why don't you answer my question?"

"Must I, Jack?"

"I am afraid you must, my dear."

"And you won't hate me after I tell, will you?"

"Well—"

"That depends, you are going to say. You needn't hesitate so long; I can read your thoughts."

"Can you? That's convenient for you, I'm sure. I wish I could read yours, then I'd know the answer to my question."

"Would you really like to know?"

"Why, yes, or I shouldn't have asked it."

"Well, Jack, if it will relieve your mind any to know it, you have no predecessors."

"Are you sure, Dora?"

"Yes, Jack. You are the first and only."

"Thanks, awfully, Dora! I'm glad to hear it; and now that question is settled we will—"

"Oh, no, my boy; you don't get off quite so easily as that! I want your confession now. About how many dozen times have you been in love, pray tell?"

Jack Vernon winced. He hadn't counted on this, exactly.

"Come, young man, you are now on the witness stand, sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!" she continued, banteringly.

"Must I?" said Jack, helplessly repeating her question of a few minutes before.

"I am afraid you must, my dear," mimicked she.

"But I am afraid you will hate me after I confess."

"Is the record, then so long?"

"No; it is a very short one. I have never loved but once—before."

"And she—she refused you?"

"No, I never asked her."

"Why not? You see, I want the whole story now."

"Because of pride. She was a wealthy heiress, I a penniless lawyer, with my fame and fortune yet to make. I loved her; I am not ashamed to say it; she was a woman that one could not help loving; she was all to me then that you are now, and—"

"And more. Go on and say it, Jack; I want the whole truth."

"No, I won't say that, but she was the first, and love was a new sensation to me then, and if I had been her equal in wealth and station I might—but, pshaw! What is use of telling you all this? It is all over now. Her love was not for me. I have put it aside—and, besides, I have you. But why are you looking so sober, Dora? Have I confessed too much? You wanted the whole truth, you know."

"Yes, and I am glad you were brave enough to tell it. How long ago was it that—that this happened?" she faltered.

"Three years."

"And her name?" she asked, in low tones.

"Need I tell that?"

"Yes, please," said Dora, faintly.

"Edith Burton."

Dora's face grew suddenly pale. "I thought, perhaps, she was the one," she said, in a voice that Jack scarcely recognized.

"Why, do you know her?" he exclaimed, in surprise.

"I used to room with her at boarding school," answered Dora. She had regained control of her voice now. "She is a good, noble woman, far better than I am, and I don't wonder that you love her."

"You mean loved," corrected Jack. "My love for her is in the past tense, not the present."

"True love can never die," quoted Dora, gravely. "Wasn't it the divine William who said that? But there, Jack, we have talked enough of love for one evening. Don't you think so?"

"But you haven't promised to marry me yet."

"You didn't ask me that question. You simply asked me if I loved you, and you got your answer, I believe."

"And I am to take the rest for granted, eh?"

"Well, no; nothing should be taken for granted in this world. I'll give you your answer, but not now. I think I'd better send it to you in writing."

"My! My! How formal we are getting all at once! But, after all, I think I prefer it that way; then I can carry your note next to my heart for a mascot until you are mine for good and all. Shan't I run over here for it tomorrow morning? I'm anxious to get it as soon as possible."

"No; I'll mail it to your office in New York."

"All right, Dora; and now, just one before I go!" He bent down and planted a kiss on her unresisting lips.

"Thanks, dear! Now, please forget that there ever was any other girl, and don't look quite so sober the next time I call. I'll be over again Wednesday evening, if nothing happens. Good-night, Dora!"

"Good-night, Jack!"

When Jack Vernon reached his office in Temple court next morning he found Dora Stevens' note awaiting him. Tearing it open he read:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., 9.30 p. m. March 15.

Dear Jack: The love I expressed for you an hour ago I find has turned to pity, and I am going to make you happy by sending to you the only woman you have a right to marry. After hearing your confession, and knowing what I do, I could never be happy with you. I know you think you are in love with me, but the tendrils of your heart are still entwined around that early love, and she needs you more than I do. I told you she was my schoolmate, years ago; I still regard her as one of my dearest friends, and, though we have never met since we graduated, we have always kept up correspondence. I enclose my latest letter from her, received two months ago. I did not know until tonight who the man was that she loved. I know now, and I wish you both all the joy that life in each other's society can bring you. Go to her, Jack, and make her happy—and my blessing and prayers will go with you. Not good night this time, but good-by! Ever your friend, DORA.

The inclosure ran as follows:

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 14.

My Dear Dora: No, I am not engaged yet, and never expect to be. I have had plenty of chances to confer my hand and fortune—especially the latter—upon aspiring applicants, but I have declined them all. I have never met a man I really cared for, except one, and I believe he cared for me at a time. Perhaps he does yet, but alas! he discovered that I was an heiress, and an heiress (he was a young lawyer, with plenty of brains and ambition, but no money) held him back. He loved me, my heart told me that; but fortune-hunters were fluttering around me, like moths around a candle, and I suppose he was afraid if he spoke he would be classed with the rest—just as though the alchemy of a woman's love could not detect the gold among the dross!

"Ah, well! he is gone, and there's no use mourning for the past. I cannot help sighing, though, to think that the very money which attracted so many society moths should drive away the only man I ever loved!"

There, Dora, you have my secret, and know why I shall evermore a maiden be—please don't tell. Wishing you a lover true, some time, dear Dora (not being burdened with wealth, you won't have so many unworthy ones as I) and hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, with oceans of love, yours sincerely, EDITH BURTON.

Late that afternoon Dora Stevens received the following brief message from Jack Vernon:

My Dear Dora: Many thanks for your kind note and the inclosure. There are at least two angels left on earth. You are one of them. May heaven ever guard and bless you! Yours gratefully, JACK.

P. S.—I start for Rochester at once, and will mail this on my way to the train.

And as Dora read these words, she smiled a little, wee ghost of a smile, and whispered:

"Better my heart than hers!"—Chicago Record.

An \$18 Nugget in the Corn.

Charles Wainwright, proprietor of a flour mill at Toms River, N. J., a few days ago received a carload of western corn. While he was grinding it he noticed that something was wrong with the heavy rollers. He stopped the machinery and found a nugget that looked just like gold. It had come through the hopper with the corn. He took the nugget to a local jeweler, who unhesitatingly pronounced it to be native gold. It weighed nineteen pennyweights and eighteen grains, and Mr. Wainwright was offered \$18 for it, but preferred to keep it as a curiosity. Where the gold came from is a mystery.—Philadelphia Record.

The law which at present governs the practice of medicine in France forbids the simultaneous practice of medicine and pharmacy even by a person who may be in possession of diplomas in both subjects.

A GREEN GREENLAND.

Striking Evidence of a Former Luxuriant Tropical Growth.

Two eminent scientists connected with the Smithsonian institution here at Washington, who accompanied the Peary expedition to the Polar regions, but who were bent on business of their own, have just returned from the wilds of West Greenland, bringing with them very valuable specimens for the National Museum. In a region of everlasting ice and snow Professor David White and Professor Schuchert have been exploring luxuriant tropical forests, beautiful specimens of which make up the chief part of their collection. Fossils of the tulip tree, the poplar, the magnolia, the willow, the eucalyptus, the palm, and the curious tropical dwarf called "cycad"—all these and many more are among the remains of an ancient age—when Greenland was in truth "a green land," that have now been discovered by these scientists and their party.

Greenland was once upon a time a tropical country. That is proved absolutely by the remains of an extensive tropical flora. Where now a sheet of solid ice over a mile thick covers mountain and valley, and mighty frozen rivers called glaciers make their way to the sea, and latch icebergs, there was in earlier days, a verdured wilderness of luxuriant vegetation. But all this disappeared from the face of the earth several millions of years ago, and only their fossil remains are found buried in the strata of the rocks.

The finding of the oldest hardwood plant in the world was perhaps the most interesting discovery of the expedition. It was a species of poplar, and the tree grew during the epoch already described—that is to say, in all probability, not less than 5,000,000 years ago. Apparently at that time the climate of Greenland was much like that of our Gulf states today. All the evidences seem to point to the conclusion that climates all over the world in that ancient period were pretty much the same. The same plants grew contemporaneously in Greenland and in California, in Spitzbergen and in Virginia. There was a uniformity of vegetation in all parts of the earth. Nobody can say just why this was, though several theories have been advanced to account for it. One theory is that the atmosphere in those days was heavily charged with watery vapor, so that warmth was readily distributed through it, and the sun's rays did not have a chance to strike the earth directly, making differences in climate by the degree of their slant. In the course of time the atmosphere thinned gradually, and then came climatic variations marking a series of zones around the earth.—Washington Pathfinder.

Quarantined Toys.

"Did you ever hear of quarantined toys?" asked the toy dealer of a customer. "Some mother probably originated the idea. It isn't a profitable arrangement for dealers, because one set of toys can be made to serve a neighborhood. When not in use they are quarantined."

"It's like this," continued the dealer, taking up an iron house, with a mechanical postman delivering the mail, "a child is taken ill in a neighborhood with scarlet fever and the house and family are at once isolated. The neighbors have great sympathy for the child's mother and they scheme together to send something that will help to amuse the little one when it is getting better. As you see, the toys are of iron, and are passed along with the request that each time they are used they shall be put into an oven and baked before they are returned. I have known one set of toys to go through an epidemic."

"Doesn't baking them destroy their usefulness?"

"It melts off a leg sometimes, but great care is taken in getting them for the purpose. We have to look out for them as a regular part of our trade. Queer? Yes, but there are lots of queer things in our line, this is only one of them."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Memorial Bell-Tower.

A remarkable college memorial is the bell-tower to contain a chime of eleven bells which is being built on the grounds of the Iowa Agricultural college at Ames. It is in memory of Margaret McDonald Stanton, wife of the professor of political economy in the college. The tower is being built by the state in appreciation of Mrs. Stanton's services as an educator and as a founder of the college. The bells are to be the gift of Professor Stanton. Woman's title to official appreciation seems to be frankly recognized in Iowa.—Harper's Weekly.

Watch Canned Goods.

When a can is bulged, says The Public Health Journal, the contents should not be used, as the condition of the tin shows that air has reached the inside and decomposition has set in, which has caused gases to be generated. The gases thus formed have forced the tin to bulge. Cases of poisoning through eating canned fruit and meats are so common that the above method of detecting poisonous canned foods should be specially valuable to housekeepers.

Professional Cards.

DR. E. H. MARKLEY,
DENTIST.
Hanover St. near Center Square,
NEW OXFORD, PA.

Graduate of University of Maryland. Teeth extracted without pain. Artificial teeth inserted by all the latest improved methods. Filling a specialty.

Dr. H. ROSS BLACK,
DENTIST—Office in rooms formerly occupied by the late Dr. Faber Bange—No. 5 Cambridge street, Hanover, Pa.

Dr. Wm. HOLLINGER,
DENTIST. Office and Residence, ABBOTSTOWN, PA.
Will be at Sunday's hotel, New Oxford, every Wednesday. All the latest appliances.

S. S. NEELY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office on York street, next door to Gettysburg National Bank.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Adams county, Pa. Will carefully and promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to him. Office opposite court house.

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, GETTYSBURG, PENN'A
Office on second floor of "Star and Sentinel" building. Will attend promptly to all legal business submitted to them.

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HOTEL COLUMBUS, McSherrytown,
J. H. McMaster, Proprietor.
Newly furnished throughout. First-class in every respect. Convenient to all business places. Large sample rooms, good stabling and an attentive hostler. Moderate charges.

EAGLE HOTEL, New Oxford.
FRANK FLESHMAN, :: PROPRIETOR.
House thoroughly refitted and refurnished. The bar stocked with the choicest wines, liquors and cigars, while the table will be supplied with the choicest delicacies the market affords. Ample stabling.

HOTEL YANTIS,
One Sq. from Depot, Littlestown, Pa.
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New House, New Furniture, Old Landlord, Up-to-date and first-class throughout.

MARSHALL HOUSE, YORK, PA.
Adjoining the Court House.
John S. Baughman, Proprietor.
The bar is stocked with Choice Wines, Beer and Liquors, and fine brands of Cigars. The table is supplied with the best the market affords. Free Bus to and from trains. Extensive stabling attached to the hotel.

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Half square from either depot. Livery connected with the hotel. Drive of 20 miles with four or more, over battlefield, \$1.35, including dinner.
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Accommodations first-class in every particular. Bar stock of the very best.
Livery Attached.
Teams given careful attention. Telephone No. 122.

GRAIN and PRODUCE.

The undersigned, having purchased the warehouse on PITT STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA., he will buy all kinds of GRAIN, such as Wheat, Rye, Oats and Corn, Clover and Timothy Seed, Hay and Straw, etc. Will also keep on hand a full stock of Flour, Feeds, Salt, etc.

LUMBER AND COAL.—The Lumber and Coal business will be continued as heretofore, with a full stock of all kinds of Lumber and Coal, which will be sold at bottom prices. Thankful for the liberal patronage given me in the past, I will endeavor to merit a continuance of the same.

A. SHEELY.
GO TO—
Geo. A. Klingel's
Barber - Shop,
For a Clean Shave and a Good Hair Cut. Razors Honed and Concealed at the Lowest Price.
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Z. B. CUSHMAN,
At the Brick Warehouse, HANOVER ST. NEW OXFORD, PA., will buy and sell all kinds of
Wheat, Hay, Straw, Rye, Corn, Oats, Potatoes, Bran, Middlings, Chop, &c., Also
The Best Brands of Flour,
Coarse and Fine Salt, etc.
Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to give him a call. Free delivery is any part of the borough.
Closes New Oxford every Thursday Afternoon for Baltimore; Returning leaves Hellen Station every Friday at 4 o'clock p. m. All orders left with him will receive prompt attention.

EACH MAN FOR HIMSELF.

THE OLD PROVERB IS LITERALLY FOLLOWED IN THE KLONDIKE.

A Returned Miner Declares That Men's Greed for Gold Leads Them to Become Suspicious of Each Other and Selfish to the Verge of Cruelty—A Brutal Case.

"Nobody who has spent the winter in the Klondike will ever want to try it again," said Thomas Harmer at the Denver (Col.) Mining Bureau. "That is, unless he has a certainty of making enough money to partially repay him for suffering hardships such as were never endured in any mining camp on earth before."

Mr. Harmer went into Alaska two years ago and says that he left there last August never to return. "I would not go back there and remain five years for \$250,000," he continued. "When I speak of suffering I do not mean actual bodily pain or sickness, because I think if a man goes there prepared as he should and abstains from excesses he can keep in reasonable good health, but to live during the winter season in those close cabins and see the horrible selfishness and cruelty of human beings towards each other, the result of the rush for gold, which many of them, even after they have secured it, do not hesitate to throw away, is enough to make one lose all faith in the fitness of men to live on the earth. When I was coming out I saw men refuse a nail or the use of an axe, or even the use of a tin cup to men who were in need of these trifles. Every man there seems to be afraid of his fellows—afraid that they will steal something or have better success in finding gold. I spent last winter from September to April with eight other men, we having gone together to save labor in keeping warm."

"Each of us had a claim or a part of a claim, and went out every day that the weather was not too cold to work our claims. In melting the frozen gravel we nearly always found one or more nuggets in the dirt, but during the entire eight months that we worked together I do not remember of a single occasion when one of us acknowledged that he had found any gold. Each of us had a buckskin bag, which was carried on the person, and the ingenuity of all was taxed to the utmost to devise some scheme whereby the bag could be concealed from the rest. There was no stealing in the camp. A man caught stealing would have had a rough time of it, but every man seemed to think that every other man wanted to steal from him, and I do not think that a single one of us knew where any other man carried his gold. I remember one night lying awake and seeing five men of our company at different times putting away nuggets found during the day, and in every case after putting them in the little buckskin bag they would thrust the bag under the blankets, and I could see from the fumbling that they were concealing it about their persons. We always had a man sitting up to keep the fires, and the men were afraid that he might see where they put their gold. There was no absolute cruelty, but the total indifference to the welfare of others that characterized everybody was simply horrible. I was in the cabin one day reading with two men, one of whom was sick, the rest being at work. The sick man had a terrible cold and fever and asked one of us to hand him a drink."

"The other man went over to the bucket in which we kept our melted snow, and with the remark, 'There is no more than I want myself,' drank it all. This, of course, was exceptionally brutal, but there were many instances almost as bad. Every man is for himself, and many of them are so constantly thinking of their gold that they become insane, or partially so. I came out with one man who was so excited over about \$10,000 worth of gold that by the time we got to San Francisco he was almost an idiot, and it was with difficulty that we could induce him to deposit his gold in a bank and go to a hotel. There is plenty of gold there, and I think more fields will be found, but all a man is likely to get will not pay him for the horrible experiences he is called upon to endure. I was not particularly lucky, though I brought out enough to pay me fairly well for my two years in Alaska, but if I was assured of \$50,000 a year I would not go back there."

Killed a Two-Headed Sparrow.

A very curious ornithological freak has been discovered in Columbus by Oliver P. Davies, a well-known ornithologist and the author of a book on the subject. Some time ago Mr. Davies' attention was attracted by the apparent possession of two heads by a little English sparrow. The bird seemed especially tame, and, after several futile attempts to catch it, a boy in Mr. Davies' employ finally managed to kill it. One of the heads was set on as usual in the bird line, while the other seems to have a windpipe running through the neck down to the lungs, but to have no other arrangements for eating or drinking. Mr. Davies has come to the conclusion that the bird whistled with one head and ate with the other. He has mounted it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Cowbells.

One of the comparatively few things that the hand of improvement has not touched is the cowbell, which is made now just as it was fifty, a hundred and more years ago, and has now just the same peculiar clanking sound as ever. Cowbells are made of copper, and some of a composition metal; but most of them are made of iron and finished with a coating of bronze. The cowbell is not cast; it is cut from a sheet of metal which is folded into shape and riveted. The metal loop at the top, through which the strap is passed, is riveted into the bell. Cowbells are made of ten sizes, whose sounds range through an octave. Sometimes musical entertainers who play upon bells of one sort and another come to the manufacturer, and by selection among bells of the various sizes find eight bells that are accurate in scale.

There are only four factories in the United States in which cowbells are made, and in each case the cowbell is only an item of production among many other things. Cowbells are sold all over the country just the same as ever, but much the greater number are sold in the South, the Southwest and the West, where farms are larger, less likely to be under fence, and cattle are more likely to stray. There are sold in those parts of the country a hundred dozen cowbells to every ten dozen sold in the East. American cowbells are exported to the various countries of South America and to Australia.—New York Sun.

"Drinking" Oysters.

One of the biggest oyster dealers at Fulton market, New York, said that three weeks ago in one week 1,000,000 oysters passed through his scow.

"The season this year," he said, "has been very good, and the oysters we are getting are superior to any we have had for years. Most of the oysters handled in this market are what we call 'sounds.' These are grown in Princes bay from seed taken from the East river and Staten Island sound. They take about three years to mature, and are the best for general all-around use. Many of these are used in the Western trade."

"We wholesalers distinguish the varieties of oysters by the shape and color of the shells. When oysters are brought to market here first we put them through an operation known as 'drinking.' They are taken down to Port Richmond, Staten Island, and shovelled off the sloops into floats at high water. They remain in these floats for six hours, and during that time absorb or 'drink' enough water to give them the correct taste. The water in the floats is much fresher than that from which they are taken in the first place. The water of New York bay is just salty enough to flavor oysters just right. After the oysters have gone through the floats it would be difficult for the most expert connoisseur to distinguish variety by the taste, and he could only tell the name of the oyster by seeing the shell."

Remarkable Cycling Accident.

A correspondent at Montreal writes: At the annual meeting of the Montreal Bicycle club a remarkable accident occurred in the first heat of the two-mile tandem race, when, during a spurt in the last lap at the far curve on the south side of the grounds, where the track curves up against the fence surrounding the grounds, the tandem ridden by L. S. Robertson and J. Drury became unmanageable.

The machine actually jumped the fence, which is over three feet high, and the pedals of the one ridden by Provencher and Eaves becoming entangled with it, their machine followed it. The four men and the two machines disappeared over the fence as if the earth had swallowed them up. Beyond a few bruises to the men and a broken chain on one of the machines no damage was done.

Provencher and Eaves were able to ride in the final heat, but Robertson had to go home in a cab. It was a remarkable accident, and it is a wonder that any of the riders escaped without broken bones.—London Lancet.

A Dream That Was Verified.

A young man, riding home to the farmstead from a harvest field near Dunoon, the other evening, was, upon the horse starting at the sudden report of firearms, dislodged from his seat, dragged a considerable distance along the roadway and so severely injured that he expired shortly after admission to Glasgow infirmary. The remarkable feature of the case is that in a letter found in the lad's pocket, received the day before the accident, his father told him of having dreamed that he saw him either killed or severely hurt by a horse and cautioned him to be very careful, at the same time asking him to write at once and let him know if anything had happened to him.—Westminster Gazette.

How It Worked.

"It works this way," said the agent. "When a burglar tries to open the window this bell begins ringing and wakes you up."

"Bell rings and wakes me up?" said Popper. "And it will wake the baby, too. I don't want it. Take it away. I guess you don't know that kid of mine."—The Yellow Book.

FORTUNE HID IN A COIN.

Check for a Million Dollars Hidden in a Five-Franc Silver Piece.

If you happen to have in your possession the particular French coin known as five-franc piece, you may, unwittingly, be a millionaire. Such, at least, is the belief shared by hundreds upon hundreds of credulous Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, many of whom spend most of their spare time destroying quantities of five-franc pieces in the hope of realizing a fortune.

Dr. Marco Leonardo Nardez, the well-known numismatist, and one of the recognized authorities on coin lore, speaking of this curious condition of affairs, said: "It is quite true that half of France still believes in the existence of great wealth hidden in five-franc pieces, although many numismatists hold that the fortune in question was long ago discovered and appropriated by one of the Rothschild family."

"The story of the strange five-franc fortune legend may be briefly told. A five-franc piece, to begin with, is a silver coin, and is worth about \$1. Napoleon I. was very anxious to make the coin a popular one, and with this end in view he caused it to be circulated everywhere throughout France that he had inserted in one of the silver pieces before it left the mint a bank note or order for 1,000,000 of these same five francs—i. e., for \$1,000,000. Whether he really did this or not I cannot say for certain, but the weight of evidence would seem to show that it was done. In the manuscript memoirs of the Duc de Felte, Napoleon's minister of war, it is expressly stated that the Emperor enclosed a note on the Bank of France, duly signed by the governors of that institution, in a split five-franc piece; that the halves were then welded together, partially reminted and thrown in a heap of similar coins, which the emperor mixed with his own hands. These coins Napoleon took with him in a bag when he went to Boulogne, and distributed lavishly en route, even dropping some of them out of his carriage windows. In this way it was impossible to keep track of the lucky coin."

"The news of this odd lottery spread far and wide, and the five-franc piece leaped into immediate favor. From that day to this mutilation of the coin has been common in France, Switzerland, Belgium and elsewhere. Every year the Bank of France is requested to make good scores of pieces split in a vain search for the five-million-franc bank note."

"There are many stories dealing with reputed finds of the fortune. Indeed, when a man becomes suddenly rich in France, it is common to hear people whisper: 'Tiens! * * * He must have found Napoleon's famous coin!' Some assert that the Emperor kept the coin himself, but this hardly agrees with Napoleon's character. Still it is a current theory that some of the money which enabled Napoleon III to reach the imperial throne was found in the lucky silver piece, which his mother, Queen Hortense, had wheedled out of her brother-in-law."

"The most likely explanation as to why the five-franc piece fails to turn up is that Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, a French member of the great Jewish banking house, secured it. This account states that Baron de Rothschild, having investigated the tradition and found sufficient proof of its truth, deliberately set to work to locate the \$1,000,000 note. He quietly bought in and collected every five-franc piece he could get, and his agents were notified to preserve and forward to Paris every five-franc piece which reached them in Europe, Asia, Africa or America. In his office the Baron kept three trusty men hard at work bisecting the coins. Some say that he had invented a plan for welding them together again, so as to defy detection; others maintain that he melted down the silver and sold it to the government. The work was colossal; but in the end the baron's system is said to have conquered. He found the note for 5,000,000 francs, having spent nearly a million to obtain it. The order was duly presented at the Bank of France, and, says the tradition, cashed by that institution."

"Plausible as the narration may seem, the great mass of Frenchmen refuse to credit it, and go on, year after year, splitting open their five-franc pieces to look for Napoleon's note. It is certainly a tantalizing thought that somewhere in the world a check for \$1,000,000 is knocking about, hidden in an ordinary silver coin worth barely \$1. By possessing and opening that coin the man worth just five francs may in a moment become a millionaire."—Washington Star.

Quarantine Against Elopement.

The six daughters of a man in Kansas eloped, one after another, at the ages of twenty-one, eighteen, seventeen, seventeen, fifteen and fourteen. The unhappy father has two left, aged nine and seven, and he has bought him two bear dogs and a repeating rifle, and keeps guard day and night around the premises to prevent their premature escape from the parental roof.—Atlanta Journal.

The colored people of the United States maintain seven colleges, seventeen academies and fifty high schools.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

An aeronaut has declared that a woman's voice carries three times as far as a man's.

Among the natives of Mexico there are, according to Lummholtz, about 150,000 survivors of the Aztec race.

Two New York men have invented an electric dental mallet for use in hardening tooth filling, the tool having a central bar, which slides back and forth as the current is made and broken.

Notwithstanding all the efforts of inventors, no one has been able to discover a substitute for leather. For shoes, belting, harness and a thousand other uses, "there's nothing like leather."

The combination of a lamp, bell and brake for cyclists' use has been patented, the bell being set in the back of the lamp in position to be struck by a clapper attached to the brake plunger.

Writers' cramp is prevented by a new device which consists of a frame which, with the pen or pencil, forms a tripod to slide over the paper, the body of the tripod being hollow to hold hot water.

Fruit can be displayed in a barrel without loss from stealing by a new display cover which is formed of a housing to cover the barrel, with a rotatable front made of glass, which can be pushed around to the rear to remove the goods from within.

For years the St. Gothard tunnel has been famous as the longest in the world, extending nearly nine and a half miles. The glory of this tunnel is about to depart, as the longest tunnel is about to be constructed in England. It is to be on the line of the London and Northeastern Railway company, which has decided to bore through the steep incline known as Shapfall, with which travelers to Scotland are more or less familiar.

In a little more than half a year the value of the exports of electrical apparatus from the United States has amounted to more than \$2,000,000, which represents an increase of about \$500,000 over the figures for the corresponding period of last year. This increase is likely to be small in comparison with the increase which will be seen before another year has elapsed, as the foreign demand for American electrical supplies is apparently growing stronger.

Barrels Made of Paper.

John Vandeveldt of Cleveland is the inventor of two articles which will have a tendency to decrease the price of several commodities. His inventions are paper barrels and paper bottles for beer or other beverages. For a long time the price of many liquid commodities sold in bulk has been gauged by the price of the barrels in which they are transported. The barrels are constructed for the greater part of paper cardboard, which is impervious to water. They are slightly shorter in height than the ordinary barrel, but will hold as much, as they are without the usual bulge of the wooden barrel. The paper in the walls of the barrel is three-fourths of an inch in thickness, of many plies, between which are thick coatings of a specially prepared glue.

About the middle of the barrel is a single hoop of steel, three inches wide and three-eighths of an inch thick. This, therefore, extends from the barrel to such a distance as to permit of the barrel being readily swung about on its centre. Pressed over the ends of the walls of the barrel are rims of pressed steel three-fourths of an inch thick and extending downward three inches. It is on an indented surface in the inner portion of this rim that the head of the barrel rests. The heads are also made of paper, slightly thicker than that in the walls of the barrel. They are held in place by three bolts passing through the barrel from end to end. Nuts on each end hold them in place and permit of the heads being easily removed or placed in short order.—Toledo Commercial.

Badly Frightened by an Echo.

Engineer Frank Haring, who brought the Big Four train from North Vernon to Louisville, had the most frightful experience of his life. It was his first run on the road, and he was not informed as to the mysteries of "Echo Cut," a spot feared by trainmen, located near McNab's Station, Ind. As the train entered Echo Cut Haring blew his whistle several times, and in a second the sound of prolonged whistling, evidently from a train ahead of him in the cut, came back. He quickly reversed his engine, and with his whistle throttle wide open, brought the train to a standstill. He was completely prostrated by the strain he had undergone. Having brought his train on to the city, he was somewhat crestfallen when told that the supposed warning whistle was simply an echo.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Trip Postponed.

"Silas, we can't take your umbrella to Europe with us," said old Mrs. Stiggins. "The advertisement says that no cotton will be carried on the passenger-steamers."

"Then we'll stay home," said Silas. "I ain't a-goin' across anything so wet as the Atlantic ocean without my umbrella."—Harper's Bazar.

A WINTER NIGHT.

File on the logs! the bright flames start
And up the roaring chimney race
If we grate for should we be, swayed
For, just this little fireplace!

I said today that I was poor,
And poor in some things I may be,
But here's a shelter—who needs more?
And your bright eyes to shine for me.

Draw near, and sum our blessings sweet,
While we are housed and clothed and fed,
The bleak winds bound from street to street
Souls that share not life's daily bread.

While we, safe-harbored from the storm,
Have all our happy hearts desire,
There's many a weak and wounded one
Bends o'er a hearth without a fire.

Thank God for Home! and if a knave
Sound at the door this icy night,
O let us hasten to unlock
And bring a brother to the light!

It was for this God's gifts were lent—
To light the way for those that roam,
It was for this the Christ was sent
To shelter those that had no home.

HUMOROUS.

"Miss Highstepper is not a very courteous young woman." "No, aren't her society manners exquisite?"

He—After studying your morals and tenses for months, I have concluded that you love me. Am I right? She—No, sir; you are left.

Mrs. Slimdiet (to new boarder): That is pound cake, Mr. Starvel. New Boarder (carefully lifting a piece): What did you pound it with?

"Shall we shake your chaperon?" he whispered. The beautiful girl shivered in terror. "No! no! no!" she exclaimed. "Let her sleep."

Mrs. Earlywed—I didn't accept Algy the first time he proposed. Friend: I know you didn't. Mrs. Earlywed: How do you know? Friend: You weren't there.

Mother—That makes the fourth time I've had to tell you that! What makes you forget everything I say? Boy—Perhaps, it's because you tell me things that I don't take any interest in.

"There are a great many claims on your time, aren't there?" said the genially inquisitive friend. "Yes," replied the weary-eyed man. "I bought that clock on the instalment plan."

Dudway—Smudgekins told me that he gets forty dollars a week as a sales man in a drygoods store. Duebill: Is that so? I wonder what he does with the difference between what he gets and what he says he gets?

"You don't seem to be annoyed by those two elderly ladies quarreling?" "No; they are my husband's first wife's mother and second wife's mother. They are always in a wrangle about which one he loved best."

Father—In asking for the hand of my daughter, young man, I trust that you fully realize the exact value of the prize you seek? Prospective Son-in-Law—Well—er—I had not figured it quite so close as that, but I guessed it at about a half million.

Clerk—I wouldn't like to cut this piece of lace just for one yard, madam; and, besides, that isn't enough to trim anything. Shopper—Oh, I didn't want it for trimming; but it's so nice have a piece of lace around the house as an heirloom, you know.

"Well, boys, you've got me all right; and now that's one favor I want to ask of you. Don't take me back to my home county to be tried."

"What's the reason, old man?" "Well, you see, they've gone and elected my old woman prosecuting attorney."

"Hurry, and clean up before dinner, Henry!" urged Mrs. Wheeler. Now, twenty years ago a husband so addressed would have washed his face and brushed his hair, but Henry Wheeler didn't. He rushed out into the twilight and cleaned his wheel.

Enamored Youth—I beg you, sir, for the hand of your daughter. I can not live without her. Old Grumps: Glad to hear it. I can't live with her. Name the day, young man, and have it soon. Enamored Youth (backing off)—Um—er—please give me time to reflect.

Editor—Mr. Paraglyph, I wish you wouldn't write so many jokes about men who can't pay their bills; they are funny enough in a way; but so many of them are a little monotonous.

Can't you get your mind on some other subject? Mr. Paraglyph (thoughtfully)—Perhaps I could—if I had a little larger salary.

"It is the evident purpose of the enemy," the chief of staff was saying, "to keep us shut up in our intrenchments." The eye of the king of the honey glittered. "Bring up the Twenty-third Hatpins," exclaimed majesty with emotion. "Anybody that keeps us shut up is a beaut. Shut up? Why, the idea."

In the Fullness of Time.

"Mabel, how long has young Spoonamore been coming to see you?" "Four years, papa." "You can tell him I think that's long enough."

"He knows it is. He's coming to see you next time."—Chicago Tribune.

Schools of mines have been established at Coromandel and Waihi, New Zealand, and schools are proposed for five other places.

THE ITEM

NEW OXFORD, PA.

FRIDAY EVENING, JAN. 21, 1898.

A Pension Bureau Order.

Pension Commissioner Evans has issued the following order;

"Hereafter claims for increase of pensions will not be considered within twelve months from the last action—allowance or rejection."

"The necessity for the new order grows largely out of the calls made upon the office for a statement of the status of pending cases by members of Congress. The calls have to be answered to the exclusion of the other claims pending, which have to be taken up in their order. It is not only fair to those cases which have not had any consideration that they should be taken up as promptly as possible.

The office does not think that any injustice or hardship will result to claimants by refusing to reconsider their case after it has once been acted on, for a period of twelve months. If a pension is allowed, a new disability of such a character as to bring about serious results is not likely to develop in that period; while if the claim is rejected because of lack of disability, the claimant in all probability will not become so disabled within the twelve months as to make a postponement of a case a hardship. The order is absolutely necessary for the prompt prosecution of the work of the bureau and its enforcement will aid materially in bringing this about."

A Queer Fight.

The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy has been compelled to take a hand in a queer fight between some of its passengers and the merchants in the towns along its line. It has become the practice of a number of traveling grocers to sell to the people at wholesale rates. The peddlers pass through the towns, take orders and set a certain date on which the buyers must go to the depot and get their orders from a car standing on a side track or from a stock piled on a platform. As was to be expected, the local grocersmen set up a vigorous howl all along the line, and the railroad officials have notified their agents that they must not allow such peddlers to make such use of platforms buildings or sidetracks. The sellers, having no rent to pay, can afford to undersell the town merchants and trouble began brewing and assumed such proportions that the company was forced to act.

The Law is Inoperative.

While the first section of the new road law, approved June 23 '97, provides for the election of three supervisors in each township of the State, one to serve one year, one two and one three the 21st section of the said law provides that the provisions of the act shall not go into effect until the sum of \$1,000,000 is appropriated by act of assembly, or shall have been received into the State treasury from taxes for road purposes. No such appropriation having been made by the legislature and no such taxes having been paid into the State treasury the law is therefore inoperative at the present time, and supervisors this spring must be elected under the old law.

A German critic has been adding up the grand total of the Continental armies, and after noting that we can only form a vague idea of what is meant by tens of millions, he tries to bring home to his readers in another way the colossal growth of modern armaments. If, he says, we could have all the armies of the Continent on a war footing drawn up in one long procession, with their guns and ammunition and baggage wagons, the column would be rather more than 24,000 miles long, and marching day and night it would take nearly a year to pass a given point.

John Kelly, an aged beggar who was committed to the workhouse at New York, is a living example of the adaptability of the human frame to unnatural conditions of life. Kelly who is 65 years old, has become so accustomed to sleeping while standing on his feet that he can no longer rest in a recumbent position. Leaning against a wall, a fence or a lamppost he passes the night in comfort. He was arrested while making his bed against a fence.

Wesley Ketterer, a prominent resident of Stouchburg, aged 38 years, died of malignant diphtheria. He was a taxidermist, and last Friday mounted a raccoon. Next day he became ill. The three attending physicians examined the animal and found that it had died from the same cause.

She "Licked" the Tramp.

Mr. and Mrs. Abram Foreman live on the farm of Robert Johnson, about two miles south of Greencastle. A few days ago while Mr. Foreman was away, a tramp called at the house and asked for something to eat. Mrs. Foreman provided him with a meal and after he had eaten he asked her for something to drink. She refused him. The tramp told her he was determined to get the husband's bottle. Mrs. Foreman went into an adjoining room and the tramp began his search. Mrs. Foreman soon returned with a piece of brass. She pummelled the tramp unmercifully. After she had subdued him and left him bleeding in the kitchen, she procured a revolver and returned. The tramp begged for mercy and the woman ordered him to move. Bleeding from a dozen bruises he made his way to the pike and lost no time in getting out of the angry woman's reach.

Stricken at a 13 Club.

At Bridgeport, Conn., Thaddeus Beecher succeeded in getting 13 clubs and the organization met for the first dinner January 13th, at 13 minutes past 8 o'clock at Smith's cafe, 13 State Street. The table was decorated with 13 kinds of flowers. Before each plate were candlesticks with 13 candles. The punch was made of 13 different kinds of liquor. In the centre was a large coffin made of ices. This was eaten during the meal. The first candle to burn out was the sign from fate that the member sitting before it would be the first to die.

The first candle to burn out was in front of Edward Howe. Before the dinner was finished at midnight he began to turn black in the face and left the table and was taken to his home on North Avenue. He was taken violently ill and died at six o'clock Friday morning. This terrible warning has terrified the 12 surviving members.

A Farmer Found Dead.

Adam Frazer, living about three miles from Green Ridge, York Co., was found dead in his wagon on the roadside. It is supposed that he was on his way home from the mill where he had taken grain to be ground. His team was found standing on the road and a party who passed by looked into the wagon and found Frazer dead and his face all blue. The deceased was aged about 65 years and leaves three daughters to mourn his loss.—Daily.

Dr. W. W. F. Teeter, of Chambersburg, State Game Commissioner for Franklin county, has succeeded in obtaining the first conviction in the State under the new law for killing deer out of season. The offenders were John and Jesse Forrester, of Metal, Franklin county, who killed a deer on December 22. Justice Haulman fined them each \$100. Dr. Teeter refused to accept one-half of the fine, which the law gives the informer, as his idea was simply to protect game. The men claimed that the deer had first been wounded by other hunters.

About 1,100 post offices have last week been assigned to the money order class, thus extending this business accommodation to a large number of people and new territory. There are now about 35,000 postoffices at which may now be obtained and cashed. It is a great public convenience.

The latest proclamation from President Maso, in Cuba, contains this passage: "We hold ourselves an independent nation, unrecognized though we may be by the civilized world. Autonomy is not for one moment considered by us." Spain is bound to admit that the insurgents have always expressed themselves on this point with entire candor.

The beautiful grounds of the Newton Hamilton Camp Meeting Association, at Newton Hamilton, Mifflin County, have been laid waste, fire having destroyed the greater portion of the property Tuesday. Tramps, who had secretly made a rendezvous of the place, are supposed to have set it on fire. This was the leading place of religious assembly for the Methodists of Central Pennsylvania.

The largest mule in the world is at the Chicago stock yards for a short time. The animal is bound for London, where it is to become the star attraction in a menagerie, and it will doubtless be placarded as "An average American mule." The mule is 19 hands 2 1/4 inches high; and weighs 1,830 pounds. It is nine years old. The animal was bred in south western Missouri.

For many years science has studied liquors. Result, the whole world uses whiskey. It has proven the best stimulant and does not injure nerves and tissues like coco wines and other drugged compounds. And HARRIS Whiskey is the ideal whiskey. Sold by F. L. Fleschman, New Oxford, Pa.

Hodnett's Gem Soothing Syrup is the best thing for the baby! It is sold under a positive guarantee, at Wehler's drug store.

King Humbert of Italy carries life insurance to the amount of \$7,500,000.

Dr. Miner Raymond, who died lately in Chicago, was said to be the oldest theological student in this country. He began life as a shoemaker and ended as the head of the Garret Biblical institute of the Northwestern university.

WANTED.—Ladies and gentlemen suffering from throat and lung difficulties to call at E. C. Livingston's and get a free sample bottle of Otto's Cure. Large bottles 25 and 50 cents.

A Boston girl wants \$50,000 because a New Yorker refuses to marry her after promising to do so. The defendant's sole excuse is that his prospective mother-in-law always insisted on kissing him goodby whenever he called.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

William Shirely has returned to Sharon from the Klondike after a six months' absence, a wealthy man. When he left he was poor, but he has placed in trust for his aged mother, Mrs. Maria Potts, and his sister, \$75,000. He will return to the gold fields March 1.

ONE OF TWO WAYS.

The bladder was created for one purpose, namely, a receptacle for the urine, and as such it is not liable to any form of disease except by one of two ways. The first way is from imperfect action of the kidneys. The second way is from careless local treatment of other diseases.

CHIEF CAUSE

Unhealthy urine from unhealthy kidneys is the chief cause of bladder troubles. So the womb, like the bladder, was created for one purpose, and if not doctored too much is not liable to weakness or disease, except in rare cases. It is situated back of and very close to the bladder, therefore any pain, disease or inconvenience manifested in the kidneys, back, bladder or urinary passage is often, by mistake, attributed to female weakness or womb trouble of some sort. The error is easily made and may be as easily avoided. To find out correctly, set your urine aside for twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates kidney or bladder trouble. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, the great kidney and bladder remedy is soon realized. If you need a medicine you should have the best. At druggists fifty cents and one dollar. You may have a sample bottle and pamphlet, both sent free by mail. Mention THE ITEM and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

FOR RENT.

The large and commodious building, with grounds and stable, occupying the SOUTH WEST CORNER of the PUBLIC SQUARE in NEW OXFORD, PA. The location is unsurpassed for business purposes, as well as residence. The property will be rented as a whole, or in parts. For further information address, CHARLES F. HIMES, Carlisle, Pa.

An Amendment to Ordinance No. 54,

RELATING TO THE BETTER PRESERVATION OF THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

Be it enacted and ordained by the Burgess and Town Council of the Borough of Moshersstown, and it is hereby enacted and ordained by authority of the same, That for the better preservation of the public health, and to prevent the spread of communicable diseases, all persons are forbidden to go into, or out of any premises in said Borough where any contagious or infectious disease exists, or to carry into or out of said premises, any material whereby any contagious disease may be conveyed, except by permission of the Board of Health under a penalty of not less than five (\$5) dollars, or more than twenty-five dollars, for any violation of this ordinance, said penalty or fine to be recovered before the Burgess or any Justice of the Peace, of the Borough, as all such fines are now by law recoverable.

JNO. A. ELINE, President.
Approved the 8th day December, 1897.
Attest: JOS. BURKE, Sec'y
JOS. M. LAWRENCE, Burgess.

JO. J. WEIKERT

PATENT MEDICINES AND JEWELRY!

REPAIRING of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry will receive special attention. CALL TO SEE ME IN THE—LIVINGSTON'S BUILDING, CENTRE SQUARE, NEW OXFORD, PENNA.

AN ENTIRE STOCK OF—New FURNITURE!

The undersigned, having completely closed out his stock of furniture last fall, wishes to inform the citizens of New Chester and the public in general that he has again started in the furniture business, and has just received an entirely new, full and complete line of

Homemade and City Furniture. The stock is strictly up-to-date in every particular, and embraces the latest things and designs in PARLOR and BEDROOM SUITS, TABLES, EXTENSION TABLES, CHAIRS, MATTRESSES, &c.,

and everything kept in a first-class furniture establishment. All goods will be sold at the lowest possible price. Call to see us whether you want to buy or not. No trouble to show goods.

UNDERTAKING
In all its branches continued as heretofore. Calls attended promptly day or night. Charges reasonable.

GEORGE F. WITTEB, Pa.
New Chester, Pa.

The wise person subscribes for The Item

PILES PERMANENTLY CURED

IN FROM 3 TO 5 DAYS' TIME by the use of Lo-Mo. One bottle guaranteed to cure any case of Piles, regardless of how long standing, what you have tried, or what your physician may claim. Money refunded if permanent cure is not obtained in the most severe cases in less than 5 days. After all others fail get Lo-Mo and be cured. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all first class druggists, or sent prepaid to any address, on receipt of price. Address Harry Logue, Williamsport, Pa.

Adminis r aor's Notice.

SARAH J. EMMERT'S ESTATE.—Letters of Administration on the estate of SARAH J. EMMERT, late of the Borough of New Oxford, Adams county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, he hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them properly authenticated for settlement to the undersigned residing at York Springs, Adams county, Pa. GEORGE W. EMMERT, 17dec97. Administrator.

Go to the NEW OXFORD Monumental Works FOR YOUR CEMETERY WORK.

I sell my work according to the times; guarantee good work and lower than anywhere else for good work. I deliver my work free of charge anywhere in the county. Come see me. I have some of the latest designs to pick from.

E. C. LOUGH, Proprietor

REMNANTS!

Cambric, in all colors, 2c. per yard.
Ginghams, 3c. per yard.
The best calicos, 4c. per yard.
Double-width Dress Goods, 5c. yard.
All colors of cambric by the pound at 6c. per pound.
50c. and 75c. Ladies' shirt waists will be closed out at 25 cents each.

EMMERT & BRO.

G. W. WEAVER & SON, GETTYSBURG, PA.

1898! 1898!

DONE WITH THE OLD!

ON WITH THE NEW!

We open the New Year with:

2000 yds. Bleached Muslin, 6 1/4c., value 8c.
2000 yds. of Muslin, 5c., value 7c.
1000 yds. Standard Prints, 4c. and 5c.

Also Special Sale:

Cambric Embroideries.
Muslin Underwear.
Winter Stock Reduction.

THE LEADERS,

G. W. WEAVER & SON,
GETTYSBURG, PA

Big Cut in Prices

on Ladies' Coats and Capes—must be sold. Gingham Remnants 3c. per yard.
Do you know that Muffs are quite stylish? We have them at very low figures.

SHEELY & BRO.

THE ITEM

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
BY H. I. SMITH.

TERMS—\$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE—
\$1.50 if not paid within the year. No sub-
scription discontinued unless at the option
of the publisher, until all arrears are
paid. A failure to order a discontinu-
ance at the expiration of the time paid
for will be considered a new engagement.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at usual rates
—liberal reduction to those who adver-
tise by the year.

JOB PRINTING of every description—from
the smallest label or card to the largest
handbill or poster.

FRIDAY EVENING, JAN. 21, 1898.

Public Sales.

If you intend making public sale of
your stock and farming implements next
spring now is the time to select your day
and have a notice inserted in THE ITEM.
The notice costs you nothing in case you
get the bills printed at this office. Call
to see samples and learn prices.

MARCH.

4th.—Friday, Solomon Brown, Oxford twp.,
stock and farm implements.
12th.—Saturday, John S. Weaver, Oxford
twp., farm stock and implements.
15th.—Tuesday, Mrs. Mary A. Smith, Oxford
township, farm stock and implements, house-
hold goods, etc.
18th.—Friday, J. U. Ruff, New Oxford, stock
and implements.
22nd.—Tuesday, Hanson Hersh, Oxford twp.,
farm stock and implements.
26th.—Saturday, Wm. Winand, Oxford twp.,
stock and implements.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Don't forget the excursion to Balti-
more on next Thursday, Jan. 27.

Peter Shends, a passenger conductor
of the Western Maryland Railroad, is ill
at his home in Gettysburg.

The diphtheria cases of McSherrystown
have been declared cured, thus free-
ing that town from this disease.

A mule belonging to Andrew Wherley,
of Two Taverns, was so badly kicked by
another animal that it had to be killed.

Hodnett's Yellow Pine Cough Syrup
cures when all others fail, or dealers re-
fund the money. For sale at Wehler's
drug store.

Constable Chas. Wilson, has been ap-
pointed truant officer by the Directors
of the School Board for the Borough of
Gettysburg.

The real estate of John Miller, deceas-
ed, in Hamilton township, was sold to
Henry Haar, last Thursday, for the sum
of \$1,210.25.

Sunday morning, David Herr, of Mid-
way, found one of his best cows dead in
the stable; the animal had died Saturday
night of colic.

Joseph and William Jenkins, of Edge
Grove, left on Tuesday morning for Lan-
caster's wharf, where they will spend ten
days in duck shooting.

Amos Newman has purchased the
Washington House in Gettysburg from
Wm. T. Ziegler for \$10,250. Mr. New-
man intends to make extensive improve-
ments.

On last Thursday afternoon while play-
ing, George Weikert, the eleven-year-old
son of Daniel Weikert, of Cumberland
township, fell and broke his right arm
near the wrist.

Rev. E. J. Metzler, of Altoona, former-
ly of Littlestown, has been chosen finan-
cial agent of the synodical committee
on theological seminary debt of the Lu-
theran church.

Mr. Chas. M. McCurdy, of Gettysburg,
went to Bellefonte on last Wednesday to
assume the duties of Cashier of the First
National Bank of that place, to which po-
sition he was recently elected.

On Thursday, Jan. 6th, a little son, aged
4 years, of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mortz,
of Biglerville, died, and on Thursday,
Jan. 13th, the mother died, death in both
cases resulting from diphtheria.

Last Wednesday, while John Taylor,
of Wrensville, was splitting a frozen
piece of wood, the axe glanced, striking
him in the face, cutting his upper lip
through, and a gash on his nose.

Capt. A. W. Eichelberger has been
elected Hiresident of the Baltimore and
Cumberland Valley railroad; D. J. Foley,
of Baltimore, Treasurer, and Thad. M.
Mahon, Chambersburg, Secretary.

One morning recently, when Chas.
Kindig, of Sell's Station, went to the
barn to feed his stock, he found that his
driving horse had one of his hind legs
broken. He had to kill the animal.

Some of the people caught in the "Bi-
ographical Cyclopaedia of the 19th Con-
gressional District" scheme at Carlisle
have determined to strike back, and have
brought suit against Cordelia A. Ruoff,
the publisher.

The rumor going the rounds that Mr.
and Mrs. Rudolph Schreiber, of Hamp-
ton, this county, had fallen heir to \$80,-
000 by the death of a relative in Germany
is incorrect, no such persons are to be
found in the neighborhood of Hampton.

Miss Bertha Mehling, a member of St.
Luke's Lutheran church, of Littlestown,
was consecrated as a deaconess of the
Lutheran church, of the General Synod,
Tuesday evening of last week, in Grace
Lutheran church, Baltimore.

Hilary Ford, of this place, a freight
conductor on the W. M. railroad, was
united in marriage Thursday evening at
the parsonage of St. Matthew's Lutheran
church, Hanover, by Rev. Dr. J. C. Kol-
ler, to Miss Kate Rebling, of Hanover.

John Culp, of Brunshtown, was arrested
last Wednesday evening by Constable
Keller, of McSherrystown, on oath of Mrs.
John Gephart, of McSherrystown, charg-
ing him with soliciting her affections.
The case was settled on Thursday even-
ing before 'Squire Lilly.

One reason why 1898 is going to be a
better business year than 1897 was, is
that everybody thinks it will be. The
immediate outlook is much brighter now
than it was twelve months ago, and the
general opinion is that it will be still
brighter six months hence.

Geo. Kauffman, of Reading township,
is suffering with a very sore hand. One
day last week he ran a splinter into the
palm of his hand which seemed to poison
it so much that in a short time it became
very much swollen and so painful that
Dr. Fackler, of East Berlin, was sent for
to relieve his sufferings. His hand is still
very sore but no serious results are ap-
prehended.

Mr. Oscar Riley will remove the knit-
ting factory owned and operated by him
in Gettysburg, to Mont Alto in March.
The citizens of that place have offered to
furnish a building at a low rent, which
will become his at the end of five years.
Mr. Riley is running the factory on full
time, employing twenty-five hands, and
paid out wages amounting to more than
\$2,500 last year.

The members of St. Francis Xavier
church have purchased three properties
west of the church on High street for
\$2770 and will erect a two-story brick
building. The first floor will contain five
rooms and will be used for school pur-
poses. On the second floor will be a hall
with seating capacity for 1000 persons.
Work on the new building will be com-
menced on the first day of April.—Star.

Three Bargain Tables of Suits, 400
Overcoats, at a big sacrifice. J. H. Myers,
Gettysburg, Pa.

Wm. Anthony, residing on Hon. C. H.
Duttera's farm near Littlestown, met with
an accident while hauling ice one day re-
cently. As he attempted to turn in the
alley leading to the ice house the tongue
of the wagon broke in three pieces, caus-
ing the wagon to run against the fence.
He was riding on the brake-board and
when the wagon hit the fence was thrown
heavily to the ground, breaking the sixth
rib at the back part of the chest below
the shoulder.

Col. Edwin K. Myers, former State
printer was found dead with a large cut
across his forehead and a bruise over his
left eye last Friday morning in a stable
yard at his home, three miles from Har-
risburg. It is supposed that he was ac-
cidentally thrown from his carriage a short
distance from home and was dragged to
the place where the body was found. Mr.
Myers was 39 years old and was for
eight years State printer.

FOR SALE.—100,000 hedge fence plants,
at JACOB L. HARTMAN'S, near Pine Run
school house, Hamilton township.

Mrs. John Simmer, of near York
Springs, while on a visit to her sister,
Mrs. John Spahr, about one mile from
this place, dislocated her left shoulder on
Tuesday morning, by a fall down the
stairs. It seems Mrs. Simmer made a
mistake at the head of the stairs through
not being acquainted with the house, and
the dislocated shoulder and some bruises
on the face was the result. Dr. Sheetz,
of this place, attended the injured wo-
man, and she is getting along as well as
can be expected.

At the annual meeting of the directors
of the Penn Grove United Brethren Camp
held at Harrisburg, the final details for
the erection of fifty two-story cottages on
the new camp grounds near Hanover were
considered. The intention is to erect
them during the winter, so as to be ready
for next summer's camp, which will begin
on Friday July 29th and continue eleven
days. Three additional acres of land have
been purchased, extending the camp
grounds to fifteen acres on which are al-
ready erected 123 cottages and a hotel.
Other extensive improvements were out-
lined at the meeting. The present indi-
cations are that the number of cottages
will have to be increased to seventy-five
before the work is completed. In spite
of the fact that the old camp was destroy-
ed and the new one established at consid-
erable expense, in less than two years,
the association is practically out of debt.
The only change in officers to be chosen
was the election of B. F. Frey, Baltimore,
as one of the directors. The officers are:
President, Rev. C. T. Stearns, of York;
secretary, Rev. J. R. Hutchison, of York;
general manager and superintendent,
Rev. A. H. Rice, of Baltimore.

PERSONAL.

Eugene Myers, of Brooklyn, N. Y. was
a guest of his mother, Mrs. Mary Myers,
over Sunday.

Mrs. Kendig and daughter Helena, of
Lancaster, left for their home Tuesday
morning, after a few days visit with her
sister, Mrs. John N. Hersh.

Information Wanted.

Mr John A. Foose, of Sugartown, in-
forms us that on Sunday morning about
3 o'clock he heard a commotion among
his fowls in his chicken house, and went
out to investigate, taking with him his
double barreled shot gun. When passing
through a gate between the house and
the chicken house, his arm caught slight-
ly at the gate post, which caused the gun
to go off accidentally, and just when the
gun was pointed in the direction from
whence came the sounds in his chicken
house. Much to his surprise a man sud-
denly sprang from the place where the
commotion among his fowls was the
greatest, and ran at a rapid gait through
his potato patch. Mr. Foose greatly re-
grets that everything seemed to be
against the man, and as it was purely ac-
cidental that the gun was discharged
while it was pointed in the direction of
the man, he, Mr. Foose, will cheerfully
pay the doctor's bill, or any damage that
the man may have sustained from the ac-
cident, if he only reports what the dam-
ages are and the nature of them.

A Bad Accident.

Jesse Sell, a W. M. R. R. freight con-
ductor, fell from a moving train over a
20-foot trestle, near Alesia, Carroll coun-
ty, Friday night, and received a broken
leg and other injuries.

Conductor Sell, with his train, which
left Hanover at 5.45, reached Alesia about
9 o'clock. He had some shifting to do
at Alesia and while standing between two
cars, on the bumper of one, in the act of
pulling a coupling pin, he lost his bal-
ance and fell from the car. The car was
then on the big trestle, which is about 20
feet high. Mr. Sell landed in the drive
way at the foot of the trestle. He struck
the ground first with his feet and then
his left side. He was picked up by the
trainmen and placed on his train. Word
was telegraphed to Hanover. A special
train with Dr. Bittinger, the railroad phy-
sician was sent to Alesia, which brought
Mr. Sell to his home in Hanover. Dr.
Bittinger found that Sell had his leg
broken between the thigh and knee. Be-
sides there are several cuts on the chin,
which Sell thinks, were sustained by glass
from his broken lantern.

Lost Her Teeth

Some time since, we read of a man
swallowing his teeth, and after great dif-
ficulty and pain, he got them out of his
throat and down into his stomach, where
they are at present. But Spring Grove
furnishes a case that goes one better.
Last Monday night Mrs. Jennie Smith,
of Water Street, retired for the night, as
usual, but forgot to divest herself of her
store teeth. On rising next morning she
looked around for her molars, but they
were not to be found. She accused her
husband, father, mother and everybody
within hearing of knowing of the where-
abouts of those teeth, but none knew any-
thing about them. They had vanished,
and up to time of going to press they
were still among the missing.—Ripplet.

A Distressing Case.

Wm. Brandstaedter, Jr., is ill with lock-
jaw at the home of his parents on East
Middle street, Hanover, and what the out-
come will be is difficult to predict.

It seems that about four weeks ago,
while on a visit in Baltimore, Willie
tramped on a nail. The nail penetrated
the foot and only made a slight wound,
which healed nicely. No further atten-
tion was paid to the accident until the
forepart of last week, when the boy be-
gan to have trouble in eating, his jaws
being moved with difficulty. On Tuesday
he had pain in his kidneys, and upon be-
ing questioned informed his parents of
the Baltimore accident. Dr. Charles
Wagner was summoned and is now do-
ing all he can for the boy.

On Thursday afternoon the boy, while
reading, experienced some trouble in
keeping his teeth from pressing hard
against each other. He placed a knife
handle in his mouth and while in that
condition his jaws "set," and have re-
mained so ever since. The boy is about
10 years old.—Record.

HOUSEHOLD GODS.—The ancient Greeks
believed that the Penates were the gods
who attended to the welfare and prosper-
ity of the family. They were worshipped
as household gods in every home. The
household god of to-day is Dr. King's New
Discovery. For consumption, coughs, croup
and for all affections of throat, chest and
lungs it is invaluable. It has been tried
for a quarter of a century and is guaran-
teed to cure, or money returned. No house-
hold should be without this good angel. It
is pleasant to take and a safe and sure
remedy for old and young. Free trial bottles
at Wehler's drug store. Regular size 50c.
and \$1.

Death of a Well Known Salesman.

Edward Johnson, a well known trav-
eling salesman, of Baltimore, died sud-
denly, at his home, No. 325 West Biddle
Street. Deceased was born in Adams
County, and is well known in Hanover
and McSherrystown. He was known by
hundreds of salesmen throughout the
country, with whom he was extremely
popular. He was a member of the Cath-
olic Benevolent Legion, Royal Arcanum
and Young Catholic Friends Society, and
was at one time president of the last
named organization. He was at one time
president of the Cigarmakers' Internation-
al Union.

Besides his wife, Mrs. Carlina Johnson
and two daughters, Maggie and Mary,
he is survived by a step-brother, Dr. G.
L. Rice, of McSherrystown.

Robbed by a Tramp

An unknown tramp on Friday grasped
Mrs. Charles Spielman, of Hanover, by
the throat, and took two silver dollars
from her pocket in her kitchen, which is
in the rear of the dwelling. Mrs. Spiel-
man had been on the street in front of
the house purchasing country produce.
Upon her return to her kitchen she was
met just inside the door by a big burly
tramp who grabbed her throat and took
the dish-pan she was carrying and set it
on the table. While holding her throat
to prevent her from screaming, he took
from her pocket a purse which contained
two silver dollars. Taking the money, he
threw the pocket book on the floor and
made his escape.

\$1 Excursion to Baltimore.

The New Oxford Crescent Band will
run a \$1 excursion to Baltimore on next
Thursday, January 27th. Train will leave
Gettysburg at 7:10; Granite, 7:21; Guld-
on's, 7:24; Brush Run, 7:30; New Oxford,
7:36; Berlin Junction, 7:40; Hendrix, 7:45;
Hanover, 7:51. Returning, leave Hillen
Station, Baltimore, at 7:40. Fare from
all points \$1.

Died in Delaware County.

Brush B. Jameson, of Norwood, Dela-
ware county, died on last Thursday night,
aged about 44 years. He was formerly
of New Oxford, having been born here,
a son of the late James B. Jameson, who
died in Florida a few years ago. He is
survived by his mother and a wife. Mr.
Jameson was a telegraph operator for
the Associated Press in Philadelphia for
a number of years. His remains were
brought to this place Monday afternoon
and interred in the New Oxford Ceme-
tery.

Original pensions have been granted
Theodore M'Allister, of Barlow, \$12 per
month; George Ford, Hunterstown, \$10.
Increase—Levi Heiges, Cashtown, \$4
to \$17.

Original Widows—Mary A. Young,
Gettysburg, \$8; Minors of Andrew Hel-
ler, Bendersville, \$12.

John Dellone, aged about 62 years, died
Sunday evening at 4:15 o'clock at the
home of his brother, Andrew Dellone, in
Hanover. The deceased suffered from
congestion of the lungs about three
months ago, from which he never fully
recovered. This was followed by a severe
attack of the grippe, to which he suc-
cumbed. He had been living by himself
in his home at Midway until about ten
days ago, when he was taken to the re-
sidence of his brother. He was never mar-
ried. He was a son of John Dellone, Sr.,
and was born in East Berlin.

New Federal Court.

A bill for the creation of a new judi-
cial District in Pennsylvania, to be called
the Middle District, was introduced in the
house last week by Congressman Connell,
of Scranton. It provides for the holding
terms of the United States circuit and dis-
trict courts in the district, the appoint-
ment of a United States marshal and dis-
trict attorney, whose salaries shall be the
same as those paid similar officers in the
western district of Pennsylvania, and
makes other needed provisions for the es-
tablishment of a new district, which is
constituted a part of the third judicial
court.

The counties of Lackawanna, Wyo-
ming, Bradford, Tioga, Potter, Cameron,
Clinton, Lycoming, Centre, Union, Snyder,
Mifflin, Juniata, Northumberland,
Montour, Columbia, Sullivan, Luzerne,
Dauphin, Perry, Huntingdon, Fulton,
Franklin, Adams, York, Cumberland,
Lebanon and Clearfield are named in the
bill as those which shall constitute the
Middle district. Terms of court shall be
held at Scranton, Williamsport and Har-
risburg.

The Republicans of the Borough will
hold their primary election at the Nation-
al Hotel, between the hours of 7 and 8
o'clock on Saturday evening. The Dem-
ocrats of the borough will hold their pri-
mary election on the same evening be-
tween 8 and 9 o'clock, at the Eagle Hotel.

Adams Countians at Shippensburg.

The following students are Adams
county's representatives at the Shippens-
burg State Normal School: Miss Eva
Stock, Elmira Ruff, J. Irwin Ruff, of New
Oxford; Amanda E. Bonner, Seven Stars;
J. M. Plank, Walter K. Rhodes, Fairplay;
Margaret McAllister, Gettysburg; Denton
Brown, W. A. Delap, Hampton; Nettie
E. Jacobs, Mary D. Hartman, East Ber-
lin; E. N. Walter, Fairfield; G. M. Hare,
Abbottstown; F. R. Bushey, Menallen;
Flora M. Beard, Orrtanna; Owen L. Un-
derwood, Uriah; Jennie M. Groupe, Ma-
ville.

CHURCH NOTICES.

There will be a memorial service in
honor of Rev. David A. Day, D. D., late
missionary of Africa, in St. Paul's Lu-
theran church, Sunday afternoon at 2 o'-
clock; Preaching at 7 o'clock p.m.; Y. P.
S. C. E. at 6 p.m.; Sunday school at 9 a.
m.; catechetical class on Saturday after-
noon at 2 o'clock.

REV. FERDINAND HESSE, Pastor.

Divine Services in St. Paul's Reformed
church Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock;
Sunday school at 9 a.m.; C. E. Society at
6 p.m.; catechetical class Saturday at 2
p.m.; Sunday school lesson discussion
Saturday at 7 p.m.

REV. P. E. HEIMER, Pastor.

Preaching in the M. E. church Sunday
morning at 10 o'clock; Sunday school at
9 a.m.; Epworth League at 6 p.m.

REV. GEORGE M. GLENN, Pastor.

There will be only one Mass in the
Catholic church Sunday morning—Low
Mass at 8 o'clock.

REV. P. P. HEMLER, Pastor.

Mr. Jacob M. Austin, the well-known
hotel register man, is in town, getting up
a register for the Eagle Hotel. Our bus-
iness men can expect him to call upon
them shortly, and should prepare them-
selves to either give him an ad. or be
talked to death.

SOMETHING TO KNOW.—It may be worth
worth something to know that the very best
medicine for restoring the tired out nerv-
ous system to a healthy vigor is Electric
Bitters. This medicine is purely vegeta-
ble, acts by giving tone to the nerve cen-
ters in the stomach, gently stimulates the
liver and kidneys, and aids these organs
in throwing off impurities in the blood.
Electric Bitters improve the appetite, ap-
petite, aids digestion and is pronounced
by those who have tried it as the very best
blood purifier and nerve tonic. Try it.
Sold for 50c. or \$1.00 per bottle at Wehler's
drug store.

THE MARKETS.

NEW OXFORD.—By Z. H. Cashman
Choice Wheat.....\$0.89
No. 2 ".....87
Raided ".....45
Rye.....43 @ 45
Corn.....25 @ 28
Oats.....18 @ 22
Clover seed, nor D.....5 @
Timothy seed.....1.00 @ 1.25
Timothy hay.....5.80 @ 8.00
Rye straw.....5.00 @ 6.00

MARRIED.

Jan. 13, in this place, by Rev. Father
Heimer, Mr. John W. Frommyer, of
Gettysburg, to Miss Ida L. Bushey, of
East Berlin.

Jan. 17, in the Reformed church at
New Chester, by Rev. P. E. Heimer,
Clinton E. Sadler to Miss J. Grace Spang-
ler, both of New Chester.

Jan. 12, by Rev. E. E. Blint, Abraham
Flickinger, of Hanover, to Miss Anna M.
Hufford, of Littlestown.

Jan. 3, by Rev. T. J. Crotty, Samuel G.
Smith to Miss Laura A. Eckenrode, both
of Mountjoy township.

Jan. 11, by the same, Harry V. Ecken-
rode to Miss Rosie E. Anthony, both of
Germany township.

Jan. 13, by Rev. D. T. Koser, C. M.
Harbaugh, of Hamilton township, to
Miss Alice Sowers, of McKnightstown.

DIED.

Deaths free—tributes, voices, &c., scenes a la

Jan. 12, at Littlestown, Mrs. Aurelia
Rebert, widow of the late John Rebert,
aged 60 years, 5 months and 4 days.

Jan. 8, near Kingsdale, Mrs. Sophia
Arendts, aged about 70 years.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF THOMAS D. SMITH, Dec'd.
Letters of Administration on the estate of
THOMAS D. SMITH, late of the Borough of New
Oxford, Adams county, Pa., having been grant-
ed to the undersigned, he hereby gives notice to
all persons indebted to said estate to make im-
mediate payment and those having claims to
present them properly authenticated for settle-
ment to the undersigned residing in New Ox-
ford, Adams county, Pa.
GEORGE W. SMITH,
Administrator.

Jan. 21-6c

At a funeral in the central part of
Missouri, the other day, after the ser-
vices were over and as the undertaker
was closing the coffin, an old gentle-
man rushed forward. "You must not
close that coffin," he said, excitedly.
The undertaker looked at him a momen-
t in speechless astonishment. Finally,
however, he managed to gasp out the
one word, "Why?" "Because," re-
plied the man, "my teeth are in there." In leaning over the coffin to
take a last look at his friend his false
teeth had become loosened and had
fallen into the coffin.

Advertising in THE ITEM is a sure
means of drawing trade. Rates low.

A SONG OF HER LOVE

There's a song of a bird in a blossoming tree,
And songs in wind-trebles above;
But the song that is ever the sweetest to me
Is a dear little song of her love!

Like fairy bells ringing
Where roses are springing,
Is the song of her love that my glad heart is
singing!

O the bird in the blossoms with melody
charms
And the winds sing the blue fields above;
But of rosy-red lips and two little white
arms

Is the dear little song of my love.
Of red lips that kiss me
And tenderly bless me,
And arms like a necklace that clasp and caress me.

Sing ever, ye birds, to the blossoming tree
And, winds, pipe your music above;
Her brown curls are brighter than blossoms
to me,
And I'm singing a song of her love;
Like fairy bells ringing
Where roses are springing,
Is the song of her love that my glad heart is
singing!

—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

Creed and Crocuses.

The Rev. Wetherby Smiles was rector of St. James' and occupied a rose-embowered cottage not far from the church. The cottage, with its attendant garden, was a dainty, pretty spot, which looked as though a woman's hand had planned and cared for it. But no woman had anything to do with the rectory. The Rev. Mr. Smiles' only servant was a doddering old man; the rector prepared his own meals, except when he was invited to tea by some old lady who pitied his lonely, indigestion-breeding existence.

Not that the Rev. Mr. Smiles was a woman hater, but Mr. Smiles was very high church indeed. Unfortunately, St. James' and the parish and the people were very poor. The good people liked the Rev. Mr. Smiles and tried to follow his suggestions upon high church usages. But there are people, you know, whom you couldn't make high church with a jackscrew. The communicants of St. James' were mostly farmers and small tradesmen.

The rector felt that the clergy, to be able to give their whole time and thought to their work, should live lives of celibacy. He had felt at times a strong drawing toward some ecclesiastical order in which such vows would be necessary. Then he would wear some outward sign of his vows, and the young women of his parish would not fall in love with him. The rector was young and good looking; he had been in his present pastorate six months, and he had already had an experience.

The young rector lived with his books, occasionally taking a little recreation in the garden. The roses disappeared, the leaves fell and left the clinging vines bare, and the snow covered the prim little beds in the rectory garden. Thus a year of his pastorate closed, and the spring drew near.

The Rev. Wetherby Smiles, from his study window, could look across his garden plot and see the brown earth warming in the spring sunshine and the trees and bushes slowly bursting into leaf. Nature is always most attractive in the spring, and nature in a thousand ways, with bud and leaf and warming earth and white-flecked sky and sweet air, wooed him from his books.

He looked across his garden, I say. And across the garden, beyond the low hedge, was another garden, which in summer was full of color. He had noticed the brilliant-hued beds the year before, but now the only bit of color was a pale-blue morning robe that fitted about the inclosure.

To tell the truth, the rector had seldom noticed that morning gown or the little woman inside it before. But it pleased his fancy now to look across the hedge and watch his neighbor. He recalled that his old major-domo had told him the cottage next the parsonage was occupied by a widowed lady—a lonely creature who had taken up her abode there but shortly before the Rev. Mr. Smiles was settled over St. James'. He remembered the little figure in black in one of the side-pews, pointed out to him by the clerk as "Mrs. Scorchitch," and probably had not given her a thought or a glance afterward.

However, he saw so much of the pale-blue gown that first warm week in spring that he looked for the little widow in her pew the next Sabbath. She had laid aside her weeds and was dressed in some soft, clinging, fawn-colored material that made her look like a very demure little moth. And she had the sweetest face in the world—as least, the sweetest face in the Rev. Wetherby Smiles' world.

On Monday morning the clerical black appeared in the rectory garden almost as soon as the pretty morning robe appeared over the hedge. The demure little face dimpled and smiled under its garden hat at the rector's approach, and the widow nodded brightly.

"You are early at your gardening this spring, Mrs. Scorchitch," he said. "Yes; but it is so warm," she replied, in defense. "I am expecting my crocuses to appear any day now."

"I'm afraid we shall see some frost yet, Mrs. Scorchitch," said the rector. "Now, don't talk that way, I beg!" cried the little woman, clasping her hands, inclosed in long-wristed and particularly well-fitting gauntlets. "Just suppose my crocuses should come up and be frost-bitten! Oh, the thought is too awful."

"I sincerely hope you will not be disappointed, but this climate is uncertain."

After that the young rector often found it quite necessary for his

health to work in his garden while the blue gown (fitting like a butterfly from rose tree to vine and from vine to hedgerow) was in evidence in the neighboring yard. Really, after poring over musty theological tomes all winter a man must get some freshness in his soul and new blood in his heart.

The gardening went on apace, and the treacherous warm weather continued. Many were the conferences held across the hedge regarding the proper pruning of rose trees, the planting of hardy seeds and the preparation of the beds of earth. The rector had never suspected there was so much detail to the business of gardening.

One morning, just after a warm night rain, the Rev. Mr. Smiles was called to the hedge by a little cry from his neighbor.

"They are coming!" she cried, in delight. "See! here is the dearest little blade of green pushing up through the mold—and there is another—and another! Just look at them!"

The rector found it necessary to leap the hedge (he had been something of an athlete at the university, and certainly this spring weather was sending the blood coursing through his veins quite like old times) and look at the crocus bed near to.

"They are such lovely ones," she said, earnestly. "I don't believe you noticed them at all last spring" (he pronounced maledictions upon himself for having been so blind as to miss so much beauty the previous season), "but they will be even better this year—if we don't have that horrid frost you have been prophesying."

She looked at him roguishly, and it suddenly crossed the young rector's mind that several yellowish-green points of crocus blade, breaking the damp soil, made a far prettier picture than the finest rose bush in full bloom which he had ever seen. It was a strange fact and one he had never discovered before.

But when he had returned to his own lonely domain and entered his study, he stopped and thought seriously for a minute. Then he cast his flat-crowned ministerial hat upon the floor with great emphasis and exclaimed:

"It's my creed, I tell you, that a man in orders should not marry."

Now, there was no one visible to argue the question, and yet there seemed to be argument in his own mind, for the Rev. Wetherby Smiles smote his palm with his clenched fist angrily and kicked the flat-crowned hat to the other end of the room.

For two days the rector of St. James' rigidly stifled his interest in crocuses; his interest in creeds, however, was not entirely satisfying. On Sunday, after vespers, he overtook on his way home a little figure in a fawn-colored gown.

"You must see my crocuses, Mr. Smiles," she said. "The buds will be open before Sunday."

The rector glanced gloomily at the darkening sky and thought that probably there would be a frost that night. But he could not long think of frost and other unpleasant possibilities under the skillful manipulation of his charming little neighbor. He hesitated at her gate, and again crocuses triumphed over creed. The crocuses were flourishing finely; the creeds took a back seat—indeed, a very unobtrusive seat—on the rector's memory.

His interest in the crocus continued that evening to so late an hour that his old servitor really thought he was not coming to supper and cleared away the repast.

"Never mind," said the rector, kindly. "I am not hungry," and when the old man had doddered off to bed he sat down before the open window of his chamber and stared out into the still night.

He sat there for an hour. A light burned behind the curtain of one of his neighbor's windows. That was her light he knew. Finally it disappeared, but he sat on, his arms folded upon the sill, his eyes glaring fixedly into the darkness. Creed was making a strong fight for life.

It grew rapidly colder, and suddenly the Rev. Wetherby Smiles awoke to the discomforts of the outer man. He shivered and drew away from the window. There was no breeze and no clouds, but an increasing chill made him close the casement.

Then he slipped on a smoking jacket and went to the door. There was a light haze upon the river and a shimmer of frost in the air.

"A bad night for the farmers and fruit growers," he thought. Then

his mind reverted to those crocuses. "They will be black by morning," he said. "Too bad! and the little woman thinks so much of them."

He hesitated a moment and then went in again, reappearing shortly with an old mackintosh.

"Just the thing to spread over the bed to defend them from the frost," he muttered and with long strides crossed the rectory garden and leaped the hedge.

Feeling a good deal like a night prowler who had no business in the place, he crept through his little neighbor's garden and approached the crocus bed near the porch. He started at the slightest sound and glanced about fearfully. Suppose anybody should see him—one of his parishioners—even his major-domo! He forgot the night was dark; it seemed to his excited imagination that anybody passing along the road could see him—the rector of St. James'—prowling about beneath a lady's window!

Suddenly, just as he spread the covering over the crocus bed and was turning hastily to flee, he heard a sound on the porch. He started, and his eyes became fixed upon the vision before him. A figure, all in white, and motionless, stood upon the lower step.

The Rev. Wetherby Smiles was startled, but he was not superstitious. For some seconds, however, he stared at the apparition before he recognized it. Then he stepped quickly forward and began to make excuses in a low voice.

"Mrs. Scorchitch—Lydia—I beg your pardon, but I thought—"

He got no further in his faltering remarks. With a shuddering little cry the figure tottered and would have fallen to the ground had he not sprung forward and caught her in his arms.

"Good gracious!" muttered the Rev. Mr. Smiles, the perspiration starting on his brow. "What a situation. Suppose anybody should see me now. To think of me—a clergyman—in a woman's garden at night, holding that woman in my arms!"

He was tempted to lay her down upon the porch and run. But he looked down into the little white face, revealed by the faint starlight. The pale lids were drawn over the great eyes, which he thought so glorious. The pouting lips had not entirely lost their redness, but the cheeks were without color.

He looked upon her, and then did not lay her down and flee. Instead he stooped lower and—lifted her more closely against his breast and carried his burden into the house. There was a couch in the reception room. He laid her down and lighted the gas. She opened her eyes languidly and saw him.

"I have frightened you, Lydia," he said, stooping above her. "Really, I had no intention, you know. I only remembered the crocuses—"

"I—I thought you were a burglar," she admitted. "And when I heard your voice—"

"Didn't you recognize it?" he asked.

"You—you had never spoken to me in just that way before, and—"

He bent lower and took her hand. "I was only thinking of the crocuses, Lydia," he said, which was very true. He had quite forgotten the "creed."

—Chicago Record.

The "Whistling Language."
Some years ago, while roaming through the mountain ranges of Tenerife, it fell to the writer's lot to hear the shepherds conversing in the whistling language which is used by the people of Tenerife and Gomera. Three parties of shepherds were exchanging their hopes and fears regarding the weather by this means. On another occasion he heard an invitation to a dance sent in the "whistling language" across a stretch of country exceeding four miles in length. The young boys, and even the girls, are adepts at the "language," and the very sheep appear to understand whistled commands at a considerable distance. By placing two or three fingers in the mouth, the whistlers contrive to make the whistle carry to a distance of three miles or thereabouts. A French savant has conclusively proved that the whistling is in Spanish. Easy words are taken, and the sounds imitated by the whistlers. The language dates from 1455. Long practice and heredity have naturally given the shepherds extraordinary skill, and their vocabulary is now a long one, while in addition they have a regular code of graduated notes, which convey telegraphically what they cannot satisfactorily reproduce in the ordinary manner. —Waverley Magazine.

The Richest Town.
The richest town in the United States is Brookline, near Boston. Its population is 17,000 and valuation \$60,000,000, yet it is governed through the typical New England town meeting. It has a public library containing 45,000 volumes, a \$300,000 high school, a \$40,000 free bathing establishment, and spends \$100,000 a year on its parks and well shaded streets. Boston would gladly annex it, but Brookline prefers to go on as it is.

Among the 55,000,000 inhabitants of Germany, there are only seventy-eight who have passed their one-hundredth birthday.

THE TOOTH OF A WHALE.

IT IS A SCARCE AND THEREFORE AN UNUSUALLY VALUABLE ARTICLE.

From It the Whalebone of Commerce Is Made—Protecting the Bone From Fire and Its—Interesting Information About an Industry But Little Known.

"Whalebone was hard to get last year," said a New York dealer in the commodity, "but this season's supply will be a good deal smaller than that of 1896. A short time ago there were advices that eight whaling vessels stuck in the ice away up north, and according to the latest news from that region there is danger that they will not be able to get out at all this season. Ruling quotations now range from \$4.25 to \$4.50 a pound, but the five dollar mark will be reached soon, whether the imprisoned ships succeed in getting free or not."

"Nearly all the bone used in the United States is brought from the Arctic by Yankee whalers, although a little comes from the south seas and some from Japan. The supply from all quarters is much less than formerly. The demand, too, is nothing like it used to be, despite the great increase of population; for all sorts of celluloid, 'feather favor,' cork, rubber, steel and other substitutes have been very generally adopted."

"The high grade—the 'shell' bone—goes into first-class corsets and is used for stays in costly gowns, the demand for these purposes being so great that this quality is put into nothing else except certain surgical instruments. The 'grain' bone goes into the cheaper corsets, whips, etc. The two qualities differ greatly; the 'shell' being without grain and easily worked. While it is not one whit less elastic than the other it can be pierced or bored without danger of splitting, but this is not true of the 'grain' bone, which, as its trade name indicates, is made up of fibres which are prone to split apart."

"Most of the 'cutting' of whalebone, as those in the business term its preparation, is done in Paris and Bremen. A little is done, too, in London, and there are seven cutting establishments in the United States—four in New York, two in Boston and one in San Francisco."

"Five years ago the supply of whalebone was as phenomenally large as the present supply is small. There had been an unusually heavy take after several lean years, and at least 250,000 pounds, worth \$4 a pound, or a cool \$2,000,000 altogether, was stored in a little brick and stone structure on the Potrero shore of San Francisco bay."

This unprecedented and never since approached supply was as carefully guarded as if it had been made up of golden eagles. Not that there was much danger of its being stolen—for whalebone is stored in such masses that it cannot easily be taken away—but it is a decidedly inflammable substance, and there was great fear of fire. The storehouse is a perfect vault, with walls of brick and stone and iron roof and doors. A perforated pipe, from which the whole place could be readily flooded in case of fire, runs all around the top, and where the store of bone is large, trust-watchmen guard the place night and day."

There is always great danger to whalebone from rats—pests which are extremely numerous on the San Francisco water front, especially in the fall, when the whaleships make their appearance. In order to make sure that these sharp-toothed destroyers shall be kept out small iron doors, grated in small meshes, have been put in. When the big doors are opened for ventilation—and whalebone must be treated to plenty of fresh air—these grated screens are shut. As rats' teeth, though potent, are not quite hard enough to negotiate cold iron, this precaution has always served its purpose admirably."

Because of the possibility of fire, the men who receive the bone from the ships are always in a hurry to get through with it. As soon as a bone-laden craft docks, a big force of men is employed, and they pitch in and transfer the cargo with all possible haste, working night and day until the task is done. And as soon thereafter as it is feasible the whole batch is put aboard ships and railroad trains for the east, there to be distributed to the American and European "cutting" establishments.

From 1000 to 3000 pounds of bone are furnished by each whale, the latter amount, however, being decidedly exceptional. Before leaving San Francisco the bone is split, sorted according to color, and tied up in bundles. After collecting, the pieces are termed "stalks" and "slabs." They are from three to eight feet in length when ready for shipment, and weigh from three pounds up to six or seven."

When received by the manufacturer each slab is fringed with strong, glossy black hair. This has a separate value of its own, and is used in certain furniture manufactures; also mixed with horsehair in brushes. After it has been shaved off the slabs are scrubbed vigorously and then put to soak in water for a week. When sufficiently softened they are subjected to the action of hot steam in

strong receptacles of special design. They are then ready to be split into "shell" and "grain" bone. After that they are cut into stays, whipstocks, etc.

The utmost pains have to be taken with the bone from the time it is moved from the head of the whale until it is safely through the manufacturing process in order to prevent "nicking." Although it has to be thoroughly softened before being regularly "cut" in the factories, it is exceptionally tender at all times and the least carelessness will sometimes greatly reduce the value of a slab even when the resulting "nick" is so slight as hardly to be noticed on inspection. It is considered a great breach of commercial honor for a dealer in bone to offer a nicked bundle without making known the defect, and all such lots are carefully marked "cut" in San Francisco.

Whalebone is often spoken of as the jaw, but really this is a misnomer—the bone of commerce being really cut from the teeth, of which there are 473 in the jaws of every whale. A fair-sized front tooth is worth quite \$50 at present prices, and the entire head of a big whale represents a good deal of money.

EASILY DONE.

How a Bicycle Girl Got Rid of an Annoying and Persistent Wheelman.

She was young and pretty and alone. Her bicycle costume was neat, trim and becoming, and mounted upon a wheel she floated along over the smooth paths and roads, the cynosure of many admiring masculine eyes and perhaps the envy of many feminine. She was enjoying the pleasures of an afternoon spin on Belle Isle. The exercise had tinted her cheeks with a pink glow of the kind that never saw the inside of a drug store, and that always will baffle the art of the chemist, and her eyes were glistering with the exhilaration of health.

She was riding up Central avenue, and had reached a point about midway between the Casino and the Zoo, when she met with an annoyance that ladies riding alone are frequently subjected to, but which this young woman disposed of in a most refreshing and novel manner. The annoyance manifested itself in the form of a dudsish young man of the masher species. He rode a bicycle, wore golf hose, a pink shirt, had his hair parted accurately in the middle, and was possessed of assurance largely in excess of his stock of common sense.

"Beg pardon," said he, riding alongside, and lifting his cap with a smile that was intended to be perfectly irresistible, "but haven't we met before?"

She answered him by throwing him a look that would have withered anything less fresh, and moved over to the further side of the avenue. Nothing abashed he followed suit, and with another bow and smile that was as Chesterfieldian as a mounted bicycle will permit, said:

"I hope I am not intruding, but—"

"You are intruding, sir. I do not know you and do not wish to talk to you."

"Well, if you don't know me, let us get acquainted. You know—"

"Slackening her speed, she had suddenly dismounted, and, leaning over her wheel, began to carefully examine one of the pedals. He was off his machine in an instant."

"Allow me to assist you," said he, quickly seizing the opportunity presented.

She said nothing, but releasing her wheel to him took his to hold, while he went down on his knees to the offending pedal. He was no sooner on his marrows, with his face to the ground, than she deftly extracted a hairpin from her Fedora and quickly inserted the point into the rear tire of his wheel. By the time he had discovered there was absolutely nothing wrong with the pedal, and that it was working as smoothly as mechanical skill and bicycle oil could make it, the hairpin was resting inoffensively in its proper place.

As she whirled merrily on the avenue a would-be masher stood by his bicycle with a tire as flat as the proverbial pancake. What his emotions were as she faded from view among the trees will never be known, but it was with crestfallen countenance that he slowly wheeled his machine over to the bicycle tent for repairs.—Detroit Tribune.

Seven Feet of Hair on Mr. Larow's Chin.

Mr. Legrand Larow of Lamar, Mo., has a beard which perhaps is the longest worn by any man in the world. His beard is seven feet in length, and has measured seven and one-half feet. Mr. Larow was born in Tompkins county, N. Y., in 1852, and his relatives are noted for heavy beards, but not of extraordinary length. He is 6 feet in height, and weighs 175 pounds. When standing with his beard down it extends two feet upon the floor. He has not shaved for over 20 years. He wears his beard braided and wound around his body, or else wrapped and lodged inside his vest.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

As far as calculations can decide, the temperature of comets is believed to be 2000 times fiercer than that of red-hot iron.

THE ITEM

NEW OXFORD, PA.

FRIDAY EVENING, JAN. 21, 1898.

Stabbed by a Convict.

Baltimore, Jan. 19.—Ferdinand A. Diessenbach, chief deputy warden of the Maryland penitentiary, was yesterday afternoon probably fatally stabbed by Levi Polindexter, a negro convict. A table knife was the weapon used. The convict, who was going to dinner, suddenly jumped from the lock step line and stabbed the deputy warden twice before the latter could draw his revolver. One cut is in the abdomen and may cause the officer's death, the intestines being badly lacerated. The negro is now in double irons in a dark cell. The attempted murder is believed to have been the outcome of a long cherished hatred for Diessenbach on the part of the negro, who is serving a six year sentence for receiving stolen goods.

MARYLAND'S DEADLOCK.

No immediate prospect of electing Gorman's successor.

Annapolis, Md., Jan. 19.—The first ballot in the Maryland legislature for a successor to Arthur P. Gorman in the United States senate was taken yesterday, each branch balloting separately, with the following result: McComas, 34; Shaw, 11; Shryock, 3; Findlay, 2; Parran, 6; Mulliken, 1; Barber, 6; Urner, 1; Gorman, 43; Lowndes, 1; Page, 1. Absent—Republicans, 2; Democrats, 6. Necessary to a choice, 55.

The preliminary skirmishing has been attended with great bitterness and dissension in the ranks of the Republicans, who have a considerable majority in both houses. These dissensions have rendered it impossible to bring about a Republican caucus, and at this writing there seems to be little probability that this method of settling the dispute will be resorted to in the near future. A long deadlock now seems inevitable.

Our Consul at Colon Drowned.

Colon, Colombia, Jan. 18.—A boating party consisting of the United States consul, Mr. W. W. Ashby; Dr. Hafemann, the German consul; Master Mechanic Mott, and four others, were drowned in the harbor here Sunday night. Only the boatman escaped. He says the boat was swamped by the heavy sea. Consul Ashby was appointed only a few months ago.

Norristown, Pa., Jan. 17.—James A. Clemmer, who is charged with the murder of Mrs. Emma P. Kaiser, denies that he ever made a confession. His counsel showed him a statement sent out from New York city by the man who is supposed to be W. H. King. Clemmer said: "There is no truth in that statement. I never associated with a man by the name of W. H. King. When I was in Newark, N. J., a man by the name of W. H. Killenbeck worked with me for several months as a canvasser for the Singer Sewing Machine company. One day Killenbeck embezzled some money belonging to the company. He left Newark, and I never saw him again. The man is not W. H. King, as he alleges, but W. H. Killenbeck."

Italy's Bread Riots.

Ancona, Italy, Jan. 19.—The bread riots were renewed here yesterday. The participants in the demonstration, having been expelled from the town, assembled outside the town gates, but the cavalry dispersed them. A band of rioters wrecked and tried to burn the country house of a grain dealer. The troops quenched the flames and dispersed the mob. Fifty persons have been arrested. The military bakers are distributing bread to persons without food.

THE PRODUCE MARKETS

As Reflected by Dealings in Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Philadelphia, Jan. 18.—Flour inactive and weak; winter superfine, \$2.90@3.10; do. extra, \$3.15@3.30; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$4.40@4.50; do. straight, \$4.20@4.40; western winter, clear, \$4.10@4.25; do. straight, \$4.40@4.60; city mills, extra, \$3.20@3.40. Rye flour sold in a small way at \$2.60@2.80 per barrel. Wheat firm; No. 2 red, 97c; No. 2 Pennsylvania and No. 2 Delaware red, spot, 98c. Corn dull; No. 2 yellow, for local trade, 33½c; No. 2 mixed, in export elevator, 33½c. Oats slow; No. 2 white, 30c; No. 2 white, clipped, 30½c; No. 1 white, clipped, 31c. Hay dull; choice timothy, \$12 for large bales. Beef steady; short cull, \$9.10; beef hams, \$22@23.50. Pork firm; mess, \$9.25@9.50; short clear, \$9.75@11.75; family, \$12@12.50. Lard steady; western, steamed, 15c. Butter steady; western creamery, 14½@20c; do. factory, 11½@15c; Elgin, 20c; imitation creamery, 13½@17c; New York dairy, 13½@18c; do. creamery, 14@18c; fancy Pennsylvania prints jobbing at 22@25c; do. wholesale, 21c. Cheese quiet; large, white and colored, September, 3½c; small do. do., September, 4½@9½c; light skims, 6½@9c; part skims, 4½@5½c; full skims, 2½@3c. Eggs firmer; New York and Pennsylvania, 22@24½c; western, fresh, 22@24c.

Baltimore, Jan. 18.—Flour inactive and unchanged. Wheat dull; spot, month and February, 97½@97¾c; May, 93½@93¾c; steamer No. 2 red, 92½@92¾c; southern wheat, by sample, 93½@94c; do. on grade, 93½@97c. Corn dull; spot, month and February, 32½@32¾c; steamer mixed, 30½@30¾c; southern white corn, 29½@30c; do. yellow, 29½@30c. Oats quiet, but firm; No. 2 white, 29½@30c; No. 2 mixed, 28c. Rye steady; No. 2 nearby, 52½c; No. 2 western, 53½@53¾c. Hay steady; choice timothy, \$13. Grain freights very quiet and easier; steam to Liverpool, per bushel, 3½d.; January; Cork, for orders, per quarter, 3s. 6d.; January; 3s. 6d.; February. Sugar strong and unchanged. Butter and eggs quiet and unchanged. Cheese steady and unchanged. Whisky unchanged.

East Liberty, Pa., Jan. 13.—Cattle steady; prime, \$4.75@4.85; common, \$3.25@3.50; bulls, stags and cows, \$2.50@3.00. Hogs steady; prime medium, \$3.80@3.85; best Yorkers, \$3.75@3.80; pigs, \$3.70@3.75; heavy, \$3.70@3.75; good roughs, \$3.50@3.55; common to fair roughs, \$3.25@3.50. Sheep a shade higher; choice, \$4.70@4.80; common, \$3.25@3.75; choice lambs, \$5.50@6.00; common to good, \$4.50@5.70. Veal calves, \$6.50@7.25.

Hart's Sentence Affirmed.

Philadelphia, Jan. 19.—In the United States circuit court of appeals yesterday, in the case of the appeal of John D. Hart from the sentence of the United States district court, Judge Dallas filed an opinion affirming the sentence. Hart was convicted about a year ago of having aided in a filibustering expedition to Cuba on the steamer Laura and was sentenced to two years' imprisonment and a fine of \$500 and costs of prosecution. The appeal followed. Pending a decision Captain Hart has been at liberty, having been entered in the sum of \$7,000. Judge Acheson filed a dissenting opinion. Hart has five days in which to surrender himself.

President Dole Starts for Washington.

San Francisco, Jan. 19.—President Sanford B. Dole, of the Hawaiian republic, resumed his journey to Washington this afternoon. The party had intended to remain in San Francisco for some time, but dispatches received by him from Minister Hatch, at Washington, advising him to reach the capital as soon as possible, changed his plans. The Hawaiian president and his wife and attendant will go by way of Chicago and New York.

Philadelphia, Jan. 19.—"John Riley," one of the four men arrested several days ago while following a jewelry salesman for the supposed purpose of robbery, was yesterday identified as a man wanted in Boston for nearly killing an old man living in Roxbury, whom he robbed of \$1,200. "Riley" was identified by means of a picture sent out by the police authorities of this city. He is known in Boston as John T. Richards, alias "the mouse." Information was also received that he is wanted in Newark, N. J., where an indictment for robbery is said to be hanging over him.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.—The Best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction of money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by I. R. Wehler.

WM. McCLEAN, WM. ARCH. McCLEAN, Late Pres. Judge.

WM. & WM. ARCH. McCLEAN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Penna. Office west side Baltimore street, 3rd door from Centre Square.

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We are receiving and unpacking daily a new and complete line of Spring Furniture. Our trade this spring has been so good as to compel us to get in an entire new stock, so that everything in our store now is new and of the very latest style and design. We have a very good line of LOUNGES

—AND— COUCHES.

They are handsome! It would be worth your while to see them even if you don't want to buy.

Our SIDEBOARDS, PARLOR TABLES, CHAMBER SUITS, DINING ROOM EQUIPMENTS, &c.,

combine the artistic with the useful. There are a large number of new designs in furniture now in our store that you ought to see. THE PRICES? You know that our prices are always right. Can we expect you in?

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TRY NAYLOR'S

IMPERIAL FLOUR!

or have your wheat exchanged for it. Take your chopping to

NEW OXFORD FLOURING MILLS

and when you want FEED of any kind, at low prices come to us; a full supply always on hand. We buy

WHEAT, RYE, OATS OR CORN,

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Clement Lingg, SURVEYOR, NEW OXFORD, PENN. Charges moderate.

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Fresh Bread, Rolls, Cakes, of all kinds, &c., constantly on hand.

Picnics, Festivals, and Gatherings of all kinds, furnished on short notice at bottom prices.

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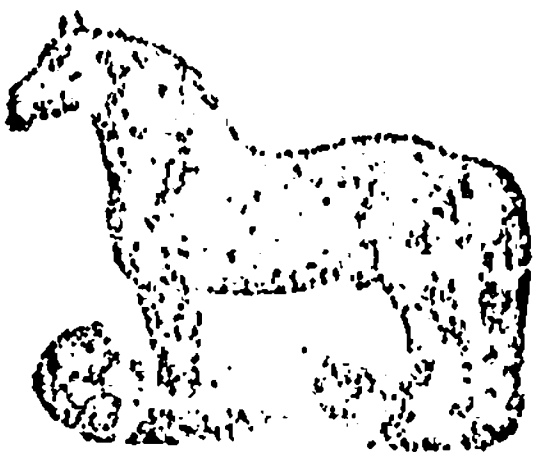
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FRIDAY, DEC. 3, 1897,

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Jackets and Capes!

This cool weather ought to make you think of a Jacket or Cape. We have many choice styles. Grace and beauty are combined in every garment this season, and at very moderate prices. We cordially invite you to examine them.

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P. & R. R. at Shippensburg and Gettysburg; Norfolk & Western R. R. at Hagerstown; B. & O. R. R. at Hagerstown and Cherry Run; Pennsylvania R. R. at Brucetown and Hanover; and P. W. & B. N. C. and B. & P. Railroads at Union Station, Baltimore, Md.

BALTIMORE & HARRISBURG DIVISION.

Schedule in effect Oct. 3, 1897.

DOWNWARD				STATIONS.				UPWARD			
P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.					P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.
2 07	7 02			Le Williamsport Ar				12 15	8 00		
2 38	7 32			—Hagerstown Le				11 45	7 31		
1 25	6 00			Le Ship'sb'g Ar				8 55			
1 50	6 31			—Chambersburg Le				8 28			
2 19	7 07			—Waynesboro Le				12 02	7 51		
2 38	7 30			Ar Edgmont Le				11 45	7 35		
2 41	7 36			Le Edgmont Ar				11 42	7 31		
2 58	7 50			Ar Highfield Le				11 28	7 19		
2 56	7 50			Le Highfield Ar				11 25	7 16		
3 24	8 10			—Fairfield Le				10 50	6 48		
3 33	8 24			—Porter Le				10 45	6 37		
3 38	8 28			McKeesport Ar				10 40	6 32		
3 42	8 32			—Seven Stars Le				10 37	6 29		
3 53	8 43			—Gettysburg Le				10 28	6 20		
4 16	9 06			—New Oxford Le				10 03	6 01		
4 20	9 10			Berlin Junction Ar				9 59	5 52		
4 33	9 23			—Hanover Le				9 46	5 37		
4 43	9 33			—Porter Le				9 36	5 27		
4 49	9 39			—Shippensburg Le				9 23	5 21		
5 01	9 51			—Green Ridge Le				9 13	5 13		
5 03	9 56			—Glenville Le				9 13	5 08		
5 12	10 04			—Limeburg Le				9 05	5 00		
5 20	10 11			—Alesia Le				8 58	4 53		
5 31	10 21			—Green Mount Le				8 47	4 41		
5 43	10 33			—Hamstead Le				8 36	4 34		
5 42	10 31			—Aronia Le				8 36	4 32		
5 51	10 41			—Wondensburg Le				8 24	4 19		
6 58	10 45			Le Emly Gro Le				8 22	4 17		
6 00	10 46			Le Emly Gro Ar				8 20	4 15		
6 57	11 29			Ar Baltimore Le				7 22	3 17		
P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.					P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.

BERLIN BRANCH R. R.—DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.—Leave Hanover 5 15 p. m., Berlin 5 40 p. m., and arrive at Abbottstown 6 07 p. m., and East Berlin at 6 22 p. m.

Leave East Berlin at 8 00 a. m., Abbottstown at 8 15 a. m., and arrive at Berlin Junction at 8 30 a. m., and Hanover at 8 50 a. m.

HANOVER JUNCTION BRANCH.—Leave Porters 12 29 p. m. for Hanover Junction and intermediate stations. Leave Hanover Junction returning, at 1 25 p. m. daily, except Sunday.

EASTERN EXTENSION B. & H. DIVISION.—Leave Porters for York and 1 intermediate stations at 7 30 and 9 38 a. m., and 12 29 and 5 27 p. m. Leave York for Porters and intermediate stations at 9 00 and 11 55 a. m., and 4 10 and 6 15 p. m.

ON SUNDAYS ONLY.—Leave Hanover for Baltimore and intermediate stations at 8 50 a. m. Leave Baltimore for Hanover and intermediate stations at 9 30 a. m.

POTOMAC VALLEY RAIL ROAD.—Leave Hagerstown for Charlton, Clear Spring, Big Pool and Cherry Run at 8 05 a. m., and 1 25 and 8 05 p. m. Leave Cherry Run for Hagerstown and intermediate stations at 5 37 and 10 10 a. m., and 5 05 p. m.

J. M. HOOD, General Manager, B. H. GRISWOLD, Gen'l Passenger Agt. H. D. SCOTT, Supt. B. & H. Div. JOSEPH LEIB, Div. Passenger Agt.

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We have a nice line of Perfumery and Perfume Atomizers for the Toilet, and all kinds of Soaps. Our Pure Skin Soap is steadily gaining favor because it is good and not so high in price.

Whisk Brooms, Cloth, Nail, Hair, Flesh, Complexion and Tooth Brushes in Great variety.

Hot Water Bottles, Throat Vaporizers, Fountain Syringes and Rubber Tubing, all sizes.

A well selected stock of DRUGS. All the popular Patent Medicines, and all articles usually found in a first-class, drug store, at

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Telephone call, 173.—

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SPECIAL BARGAIN!

Cattle and Poultry Powder 3 cts. lb. Just received a nice lot of Cod Fish at a low price.

Yours With Respect,

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Go to **Plymire's Store,** CENTER ST., NEW OXFORD, PA.

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RAISINS, 5c. per lb.

PRUNES, 5c. per lb.

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APRICOTS, 2 "

CANNED GOODS, &c.

OYSTERS AND ICE CREAM

always on hand.

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CARLISLE STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA.,

has constantly on hand in season the best of

Beef, Pork, Lamb, Veal, Bologna, Sausage, Puddings, Smoked Meats, &c., &c.

His prices are the lowest. Give him a call.

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We wish to state to the citizens of New Oxford and the public in general that we have opened a Furniture Store

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SUITS, TABLES of all descriptions, CHAIRS, of every kind, LOUNGES, BUFFETS, WASHSTANDS, MATRESSES, BED

STEADS, SPRINGS, and every article of furniture you may want.

We deal in no inferior goods, but give to every customer the full worth of his money. We challenge competition with the world, both for quality of goods and lowness of prices.

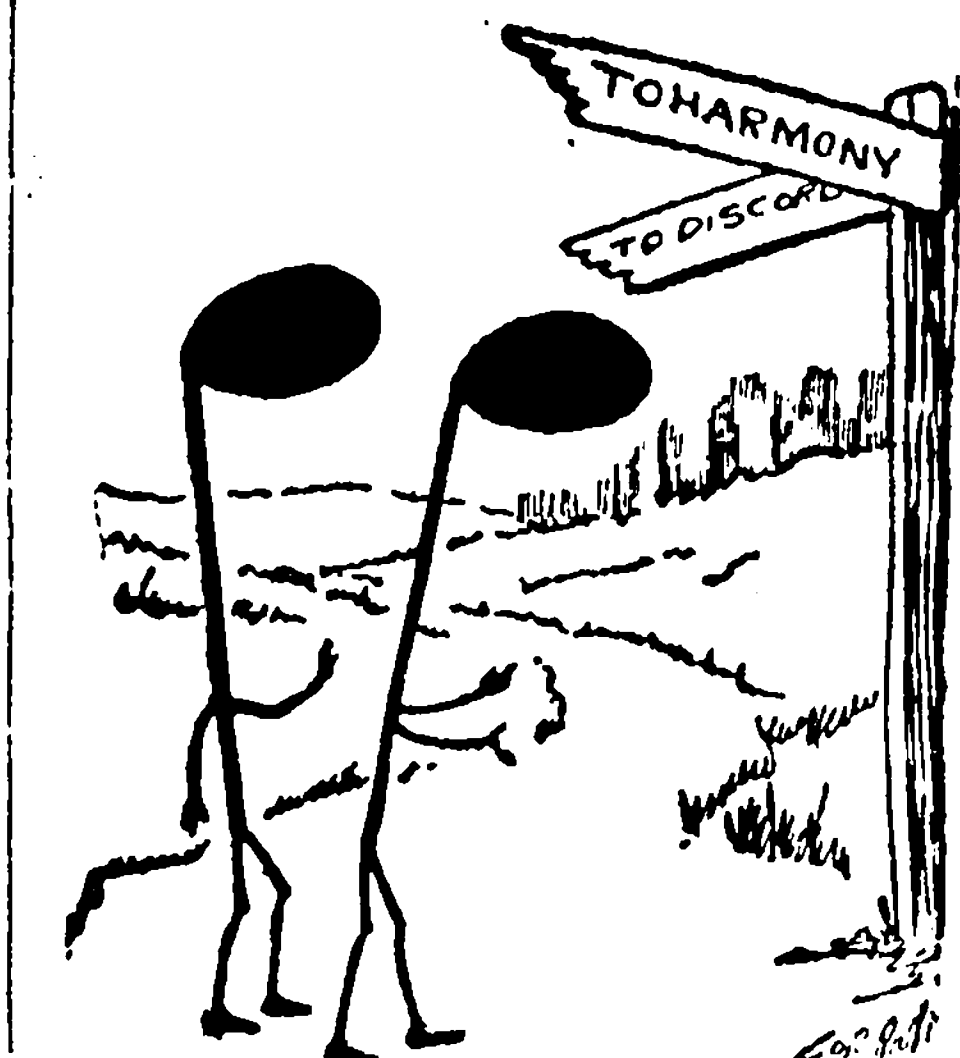
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FRESH COWS WANTED!

I will pay the highest market price for FRESH Cows, Springers, Bolognas, Stock Bulls, Sheep, and Fat Stock of all kinds. Drop a postal to me at Littlestown, Pa., or leave word with Frank L. Flehman, at the Eagle Hotel, New Oxford, as I will be there on Tuesday of each week. Will be glad to see stock at any time. HOWARD J. SPALDING, Littlestown, Pa.

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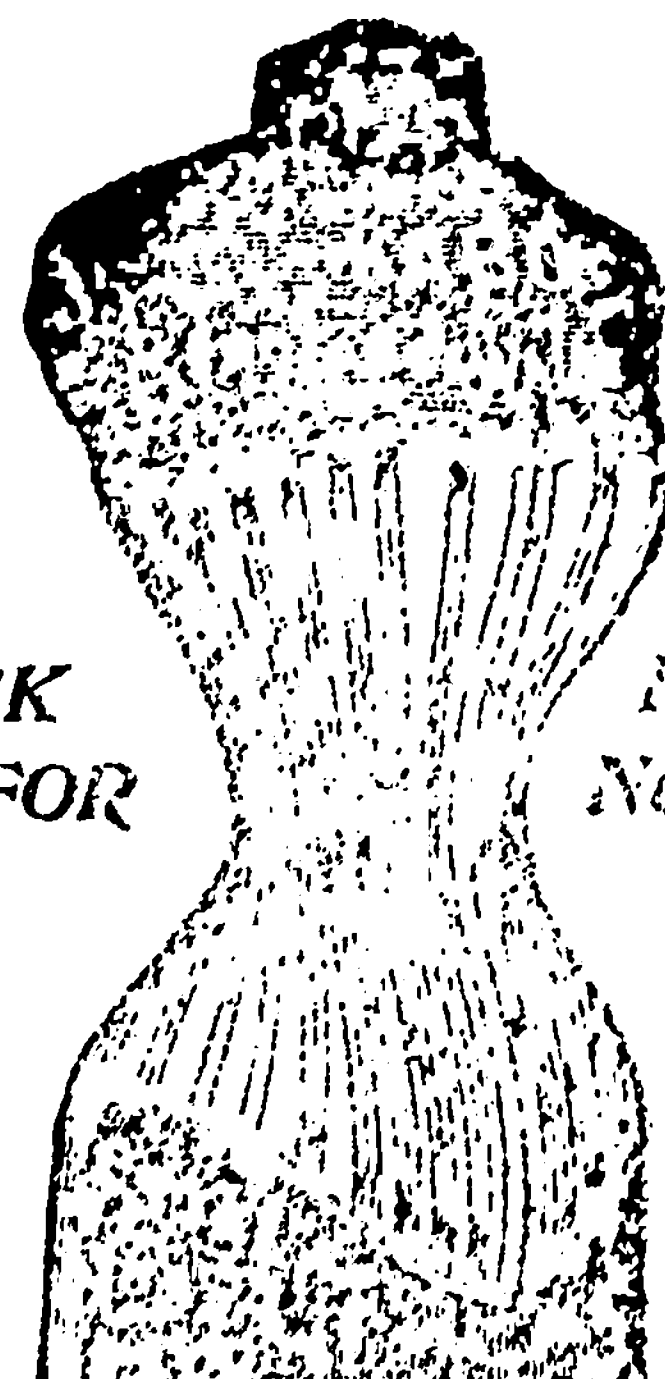


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are not found in our pianos and organs. Every chord can be struck with certainty that it will produce the desired sound—clear, beautiful and melodious. There are no false, no tuneless notes.

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Price \$1.00

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All lengths; all colors.

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